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*SHADOWS LIKE MYSELF*



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FEZ, 1925



# SHADOWS LIKE MYSELF

\*

*by* THE COUNTESS  
DE CHAMBRUN

\*

*Illustrated*

\*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS  
NEW YORK

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*“To the Queen of the West,  
In her garlands dressed,  
On the banks of the Beautiful River.”*



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BOOK ONE

STARS AND STRIPES

\*



## CHAPTER I

### “MILLIONS OF BUBBLES”

And fear not lest Existence, closing your  
Account and mine, should know the like no more;  
The eternal Saki from that bowl has poured  
Millions of bubbles like us and will pour. . . .

FREE will, according to that witty philosopher, George du Maurier, is caged in a moral triangle formed by heredity, education, and circumstance. Luck or choice may play a certain part in every life-drama, but the triple bars are too strong for any one to escape from the destiny which awaits him. The stage whereon mankind performs was set before the characters enter.

How each male or female may acquit himself (or herself) depends largely on the brain cells and nerve tissues furnished by billions of ancestors who are behind, cheering us on, or calling us off when the trumpet sounds, whether we are aware of them or not.

By birth and education, my life — which began October 18, 1873 — was predestined to adventure, tragedy, romance, and mirth. It has already grown longer than that of most of my forebears and if recounted in detail would doubtless appear wearisome.

The only contribution that I can make which may be of any public utility or general interest must lie in the selection of certain episodes, linked together by the dominant idea which has been my keynote and the main object of my existence.

I shall try to illustrate, by my own experience, that any work undertaken in collaboration may be better done than singly; that whether the association be small in scope — like the activities of a married couple — or include dozens and scores of couples, it is possible to help draw nations and governments into sympathy and mutual esteem, which, even when momen-

## SHADOWS LIKE MYSELF

tary, is of use to the State and to mankind. In doing so, I hope to prove that Franklin's celebrated axiom remains true and that it is possible to maintain moral allegiance to the country of one's birth, while living and serving under another flag.

What is it to be a good American, and in what does the boasted superiority of our nation consist, if not, as I believe, in the right to choose, without disloyalty, all that is best in the world? Our United States being made up not of one nationality but of many, each American may look back to some country in Europe as to a beloved grandmother. The very games we played in childhood were not of native growth, but bore the stamp of some foreign land. The American citizen may select the ones he likes best as being "thoroughly American," but can he remain oblivious to the fact that Napoleon played prisoners' base and Louis XIV blind man's buff? Thus the voluntary selection of what has passed in the Old World may become part of our living present.

I was much struck by the response of a son of Massachusetts who was being severely scored by one of his relatives, for having thought fit to join the Catholic Church of America:

"So, Simon, you are abandoning the faith of your fathers."

"No, Aunt Priscilla, don't put it that way. I am *returning* to the faith of my *grandfathers*!"

It was true that one of these grandfathers was the last man beheaded in London for supporting the Stuart cause, and it was to escape political and religious persecution to which they were subjected in the mother country, that his children came to America.

The appeal of the past is often the unconscious call of the blood we term "American," for no man's past belongs to our continent unless he happens to be a pure-blooded Indian, and this is a distinction which few claim, judging by the indignation of American travellers when certain benighted Europeans inquire whether their language is Iroquois or Seminole!

As a matter of fact, our individuality among the nations is the outgrowth of infinitely composite elements, mixtures so various that it would be strange indeed if we could claim any special type as distinctly American.

## STARS AND STRIPES

From the very start I must take issue with the Eastern conception of mankind as "millions of bubbles, eternally poured from the chalice of the Life-Giver," as the astronomer poet declared. It is an American characteristic to be *individual*, as is the case in France among the descendants of Gauls, Celts, and Normans.

Even the gregarious and inbred tribes of Araby and Persia produce among their herds a few strongly marked cases of individuality, Omar Khayyám and Mohammed being two in point. How much more must our American civilization, which springs from such divers and alien compounds, tend to diversity among her children! It would be strange indeed, if the pioneer of the Middle West, the gentleman from Virginia, the Plymouth-Rock pilgrim, and the Dutch Yankee should form one distinct entity. With such disparities between persons of the same family, how may we seek a *type* among those who are not related at all? How decide which of us should be chosen characteristic? What counts the most in the making of an American citizen — antecedents, education, or place of birth? Some call my brother *typical*; I have also heard it said of myself. Both assertions left me wondering what proportion of truth is contained in each.

Is the typical American a child of his State or of the nation at large? Has the person born in the West or Middle West necessarily more in common with the brother from Maine, California, or Texas than with certain foreign countries? Is not the Virginia landowner closer to the English squire than to the man from Milwaukee whose father lately transplanted himself from Germany?

Without laying claim to being "typical," I will begin by stating the genealogical facts which made me by birth a citizen of the United States and show how the laws governing international marriage in 1901 proclaimed me thereafter a daughter of France.

My mother's father, Judge Timothy Brewster Walker, descended on every side from stanch New Englanders. Through his father Benjamin who was married to Elizabeth



## SHADOWS LIKE MYSELF

Sears, William Brewster to Lydia Partridge, and Love Brewster to Sarah Collier, his line carried back to Elder William Brewster, chief of the Mayflower pilgrims.

Therefore I might count myself 100 per cent American through that grandparent, were it not that, on her own mother's side there was no American blood whatever, for the kindred of Ellen Page Wood were of Shakespeare's England, Midland folk each and all, Woods, Pages, and Bryans, clinging close to their clerical traditions of the venerable cathedral at Gloucester, where they attained to no higher post than that of rural dean or vicar and pronounced their brother Frederick Wood—who embraced Catholicism in America and rose to be Archbishop of Philadelphia—"a Yankee heretic."

Nor was my father's branch exempt from the recent stamp of the Old Country. The Longworths of Newark were doggedly attached to the King, whom Thomas Longworth, married to Aphia Van der Poel, served as magistrate in "The Jerseys" like his father before him, who had married Elizabeth Royall when he left Craggan Castle, Westmeath, in 1747. When the Revolution was accomplished, the new government laid forcible hands on Thomas Longworth's goods and chattels and sent his four sons out upon the world to learn by the work of arm and brain to acquire what their fidelity had lost, and perhaps become *real Americans*. One of them at least did so. This was my great-grandfather Nicholas Longworth, who settled in the Ohio Valley after a romantic adventure in Carolina. He owed his instruction in the great lesson to his wife Susan Howell, for her father, Captain Silas Howell, was one of the earliest settlers in southern Ohio and held the land of Rookwood by an original grant from the Cincinnati as a faithful comrade of Washington and aide-de-camp to Lafayette. Thus the taint of the mother country was transformed into *true blue*.

Again, through my father's mother, Annie Rives, we trace back seven generations in Virginia: Lewis, Towles, Beverley, and Chew, to which the original settler Robert Rives brought his French blood, Cabell a dash of Spanish, not to speak of Samuel Jourdain who, by his marriage with the Indian princess

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Niketti in 1623, introduces a drop of pure Indian blood.

This heterogeneous compound took firm root in Cincinnati more than a hundred years ago. Four great-grandparents, Longworth, Rives, Wood, and Walker, were closely identified with Cincinnati from the early days of last century. Each generation received the same strong imprint of the soil, and yet remained politically distinct, fought on both sides in the Civil War, with equal conviction, leaving their descendant wondering still

When right with right fights,  
Who shall be most right?

Grant or Lee? Reb or Yank?

It would be hard to tell which of all these strains, pure English, Anglo-Irish, Anglo-Dutch, or "Ole' Virginny," became most strongly identified with the region and especially with the town itself.

The fact, I think, is exceptional, that not only my grandparents, but my great-grandparents, were closely linked with the development of the city which, for more than a hundred years, was the dwelling-place of all those directly responsible for my making, and which, perhaps, gave me a localized form of patriotism, rooted in the clay between the two Miamis, a background of more ancient romantic tradition than New Amsterdam and Plymouth Rock, for Cincinnati was in the very heart of "*La Nouvelle France*," where La Gallissonnière planted the standard of Louis-the-well-beloved, and Charlevoix mapped the five ranges of "*La Belle Rivière*" or "*L'Oyo*."

Love of country in my case was centered in this special region of which I felt myself so strongly a component part that, when out of Ohio, I was never quite at home, though more of a stranger in Boston or New York than in Edinburgh or Paris.

The love of Rookwood, which for three generations had been the Longworth home, was so much a part of me that I could not remain long absent without experiencing the curious tug of almost physical homesickness — not generally recognized as an American malady. Perhaps, after all, it was a literary

product which caused me to transpose the longing a Scotchman feels for his moorland heather, into a mystic hunger for the great beech forests, the spacious reaches of the corn lands that border the majestic double-curve of the river, where the broad and welcoming prospect of the fertile valley is bounded by the harmonious line of the Kentucky hills.

A child has small difficulty in blending two entirely different thoughts and any one who loves the books and poetry written in another language develops a second or even a third nationality according to his aptitudes and affinities. Reading causes strange modifications and extensions of patriotic fervor and carries enthusiasm over distant frontiers without prejudice to an unchanging love of home. The reading which formed our minds came from abroad; there was little spiritual nourishment to be gathered from native production, and it would have been hard indeed to find even a mention of the New World in popular favorites, from Andersen and Grimm's fairy books to *Alice in Wonderland*. Where in the classics dear to childhood may we see trace of American background? When Dickens touched our continent, he became offensive; Thackeray, when he attempted to deal with the Western Hemisphere, was so unconvincing that the best disposed reader closed *The Virginians* and turned back to *Vanity Fair*.

In my time, we were obliged to read foreign books or go hungry. Outside of Irving, Cooper, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Bret Harte, Mark Twain — and how the Eastern critics frowned on the latter in the eighties! — there was no American literature to speak of, for even if your affinity for Hawthorne be great, what is left, when you have finished *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Wonder Book*, to compare with the stupendous output of the author of *Waverley*?

It would be sad indeed if, in order to remain patriotic, readers were obliged to abandon Scott, Shakespeare, Corneille, and Molière for *The Village Blacksmith* and his kin. Even the famous smith looks to me more English than American. However, I must not be flippant. Our literature has grown a great deal since my young days and may perhaps furnish a wholesome and stimulating diet to the rising generation, but I think

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I need make no apology for declaring that the best artistic inspiration came from overseas, and furnished a way, always open and easy of access, to those "realms of gold" which, by no greater effort than stepping on a magic carpet, through opening a book, transports us into unseen kingdoms of the past, where it is difficult to remain perpetually "true blue" and "a hundred per cent American"!

If, to be a real patriot, we must exclude the love of what is best in other countries, our citizens should never enter a library or board a transatlantic liner.

I was a natural stay-at-home; neither the call of the sea, the call of the wild, nor the call of the highroad held for me any strong appeal. Foreign travel, distant journeys, would not have led me voluntarily farther than Shakespeare's England, Sir Walter's Scotland, Napoleon's France, and Dante's Italy; thence I should always have wished to come back, to dream and read of them at Rookwood, for even my curiosity had a strictly limited range.

Destiny, not taste, made me a wanderer in strange lands, and in the old days I should hardly have believed that fate would lead me to Athens, Constantinople, and Carthage, to the farthest confines of Morocco and the fringes of the Algerian Desert, to Mexico, Austria, Germany, and Spain.

I can only be thankful that neither parental nor yet military authority obliged me to travel in Russia, Siberia, Australia, India, or Japan — even without them I have perhaps gone far enough afield and lingered a sufficient number of years under strange colors to choose as an appropriate title for these fugitive impressions the nomadic motto:

Wander, a Word for Shadows Like Myself.

## CHAPTER II

### IN WHAT DOES BEING AN AMERICAN CONSIST?

**M**Y memory goes back unusually far. Certain scenes and persons stand out illuminated by a theatrical spotlight when I was scarcely three years old; but these pictures of people long dead, and of places built up beyond all recognition, were not connected with any train of sequent thought, showing in what relation I myself stood to them. One July day in 1879 remains as a sea-mark on the hazy background of my childish past; I awakened to the sense of personal identity: this sudden leap into full self-consciousness was due to the violent scolding administered by an Irish nurse with prominent square teeth and a metallic voice.

"Clara, ye bad child! How much longer will ye be stayin' in a naughty tantrum? It's ashamed of yerself ye should be, disgracin' yer kind parents and tearin' the pretty petticoat that cost so dear!"

I remained silent and thought hard.

The problem of self-discipline, free will, original sin, and self-determination presented itself in its most rudimentary form:

Why was I bad? Was I really bad? — and if so, what did my badness have to do with my parents? Who and why were they? and, still more to the point, who and why was I?

The revelation that, however many people the world might contain, there was no living being exactly like myself, and no little girl, except my sister Nan, who had the same parents, started the train of thought we call "self-consciousness" — which still goes on.

It must have been a moment of intense emotional growth, a short half-hour into which months of experience were compressed, for I remember it as clearly today as any event of my

## STARS AND STRIPES

life, though nothing then happened which might be called "eventful." I just sat, automatically tearing the embroidery off my little under-petticoat — an unpleasant habit of mine when angry, a metaphorical rending of garments which must have come down from the remote past, and which I practised as a gesture necessary for my spiritual consolation, like sucking my thumb when I couldn't sleep.

The moral awakening I went through, upon finding myself, was impressed so vividly upon my mind's eye, that the pattern of my dress and the tiny turquoise ring worn on my little finger stamped themselves indelibly on my mind tablets.

I was wearing a muslin frock with small gray clover leaves scattered over a white ground. Three box-pleats with valenciennes edging flared into a diminutive skirt, a pair of mottled legs and black kid buttoned shoes terminated the picture at that end. My hair was short, banged, and parted in the middle, and my nose just about as broad as it was long. Those most apt to flatter had never dared call me pretty. The epithet used during inspection was generally "queer" when addressing my nurse, or, if speaking to my mother, the visitor would say:

"What a dear, funny little girl!" with accent on the "funny."

I was five-years-old-going-on-six, as the photograph which my father had just taken shows, for the little frock there represented is the very one so clearly projected on my memory that the image still recalls the train of thought started that day by Lizzie O'Neill.

I must indeed have appeared "queer" to the average beholder and remained an unsolved problem to Lizzie until that happy day when she gave it up and went in search of a child with fewer tantrums and more frequent smiles — small blame to her!

Why was I bad? and why did my moral turpitude affect my parents? That was the enigma she left me grappling with, for I remained astonishingly self-absorbed from this time, when I first became interested in my own "ego." The hatefulness of this confession may be mitigated to a certain degree, for I was not a particularly *selfish* child, in the ordinary sense of the

## SHADOWS LIKE MYSELF

term, but rather more eager than most small things to contribute towards the happiness of those I loved. I did not know then that self-analysis had been excused by an ancient axiom.

If "the proper study of mankind is man," the small mite who called herself "Kala" or "Kig," and to whom sponsors in baptism had awarded the pretentious name of Clara Eleanor, might be justified in attaching importance to her thoughts, sentiments, and habits, and trying to discover what it was that made her — and so many other children — "bad," for no reason discernible to the ordinary beholder.

Jealousy is childhood's most natural passion, and the most closely guarded secret of the young. If parents, teachers, and nurses realized this, it would be far easier to establish a better understanding between crabbed age and youth. The source of these mysterious tantrums, which are sure to occur in any establishment where there is more than one baby under the roof, will keep a whole household guessing, until people realize that jealousy is an instinctive outgrowth of a pride which may be wholesome and salutary. It is a curable malady which requires delicate handling, and which does not respond to reason's most eloquent appeal. It is an unconscious striving for equality in a world where nobody is born equal.

The child who cannot stop being bad continues because grown-up people *will* go on poking and prodding some sore spot of wounded pride. "Love is not ruled with reason, but with love," and the knowledge of this fact, which I even then possessed, made Nurse Lizzie's appeal that I was "disgracing kind parents" by this symbolical rending of garments appear foolish and puerile, seeing that my brother and sister were their special property, whereas it was a thing of common knowledge that I belonged exclusively to my grandfather, Joseph Longworth. Was it through some elective affinity, or precisely because I was so "bad," that he had chosen me as special pet among three Longworth and two Nichols grandchildren, and was never tired of combating with infinite tact and tenderness the guilty secret of my moods and passions?

The Law of Moses forbade that any man should marry his grandmother, but I believe there is no rule to prevent a small

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girl from worshipping her grandfather, although such a practice — like the other — is probably rather infrequent. The intimate relation between a man approaching seventy and a child approaching seven is not so rare a phenomenon after all. It is easier for the old to comprehend extreme youth than for the middle-aged to accomplish the same feat, and this is why grandparents are often more popular than parents, with small creatures, who crave sympathy and comprehension, as a plant craves sunshine and shower. In the firm alliance established between us, I certainly took more than I gave, but in a way he reaped certain spiritual advantages from our close companionship, just because I could not quite understand many of the things that it did him good to express.

Little I cared whether all, much, or nothing of the tales he told, the stories he read, or the poetry he recited was clear to my mind. It was enough to listen in rapt wonder and rejoice in being the object of his attention. I believe though, that what was essential seldom escaped me. A child's mind is strangely imprecise, the line between thought and emotion is fluid and not fixed, and the school of Loyola is perhaps right in proclaiming the utter mistake of adapting learning to a childish mind, instead of training the childish mind to adapt itself to learning. Too often, instead of wholesome nourishment, we cram young brains with foolishness and what Charles Kingsley calls flapdoodle. If the bases of all a grown man ever knows are laid before his twelfth year, it is a pity for adults consistently to "talk down" to children, and certainly no one could ever have reproached my grandfather for so doing, though he seldom indulged in what might today be called "high-brow" talk.

Behind his wisdom he possessed a large fund of humor, wit, and common sense that kept his conversation within range of a youthful mind. Many of the seeds he sowed blossomed only later, but it is hardly an exaggeration to declare that he taught me to love all I have ever loved, and to learn all I ever learned, by preparing my mind to receive it.

To an imaginative temperament a lasting lesson is often instilled by a paradox. The unseen takes on more powerful in-



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fluence than what our bodily eyes have investigated. Something of what his existence had been, the romantic devotion which had filled his life before my time, still shed its beneficent influence wherever he went. The great love which had beautified life and conquered death still shone like a halo about his fine leonine head, and taught me, through him, what love and marriage might and ought to be.

Vague as were my ideas on those points, I did comprehend what it was to be a widower, and was ready to beat poor Lizzie O'Neill for the crass ignorance which led her frequently to repeat, when conversing with her fellow nurses, that "It was a strange thing Mr. Longworth never married again, and him such a fine man!"

I suppose that he felt my intuitive sympathy and realized that I comprehended the great light and shadow of his life, and that consequently our association did him as much good as it did me.

My morning treat was to drive him down to the car line which took him into town, in a funny old phaeton with a rumble where the stableboy sat. Jimmie Allmann's distance gave me a feeling of pleased importance, so dear to the childish heart; though I imagined myself as really driving this vehicle alone, I suppose that if the reins had been knotted and dropped on the floor stolid Daisy, the bay mare, would have trotted along without human control.

In the afternoon it was my grandfather's habit to walk the mile which separated the car line from Rookwood, where I was on watch. The moment his short, squarish figure appeared between oaks, tulip-trees, and maples at the end of the lawn, I scrambled to meet him, delivered a handsaw and clippers in exchange for a stick of peppermint candy; then together we would make the tour of meadow, pasture, and beechwoods, during which time I learned much that was noteworthy about wild flowers, beasts, and birds, and the best English poets.

Later in the evening, gathered round the lamp set on a clawfoot Chippendale table, we listened in a family group, my mother, father, brother Nick, and sister Nan, while he read aloud, following the principle that nothing which is good

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enough for intelligent grown-ups, is too good for the young.

He read *The Waverley Novels*, all Dickens, and most of Thackeray, to which latter I listened with inattentive ear, but my brother liked the one and my sister the other as much as I adored Scott, which, for my part, I would willingly have listened to every night, and would have preferred a constant diet of *Romeo and Juliet*, *As You Like It*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, but one hearing was enough for Nick, so Shakespeare was reserved for me alone during the afternoon wanderings through wood and pasture.

How can people expect humanity in general to agree when even members of the same family may be so totally different in tastes and in temperament as were we three Longworth children?

No book was needed during our walks, for my grandfather could repeat, from memory alone, entire scenes from the plays which I loved most, whole pages from the Sonnets, and poems which he selected with unflinching flair for what I was best able to appreciate. As the years went by, my hankering for what was most tragic and dramatic gradually developed into a preference for more lyric, descriptive, and pastoral passages.

My own reading was made easy without an alphabet, for what I had learned by heart he taught me to pick out afterwards from its place in Knight's edition of Shakespeare, where the illustrations served as guide to the play from which they came. It was easy to distinguish: "O, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo!" and also "To be or not to be—that is the question"; these phrases formed a key to other hieroglyphics. Reading by verse is an impressionistic method which yields to none in rapidity. I learned to take in a whole page almost at a glance, recognizing words though the letters that composed them remained indifferent to me. My spelling suffered incurably, but I was spared thereby much plodding and hard work and went straight to the symphony without notes, as the gipsy fiddler plays his Liszt Concerto with no other guide than the tune and rhythm.

Faithful to the maxim that nothing is too good for children, the best offerings of the operatic and dramatic stage were

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placed before us when they came to Cincinnati. Colonel Nichols, whom we called "Uncle George," as director of the College of Music, held a magic wand which opened a door behind the scenes during an opera festival where Joe and Min, his children, and his Longworth nieces were indiscriminately kissed by the stars of the period, an enviable privilege considering that Lucia de Lammermoor was Marcella Sembrich; Don Juan's Zerlina, Adelina Patti; and Faust's Marguerite, Christine Nilsson.

Running parallel with this education in nature and English, acquired without the slightest pain or conscious effort, were the beginnings of a taste for French and an unusual opportunity of indulging in it.

A young Frenchwoman from Nevers, by name Blanche Mathieu, had come as a teacher to Cincinnati, and, among other pupils, gave private lessons to Nick and Nan. By the time I was old enough, she had married the consul in Cincinnati and opened a small school in Eden Park, where most of the neighborhood went, and where, except for a final year in Boston, I began and ended my scholastic education, a very one-sided affair, highly developed only in the subjects I specially cared for, extremely deficient in all that has to do with such hateful things as mathematics, exact science, and what Mark Twain calls: "That awful German language."

Aside from my natural distaste for the sound of that tongue, and failure to enjoy its literature, there was a deeper reason for my innate dislike of the "Vaterland." Call it what you will — intuition, prejudice or reasoning based on experience — none of my family who had witnessed the gradual invasion of our American institutions cared for this new influence in politics and education. When a State law made the German language obligatory for public school students, both my father and grandfather were filled with indignation, especially on noting that many of those teachers who, profiting by political pull, had classes in English, spoke with a strong Rhineland accent.

Shortly before my birth, my parents' sentiments of justice were outraged by the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and the

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seizure of Alsace-Lorraine. On this point my father felt so strongly that when we made our first trip to Europe, although he would have liked to see Metz and Strasbourg as well as Cologne and the Dresden and Berlin galleries, he preferred not to enter the former French territory under German domination.

He was an excellent linguist, having learned French, not only by study but through the fact that he had travelled, as a boy of sixteen, for two years in Europe, and that his mother had brought back a maid from Brittany who remained as laundress in my aunt's household.

Old Clara Pécheur was the terror of my youth. She looked much like one of Macbeth's witches, and was given to muttering French curses into the bristly beard which decked her chin, and when teased, used to retaliate by slashing at us with wet towels! Consequently, this namesake was not one of the influences which predisposed me to love France, or to like that horrid name of Clara a bit better.

Had my name derived from the family it might have appeared like an inevitable affliction. But alas, it merely represented an emotion which led my mother—instead of calling me Susan after herself and Great-grandmother Longworth—to record her deep attachment to Clara Ridgeway, a girlhood friend who had recently died. It was endeared to her also by intimate association with Clara Pomeroy, whom I willingly adopted as pseudo "aunt" and godmother.

Both my parents were fond of travel, and considered it a necessary part of training. Upon three or four auspicious occasions we spent summers abroad and a winter in Florence and Rome. This sojourn was rendered more agreeable by the fact that my father made friends in all classes and spoke Italian so like an Italian that he was sometimes mistaken for one. My mother had had especial linguistic facilities at the famous school directed by Professor Agassiz in Cambridge, where she and her sister, Annie Walker, completed their education while their brothers were at Harvard, so she could keep her end up creditably even in German.

A trip on the Rhine and a visit to Bayreuth, where Thérèse

Malten, Amalie Materna and Lilli Lehmann vied in singing the part of Kundry in *Parsifal*, obliged even me to acknowledge that some good things may be found in Germany. Then, an unforgettable journey through Corfu, Greece, and Constantinople gave me a first impression of Islam.

I am sorry to say that what French we all possessed was principally exercised among the dressmakers and modistes of Paris, which, like most American travellers, we viewed with utilitarian eyes, but our ears were open to the advantages that the "Ville Lumière" offers to those who will accept them. Of these, the Parisian theatre was what thrilled me most. We saw all the great classics as given at the "Français" and were charmed by Mlle. Bartet and Réjane in more modern rôles. Coquelin's *Cyrano* was not quite the revelation of acting which might have been expected, for Madame Fredin's readings had already given us such a wonderful interpretation of that part, together with that of Ruy Blas and *Hernani*, that we were obliged to admit that, all unknown to fame, one of the greatest of French actresses was buried in a girls' school of what we are accustomed to hear called "the Middle West."

My grandfather, on his own declaration, was not one to suffer fools gladly, but he had his share to deal with, for the house was popular; both my mother and father had a multitude of friendly admirers, and a number of would-be habitués thought that there was no better method of "getting in" than by showing polite attentions to the old gentleman who, while he lived, was master of the house.

To us, one day, entered a certain sentimental Miss Fanny, on the border line between young girl and old maid, and ready to do something daring to change her state.

She had supplied herself with a picture which, having heard that my grandfather was a patron of art, she felt sure he would find pleasing, as much by the intrinsic beauty as by the sentiment of the subject.

It was an engraving by Millais or Leighton, representing a fair damsel of the classical type of Royal Academy beauty. One of the handsome Tennant sisters — she who became the wife of the explorer Henry M. Stanley — was supposed to

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have acted as model for the girl who stood in dreamy attitude, with downcast eyes, a letter lightly held in the hands clasped behind her back.

The title appended to this picture was — and doubtless still is — “Yes, or No.” It was calculated from every point of view to irritate the person whom it was expected to please, and rub his susceptibilities the wrong way. It was plain that he was dying to express his feelings by some such phrase as “Damnable rubbish!” for he had a natural disposition to use strong language, which he curbed when we children were about, transforming the word which rose to his lips into a harmless but expressive “Pshaw!”

“Isn’t it too perfectly lovely?” inquired Miss Fanny soulfully. “What do you think her answer will be, Mr. Longworth, No, or Yes?”

Loath to pronounce upon what he considered sentimental twaddle, but aware that something must be said, he responded:

“There is no question of ‘yes’; when there is any reasonable doubt, it is always *no*.”

His interlocutor, who thought that the usual pretty hesitancy shown by a young woman before grasping an engagement ring represents a purely formal attitude, and that her fingers itch for it all the time, exclaimed reproachfully that: “People who *stood for something* in the community ought surely to be in *favor* of marriage and not against it.”

Under their outward good behavior, both my parents were dying to laugh when they saw to what extent the visitor was rasping the nerves of the man she felt confident of charming by her pretty face and kittenish ways. Pressed beyond endurance, her victim suddenly came out with a concise statement, which, though it scandalized the young lady, exactly represented his belief.

“There is no excuse for any decent person’s marrying, unless he or she *can’t help it*.”

Although Miss Fanny appeared to me tiresome and rather impertinent, I did not quite understand why it should “make Dada mad” to hear idle chatter about love and marriage, and by way of offering a suggestion which might soothe and pla-

## SHADOWS LIKE MYSELF

cate, I made the spontaneous offer "never to marry if I could help it," and my sister Nan, always prepared to go a little farther than any one else, capped the declaration with another, that "she would neither marry, herself, nor allow any of her little girls to do so!"

The solemnity of these vows of celibacy produced, after a burst of laughter, a natural desire to tease. A verse which might be sung to a topical tune would be good discipline for a girl who took herself too seriously. Nick found the tune, but was there a rhyme for "Clara"?

"Take 'Avis Rara,' " suggested my grandfather, until then my faithful ally.

How I suffered from that song! It was like a veritable Chinese torture, being tickled on the soles of the feet or between the ribs, until the victim laughs and cries at the same time.

O! my little Clara,  
She's an Avis Rara,  
She's no English sparra,  
She'll never marra,  
Nary time, narra!

But the principle *not if I can help it* had been laid down once and for all and my personal theory, built up according to my grandfather's lights, of what marriage *may, can, and should* be — or not at all!

The high ideal I cherished of the "holy estate" was confirmed by Shakespeare's definition, "A contract or eternal bond of love," and I believed both my teachers too implicitly to question their estimate of love's value — one thing worth living and dying for.

Precisely on this account, my determination was not the paradox it might appear at first glance, but quite the contrary. Having taken the habit of scrutinizing myself objectively when young, I possessed more critical self-knowledge than is usual, on coming of age. I knew my requirements and realized that the man who might fulfil them is not found on every street corner. And nothing short of a hero interested me in



THE TALES HE TOLD LIVED TWICE





I WAS FIVE YEARS OLD "O CHURL, DRINK ALL!"



A PORTRAIT WHOSE AD-  
VENTURES WOULD FORM  
A BOOK BY THEMSELVES

CHANGE HUSBANDS, OR  
GET A DEGREE

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the least degree (for matrimonial purposes). In my most ambitious dramatic moments, I never attempted the rôle of Juliet, Rowena, Dona Sol, or any other "fair lady" for whom a well-bred knight, handsome and debonair, might conceivably be supposed to sigh. My romantic disposition was not accompanied by the face which ought to go with it, and I was sufficiently convinced that the sort of person I could possibly fall in love with would never dream of caring for me.

A keen sense of the ridiculous and a determination not to make a fool of myself accentuated my decision not to fall in love, or, if I did, to keep the fact dark.

This disposition toward self-criticism or rather self-knowledge has nothing to do with what, in modern jargon, is termed an *inferiority complex*; I may perhaps have grown foolish in my old age, but in the days of my youth I possessed quite enough good sense to be aware of my limitations.

The first man who made my childish heart beat faster than usual was a Frenchman. Harry Farny was an artist whose dexterous pencil made the tales he told live twice. I was less than five when this passion reached its height, so that no one held me responsible.

But a little later I committed a graver social error and almost lost my right to a hard-earned place on the playground among the boys by highly impolitic association with a "furrier" and what was still worse, one of the hereditary foes whom young America is taught to look upon with doubt and distrust.

Among the British notables who came in the autumn of 1877 and who, after visiting the Philadelphia centennial exposition, pushed on to Cincinnati before returning, was the proprietor of *The London Times*. Mr. Walter bore letters of introduction to Rookwood. With him were his wife and son. We were celebrating my birthday, when they all appeared; so naturally, young Ralph was invited to take part in the games and rejoicings. He wore an immaculate white sailor-suit which my brother and cousins declared, upon inspection, "absurd in the country." Ralph protested that it was perfectly appropriate since he expected shortly to join Her Majesty's Navy. No sample of such a towhead had yet appeared amongst us

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and it was only because strict orders had been issued by my grandfather that children *must* be polite to strangers that he was allowed to join the game of "I spy."

A difference of opinion on correct rules caused howls of derision among the patriots. Ralph declared: "We don't play that way in England: first caught is *it*." The manifest danger in which the stranger stood moved my spirit of knight-errantry. I determined to save him from the wrath his imprudent speech was certain to bring down, and, seizing his hand, bade him "shut up and come hide." We ran ingloriously to safety in a green nook of the woods where our elective affinity was so strong that all thought of coming back to join the game was laid aside.

Ralph was in his seventh year but already possessed the prestige of an ocean traveller and stood in the limelight of publicity since the Cincinnati police had come to inspect the blond sailor boy at the hotel, for his flaxen curls corresponded so closely with the descriptions of Charlie Ross, who had lately been kidnapped, that he was nearly carried off.

We found much to tell each other about the injustice of life and the bad manners of certain big boys. He thought that American girls were not so bad, and that I was the nicest "so far."

We exchanged vows: six months hence I was to receive his photograph, at ten he would doubtless be able to afford an engagement ring, at twenty-one I might expect him again in America to claim his bride. Our betrothal caused no end of laughter on our return and Mrs. Walter was sufficiently amused to carry out the first part of the program. A picture shortly arrived from London. Ralph was portrayed perched upon a sham rock and directing the evolutions of a toy schooner. He wore the same suit which had excited criticism among true-blue Yankees. Jeers were unsparing.

"Just look at the kind of foreign guy Kiggy likes to hobnob with, and now she has the face to want to play with us!"

In spite of this lesson, I fell in love, at sixteen, with another English sailor; he was Queen Victoria's godson and bore the impressive name of Victor Alexander Montague, Rear Admi-

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ral of the fleet. He was sixty and married, so that affair never came to anything either.

To avoid being branded definitely as a "foreign sympathizer," I did my small best to idealize those who filled the place of Washington and Lincoln and early began my long acquaintance with statesmen and Presidents.

Though I cannot remember Grant, I must have cast eyes upon him and recall very clearly how, at Rookwood, I stood and gaped when my sister committed the political error of declaring "*I'm* for Tilden" before Rutherford B. Hayes. Later I offered what was, in all probability, a hand with the soil of democracy upon it, to James Garfield. The latter impressed me so well during his brief visit to Rookwood, that, when news of his assassination was displayed in scare headlines, I received a terrible shock. How could such things happen to excellent friendly people who spoke so nicely to little girls, without any hope of a vote?

By way of participating in the public mourning I felt that some unique private action must be undertaken. Something solemn and awe-inspiring, but what? I remembered what a curb my grandfather kept upon himself in order never to swear before young people. So, now that circumstances seemed to justify, and even demand an emotional outlet of singular vigor, I decided that only some fearsome oath would be strong enough to voice my reprobation and appeal to high heaven for retributive justice.

It was a case where the family must not be consulted, a secret between myself and God, who might strike me if he didn't like it. I ran down the garden path, out of reach of mortal ear, and pronounced what I believed to be the most horrible curse in the English vocabulary: "*Damn the man that shot Garfield!*"

A natural tendency towards hero-worship, which had been born in me, continued to grow with my growth, and what a peculiar set of heroes were yearly added to my collection and with whom I imaginatively identified my own personality! I searched for the Grail with those of Arthur's court, hid in the heather with Robert Bruce during the time of his privations,

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lured the English cavalry into the pits at Bannockburn, and helped crown the patriot King at Scone, after his triumphs.

Whether he rode a black charger over the Scottish moors, led a forlorn hope at Killiecrankie or Prestonpans, or conquered at Rivoli or Austerlitz, the emotion which set my heart beating invariably had its root in military and patriotic glory, and, as there has always been a marked continuity throughout my sixty-two years of life, I frankly confess that it does so still.

Among the varied selection of heroes I worshipped as a girl there was one popular idol who was not included: the Lafayette legend which means so much in America held no lure for me from the fact that though he brought a large element of romance into the country it seemed unreasonable to come here to find it, and churn up enthusiasm for the mild visage of George Washington, when he had at home a face so much better worth following and a star to lead it!—*Napoleon*.

During a long period, I set aside as trivial certain enthusiasms kindled by great actors or singers who, over the foot-lights, might, for an evening or two, lend substance to the heroic shadows of my youthful dreams.

It did not take a very strong dose of resolution to remain true to the serio-comic promise never to marry while there was any possible question of "yes" or "no." This was all the easier, because, during my short career as so-called "débutante," and subsequent long seasons in Cincinnati, a dip into the Washington world, and several summers passed on the North Shore of Boston, I did not have to struggle very hard to remain single. Though resembling Penelope in one trait—for what I sew must usually be ripped out—I could not compare with her in abundance of suitors.

No one was less endowed with the spirit of feminine coquetry, and though I had pronounced taste for masculine society, this is not a temptation to get married, but quite the contrary. The very few who might perhaps have been inclined to follow, if led on, went their way, or else remained equally the friends of my mother, my brother, my sister, and myself.

Many said that it was my mother's fault that none of her children thought of marrying, though the traditional age of

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twenty-five had passed, when Saint Catherine's bonnet, symbol of old-maidenhood and bachelordom in Europe, should rightfully be donned. It is true that we all remained more closely attached to the bonds of family than was usual even then; at present, such an attitude toward home life has become a still greater rarity. For this reason I attempted to give a description of old-time Cincinnati in a biography of my brother: *The Making of Nicholas Longworth*.

## CHAPTER III

### THE OVERSEAS TRAIL

BY the time I undertook the adventure of marrying abroad, I had not even the distinction of being a daring pioneer, and the novelty of such an enterprise had quite worn off. The overseas trail had already been blazed by several Cincinnati girls, one of whom, Mary Hooper, today Comtesse Horace de Choiseul, was born on the Grandin Road. But their previous example had not the slightest influence on my future.

Curious as it may seem, the voters of the first Ohio Congressional District, who later chose my brother Nicholas as their delegate, took a direct step toward removing me from Ohio by electing Bellamy Storer as their representative at Washington in 1890, for, in so doing, they robbed me of the intimate companionship of my favorite cousin and best pal, Margaret Nichols.

Throughout our entire childhood she lived within easy shouting distance on the hill which formed part of Rookwood, in a house built by my grandfather when his only daughter, Maria Longworth, married Colonel George Ward Nichols in 1868. Their two children, Joseph Longworth Nichols and Margaret Rives Nichols, known to us as Joe and Min, together with whole rafts of Anderson cousins and neighbors of the same age, Harrisons, Kecks, Groesbecks, Ingalls, Neffs, Wrights, and Ramseys, revolved about my brother Nick who, in the republic of youth, already seemed to have organized an important party.

Being the youngest of the band, "Min" and I were often treated with deserved contempt as too small to be much good on the playground. We came into the game only when the boys, suddenly deciding to be dentists, filled our teeth with mud, or when, as wildmen of Borneo, they requisitioned our legs for tattooing experiments, or yet again melted down our wax dolls in the cause of science and transformed their pretty faces into dingy candles with a candy-box string for a wick.

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Such persecutions naturally caused us to fall back on the comfort of an exclusive friendship.

We shared romantic ideas and excelled in mock heroics which we took seriously. She pretended to be the Lord of the Isles when I was Robert Bruce, and "did" Juliet to my Romeo.

What roars of laughter greefed our all-too-scrupulous interpretation when, pressing into service Bob Anderson, youngest of all the Grandin Road cousins, we improvised a performance in the old tumbledown theatre, with bowling alley behind the stage which, in the palmy days of Rookwood, had been one of its great attractions.

Bob acted Romeo's page and Friar Lawrence in the tomb scene. He had, therefore, but a small speaking part, but he made the lines twice longer, by the most insurmountable stutter I ever heard. As for the ladies of the troupe, with respect for the printed text which would have done credit to professionals, we recited all stage directions with the dialogue.

Juliet, before swallowing the sleeping potion, questions, in agony of mind:

What if this mixture do not work at all?  
Must I, of force, be married to the County?  
No, no, — this shall forbid it: — lie thou there,  
LAYING DOWN HER DAGGER.

and further on: —

Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee,  
FALLS ON HER BED WITHIN THE CURTAINS.

and Romeo declaimed passionately in the tomb scene:

O, true apothecary, thy drugs are quick,  
Thus with a kiss I die. DIES.

Like many other amateur actors, and some professionals, we were willing to put up with being jeered at, if we could only succeed in getting an audience.

When we were eleven or so, Colonel Nichols died, and Margaret's mother married Bellamy Storer, whose family



were early settlers in Ohio, and this event, when we look back, constituted the great first cause of my own marriage. To bring this about, fate manœuvred in the following manner:—

Mr. Storer was elected to Congress as Representative of the First Ohio District; consequently my aunt, with Minnie and Joe, went to live in Washington, and there, in due course, Margaret met Pierre de Chambrun, who, during the last two years of the Congressional term, was engaged in winding up his father's affairs in America, for Charles Adolphe de Pineton, Marquis de Chambrun and also, according to the curious formulæ of the *Armorial de France*, Baron de Monrodat, seigneur de Recoulettes, de Pommiers, de Villeret et de Cénarat et de maint autre lieu, had come to Washington in Lincoln's time on the French Claims Commission and remained there as legal counsellor to the Embassy, with the right, accorded by special Act of Congress, to practise law in the State of Maryland, until his sudden death in 1888. His family was associated with the American statesmen and politicians of those days: Sumners, Stantons, Bayards, and Lincoln himself, whose greatness Adolphe de Chambrun seems to have been the first foreigner to detect and declare. His books, *The Executive Power* and *Laws and Liberties in the United States*, together with the *Judicial Power*, were designed to form a complete picture of American State and federal government. Though death interrupted the last, the first-named volumes stand, authoritative as those of Tocqueville and Bryce.

The Marquis de Chambrun and his wife Marthe de Corcelle, daughter of the French Ambassador to the Vatican, were taken into the hearts of many Washingtonians during the score of years they made their home in America. Their son Pierre and daughter Thérèse created a personal place for themselves and the younger children Aldebert and Charles were both born there, thus consolidating the sentimental claim to American citizenship with which the Maryland Legislature had endowed the lineal male descendants of Lafayette.

There was much talk among Pierces, Wileys, Pattens, and Blairs, Wallacks, Hazans, and MacLeans as Pierre went through the usual stages of being declared progressively "at-

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tentive," "devoted," and by general decree, "in love" with Congressman Bellamy Storer's stepdaughter. But Cincinnati did not believe that Margaret could "make up her mind," neither did I, though I liked what I had seen of Pierre on a short visit to Washington; I drew a long breath of relief when I thought that danger was past, with the departure of my cousin for a summer trip to the Dolomites and northern Italy.

It was consequently quite a shock to learn that Pierre had unexpectedly turned up at Pallanza and that in the autumn my cousin was going through the ordeal of country-house visits and meeting the family.

Pierre's eldest sister, Thérèse de Chambrun, had just married Count Savorgnan de Brazza, a naturalized French subject and colonial explorer. Jacques Aldebert de Chambrun was at that time doing his military service at Poitiers, and Charles, still in school, was undecided whether he would eventually try finance or diplomacy. His uncle, François de Corcelle, was deep in the political complications of a Normandy district when it was decided, after all these family magnates had expressed their approval, that the wedding would take place in Cincinnati; it seemed doubtful whether any near relative except Pierre's mother would be able to come over for the event.

This was a matter of indifference to me, as I did not want to hobnob with people who would certainly do their best to make my cousin live abroad.

I could not disguise from myself that I felt badly about Margaret's marriage, just as two years before I had taken her conversion rather hard, not that my own Protestantism was at all of a militant character, for we had all been brought up in the atmosphere of tolerance which is one of the best characteristics of Cincinnati; nevertheless I was afraid that her fervent partisanship might slightly chill her affection for me and that now, with this marriage, material distance would tend to erect a new barrier.

Besides these reasonable reasons for feeling rather unhappy, there was another of more complex character which will appear readily comprehensible to many American readers of the old school.

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I did not like the idea of foreign marriage, but would have been more easily reconciled at that period to her choice of an Englishman; the sentiment which I always had for France applied to other days. I had not carried down my feelings of affectionate sympathy beyond Napoleon, but went back in most illogical sequence through the great dramatists and prose-writers to Louis, Henry, and Roland.

Then, too, I was certainly not without that feeling of aggressive nationalism which makes us feel that the "superiority" upon which we all pride ourselves exists perhaps more in our own conceptions than in the opinion of foreigners, making us always a bit afraid that if we do not do something to assert ourselves we may be looked down upon. In some vague way I felt that something should be done to underline American superiority over any imported article.

Even now, when the suburbs of Cincinnati have been built up almost beyond the recognition of former inhabitants, the presence of a complete stranger, clad in widow's weeds and of almost heroic proportions, would not pass unnoticed; it caused a mild sensation in 1895.

I was hastening along the Grandin Road to keep an engagement on the golf links and had almost reached the Harrison Drive when I received an impression so different from what preconceived opinion and prejudice had led me to expect, that it left me morally with mouth wide open.

The tall lady approaching wore a crape veil reaching nearly to her feet. Her profile, coloring, and expression were exactly those of the fairest of Fra Angelico's angels — platinum blondes had not yet been invented but those of today are poor imitations of her incandescent fairness.

Although upwards of sixty, she gave an extraordinary impression of both youth and strength. Her face, smooth and un-wrinkled, was destined always to remain so, for she carried her soul upon it, and souls do not wither.

In short, she was Marthe de Corcelle, Marquise de Chambrun, the granddaughter of Virginie de Lasteyrie, whose parents were Adrienne de Noailles and Gilbert de Lafayette, to

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whom she bore a likeness that was both bodily and spiritual: the practical idealist for whose broad sympathies nothing is too great nor yet too small.

I realized at once that a good many of my cut-and-dried opinions of Lafayette whom I thought of as a "prig" would require revision. The dignity of her stature seemed to disappear under the childlike candor and straightforwardness of her manner of speech, in which there was no trace of American self-consciousness. But it was hard to listen to what she said without smiling, because in order to turn the difficulty which the *th* presented to her tongue she substituted for this sound the letters *f* and *v*.

"I fink vat you must be Margaret's cousin,—yes? We are going to see your muvver."

I had hardly noticed until she said "we" that a gentleman was walking with or rather a step or two behind her, on account of the narrow sidewalk.

It had been a grievance in Cincinnati that neither Pierre's brothers nor his uncle had "taken the trouble to come" to the wedding and I wondered mildly who this tall, dark young man might be. A distant relative on the Chambrun side, it turned out, who had appeared in Washington on his way round the world and was immediately pressed into service as "best man."

Pierre had selected American ushers: Harold Binney, Horace Wiley, Margaret's brother Joe, and my brother Nick; Mrs. Gillespie of Philadelphia, a lineal descendant of Benjamin Franklin, added a colonial touch to the gathering and helped make the ceremony of Min's marriage a solemn, dignified affair, the keynote of which was "Americanism." Laying by her mourning veil for that one day, our nearest surviving relative, Mrs. Rufus King — whose like was not to be found at any European court or in the Faubourg St. Germain — ushered by her grand-nephews Nicholas Longworth and Joseph Longworth Nichols, took the first place on one side of the aisle at the Holy Angels' Church, when the goddaughter who bore her name of Margaret Rives was married, Archbishop Kean officiating.

I little knew, when acting as bridesmaid, how much agony

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of mind my presence near the altar was causing the best man. It all came about through the difference of procedure, then existing between the so-called "fashionable" form of marriage in France and that in America. There, bridesmaids were rarely used at all; the wedding procession is composed of near relatives to both contracting parties. This "cortège" is distributed along the first pews, and, when the couple approaches the altar, the persons acting as witnesses, the bride's father, or guardian, and the groom's witness, retire after the part of the ceremony when the ring is placed upon the finger.

Now, in this case, when the bride and groom knelt for the benediction, the poor best man found himself practically standing beside me before the altar. This struck him as being highly suspicious. Was he being entrapped? I should have said that he was a timid fellow, absurdly good-looking in a wax-figure way, and, being an orphan with a comfortable fortune already in hand, remained under the impression that in France all the girls were "after him" and consequently supposed that Americans would join in the pursuit. Did he imagine that Pierre was doing a good turn for this new "cousine" from pure kindness of heart or had the "demoiselle" laid a plot to show him publicly before the altar at her side. This juxtaposition, to his unaccustomed eye, constituted a solemn troth plight, perhaps an actual marriage!

He left Cincinnati that very evening and started round the world harassed by the doubts which this momentous ceremony had left in his not capacious mind. Through the indiscretions of his relatives, I learned, when he decided to marry in France, that he hesitated a long time lest I might make trouble on grounds of a previous contract!

But it all goes to show that prudent travellers should inform themselves upon certain essential differences between the customs of one country and another.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE OBSERVATION POST

FATE, acting through the person of President William McKinley, again began tampering with my destiny in the year 1896 by appointing Hon. Bellamy Storer to the post of American representative at the Belgian court. This rendered it still more logical for Pierre and Margaret to return to Europe when their business affairs in Washington were wound up, since all their near relatives from that time on lived abroad, and their departure paved the way naturally and without undue haste to that event which used to be described by romantic writers as "meeting my fate."

That destiny, on this occasion, did not act any too quickly will appear from the fact that I did not see Jacques Aldebert de Chambrun, Pierre's second brother, until I knew the rest of the family pretty well, and that, after this momentous encounter, two years and more were to elapse before another meeting.

Sojourns in Brussels and Madrid with my aunt, and in Paris with Margaret and Pierre, enlarged my opportunities of studying differences in the manners and customs of other countries and, at the same time, gave occasion to exercise sufficient impartiality not to declare that everything different was "better in the United States because American"; before judging any custom or law, its appropriateness to the citizens who practise or come under it ought always to be taken into consideration.

The excellent observation post which I enjoyed thereafter enabled me to draw personal deductions concerning the merits and demerits of the French manner of dealing with what J. J. Rousseau terms "the social contract."

It was natural that my interest in world politics should also develop considerably. The diplomatic position of the Storers gave me a chance to observe international relations from the other side, notably when America's war with Spain led our

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country into paying closer attention to affairs of the European continent.

One of the occasions when I came abroad by myself, for a three weeks' visit to Margaret, coincided with the sailing of ex-President Harrison, who was being sent as member, for the United States, of the Peace Conference at the Hague, and also of the International Board of Arbitration, then meeting in Paris, and although he had been judged as a silent and unapproachable man while at the White House, he appeared very differently in the relations of shipboard, when both he and Mrs. Harrison seemed glad to annex me as a companion, at the captain's table, and had my ship chair placed beside theirs on deck.

He seemed interested in questioning me about my former visits to Europe and present plans, which gave a fillip to my sense of importance, and during the entire voyage I found it pleasant to converse familiarly with a man who, whether popular or not, had at least occupied the position which best represents the choice of our whole people.

It is always interesting to study leaders and leadership whether from near or far, and the spirit of Republican partisanship is so rampant in the young, that I fear prejudice prevented due appreciation of Grover Cleveland. When I found myself with the Harrisons, my sympathy for the defeated candidate naturally went out during the voyage.

As we steamed up the English Channel on the last day of our voyage on the White Star liner, a deck steward brought me word that the President and Mrs. Harrison were on the bridge with the captain, and had invited me to join them.

The captain was improving the occasion by a lecture on superior British seamanship and eloquently treating the inadequacy of American skippers to do their job with what seemed a certain disregard for the fact that he was speaking to an ex-President of the United States.

He cited several cases in point; the *Mohegan* which had been driven on the Lizard Reef, thereby causing the loss of over a hundred lives, and a more recent accident, when another American vessel had been cast away on the Manacles—in

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good weather too — which could only occur through gross carelessness, as he carefully explained, or unpardonable error in a simple reckoning. For, although such things might have happened when the Manacles and Godwins proved so perilous to merchantmen of Shylock's time, he took comfort in stating that, to seniors of their line, accidents do not and cannot happen, so we were all duly impressed.

Then, he pointed out the exact place where the *Mohegan* had foundered, and the President took his field glasses to examine the wreck and declared that he could see her plainly.

"Impossible!" objected the captain. "Only her masts are visible above the surface, and we are too far away to detect them."

"But there is a ship aground," insisted the President, and he passed on the glasses. There was indeed a large vessel on the rocks, at the very place where the American vessel had gone down.

"Is she one of ours?" inquired the President, who, I suppose, had already seen perfectly well that she was not.

"No," responded the captain quite fiercely. "It's our sister ship! How could such a thing have happened, especially with Captain Watkins? Surely he was not on the bridge. We must change our course and inquire if he needs help."

Like guilty things, the Harrisons and I slunk below, feeling as though we had uncovered the nakedness of a respectable old gentleman. The Englishman did the bragging, but it was the Americans who felt shamefaced and awkward at the prospect of hearing his explanations at dinner.

We need not have worried about this. It was the deck steward who gave us the news a few hours later. The accident had happened through a simple mistake of reckoning, in broad daylight, with Captain Watkins on the bridge.

Alone at dinner, the passengers talked over the incident, comparing the divers attitudes of different nationalities under affliction, and with the sincere endeavor to exercise "charity to all and malice towards none."

Would an American or a Frenchman who had bragged unduly have shown temper towards the innocent witness to his



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confusion, rather than towards himself? It is hard to draw a general conclusion from one particular case. After many opportunities of estimating the "sporting quality" of the three nations when in bad luck, I believe that no one can behave better than a high-class Englishman, but his average compatriot who is a good winner should not be expected to look affable when things are not going his way. An American under the same circumstances will take especial pains to conceal his feelings, and a Frenchman will probably pass it off with a laugh.

We went on shore without seeing the British captain again.

Occasions for comparisons of this sort kept on multiplying during the years that followed. I was more in touch with foreigners and found the reaction of one nationality upon another most interesting to watch. My chief endeavor at such time has always been to view each case with objective impartiality and without giving myself away.

Nothing is more apt to stimulate patriotism than a sojourn in foreign parts at a moment when there is political tension between Europe and the United States. The war with Spain was over and did not add to American prestige. At home I had been out of sympathy with our attitude, convinced as I was that the Maine catastrophe had not been caused by Spanish malevolence. I did not think that the disaster should constitute a *casus belli*. However, it is one thing to cherish a personal opinion, quite another to hear it expressed with hostile intention by some one else. I had taken part in several minor conflicts while visiting the Storers, who were then representing the American Government in Brussels. Criticism was unsparing among certain Belgians concerning America's attitude, and this aroused my spirit of contradiction.

When I arrived in Paris to stay for a month with my cousin Margaret, and Pierre, there were times when I was obliged to hold on to my tongue and temper. For I was not the only visitor. An aged maiden aunt had arrived unexpectedly from Nîmes, where she lodged in a convent with an old servant to look after her and a parrot to scold them both. For the first

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time in thirty years, "Tante" Alix had decided to visit the metropolis, and as all her relatives fought her off — just as though it had happened in the United States — it was decreed in council that number 15 Rue de Grenelle would be the place for her to lodge and thus make better acquaintance with her new American niece, Margaret. Poor soul! One American would have been enough to satisfy her curiosity; to find an extra one under the roof seemed like . . . rubbing it in.

My arrival, too, detracted from the sensation which she hoped her stay with the family would cause. Had any one told her that she would thus play second fiddle, she might have remained at Nîmes with Antoinette and the parrot.

I was destined one day to know this atrocious bird. It was foisted off on me when the old lady passed away, for Antoinette wanted to discover a good home for the poor thing, on the same principle that she had wished Tante Alix onto Margaret in Paris, when she took her vacation!

"Congo," apparently, did not find the new lodging any too good. He sat lugubriously on his perch between intervals of ferocity, murmuring: "Oh, ma tante! oh, ma tante!"

The stock phrase recalled the voice of Tante Alix, crying from the tomb that she did not like this second American relative a bit, and never had. No wonder that the parrot's reminder sounded a good deal like my own conscience.

In spite of mutual antipathy, I managed to be polite, and only smiled benignly when the old lady attacked me directly or indirectly. She had a way of saying "I never criticize, but . . .," "I will not express an opinion and yet I cannot help observing that . . ."

In short, she was just as disagreeable about our war with Spain as many an old maiden lady in America, today, who never fails to bring up the debt question when talking to a citizen of France. Fortunately for my peace of mind, I began to be rather sorry for Tante Alix before she went back to Nîmes; otherwise the parrot's elegy would have been quite unbearable in 1901, for it was largely on my account that the family had been neglectful and had left "Aunt" at home when we went to evening parties, on the theory that she "never

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went out at night." In Nîmes, she never did, but this was because the convent door closed at half past eight and re-opened only next morning.

I decided one day, when I was giving a small theatre party, that the time had come for me to show the old lady polite attention, and invited her to see Sarah Bernhardt in *Hamlet*. "She is certain to decline," said Pierre hopefully, but she jumped at the chance.

I was fully compensated by hearing the most precious piece of Shakespearean criticism that ever came my way.

The performance was magnificent, whether one entirely agreed with Mme. Bernhardt's conception of the part or not. It was done with such fire and conviction that it literally took the audience off their feet. She made the Prince extremely young, a youth keyed up to the highest pitch of a passion which was more boyish than philosophic. I shall never forget the moment when, filled with the joy of a discoverer who finds himself at last on a lost track, or of an amateur Sherlock Holmes who has forced his criminal into confession, Hamlet thrust his torch almost into the King's face to show Horatio the proof of his self-confessed guilt.

Transported out of the sphere of her humdrum existence, the old lady enjoyed every minute. After thanking me with sincere appreciation for such a rare treat, she aimed an accustomed dart at her nephew and niece: "It seems strange that with so many cultivated relatives in Paris, an American should take the trouble to give me an artistic pleasure. . . .

"This play is certainly not without dramatic merit and emotional quality; there were times when I was actually sorry for the unfortunate young man! but that any well-bred youth should so far forget himself as to speak with such disrespect to his mother is a thing which we, in France, would never tolerate! It is a deplorable example of American manners!"

Poor Hamlet! Thus, like myself, he was judged and condemned for Americanism.

Among the receptions to which they forgot to take Tante Alix, some remain in my mind as the most delightful social

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occasions of my experience, where there was just the right proportion of interesting celebrities, enough well-dressed people to form a picturesque background, and not too much crowding to prevent all from looking at and listening to the various lions who were inclined to roar for their benefit.

A few pretty girls and as many youths discreetly observed each other, knowing that any there present "would do" as distinctly eligible, for had it not been so, these special youths or maidens would not have been invited. None looked askance at my arrival. Word had gone forth that my presence would not conflict with any one's plans, that I was not seeking a husband but instructive amusement — a frivolous reason for going into the world according to the then prevailing maxims. This point once clearly understood, all stand-offishness on the part of young men vanishes, and they are willing to regard a foreigner as a creature with a brain which it may be interesting to sound. The evenings generally ended with dancing and I was amused one night, when it had been really quite jolly, to hear my cousin say meditatively: "Well, perhaps you think that it was not particularly gay, but I assure you that in France it is impossible to have a better time at any party."

One of the first questions friends asked me when I returned to America was whether the Chambrun family were really in "the best set." This is always embarrassing, because there are so many sets in Paris, and they have such different ideals, that it is hard to say which is "better" or "best," since each has its own specialty.

Certainly their circle was not what might be called "ultra chic," for the two most fashionable milieus are composed of Royalist or Imperialistic tendencies; then there is the diplomatic world, which thinks highly of itself; the clerical world; the sporting and rather fast, or the sporting and correct, whose center is the Jockey Club, just as the former has its core at the Cercle de la Rue Royale. The set of the great capitalists must not be forgotten; though they have their own band, they permeate everywhere and, like dukes and academicians, are universally welcomed.

The Marquise de Chambrun had a standing of her own.

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Being related to the ducal families of D'Ayen, Noailles, and Estissacs, she had her entrée among that category, but the liberal opinions which she professed placed her naturally in a much less pompous and sedate group, frowned upon by the "ultra-aristocrats" to whom the very name of the Republic was then anathema.

I remember one evening some one inquired where Pierre and Margaret were going. I responded: "To a reception at the Elysée."

Horror appeared upon my interlocutor's features.

"What! You don't mean that my cousin, Pierre, is going to debase himself to that extent?" (The actual phrase was: "Va-t-il s'encanailler comme ça?")

It was rather difficult for me, a stranger, to answer. Visitors, like the Army, should not mix with politics.

I was once much amused to see how this expressed hatred of democratic principles frightens certain Americans who take the criticism seriously. This particular one had innocently made a remark about Lafayette as though she considered him a great man, and met with a torrent of abuse. It worried her to think that he was not accepted as a hero in the Faubourg St. Germain, and she inquired if I could explain what the reason was.

I did my best. Perhaps a man who always maintained his personal ideals, notwithstanding what party is uppermost, is certain to be slanged by each in turn, Royalists, Imperialists, or Reds, but is not this a proof of greatness, since he went his own way through disgrace, suffering and prison, in spite of all?

"I'm glad you told me that," she remarked simply. "Sometimes, when I hear French people speak so badly of him, it makes me afraid that we in America have been barking up the wrong tree."

It has been said that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. I found, during my stay, that the only good President of the Republic, according to the Faubourg St. Germain, was the one no longer in office. This was Casimir-Périer, who, both on account of his own distinction and historic name, but also

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through his wife, who was a Ségur, and therefore *persona grata* in aristocratic circles, was highly considered. After a brief term of office, he tendered his resignation as President, and this act, although it caused displeasure in Republican circles, gave him a feather in his cap among the aristocrats. "It proves how awful these Republicans must be, for him not to have been able to 'stick it out,' " they said, and every one tried to reach the bottom of the mystery of what had happened to make him take so grave a decision. No one ever really knew. Some say that he had previous knowledge that the Dreyfus affair was looming, some gave other explanations. In any event, the atmosphere of mystery made him an attractive figure when he appeared in a Paris salon, particularly as his wife was one of the most handsome and distinguished women imaginable.

I met the ex-President and his wife at what I remember as one of the "best parties" to which I was invited that spring. It was given in the old Ducal Hotel of the Castries family on the Rue des Saints-Pères, where magnificent salons opened on to court and garden which spread their walks temptingly; but the young girl who ventured there between dances would have been frowned on as "fast" and, when pretty Mademoiselle de Montalembert, after whispering into her mother's ear, disappeared with their partner through the shallow French windows which gave access to the garden, every one knew that she was about to receive and accept the proposal of marriage which had been discussed for a week past in most mysterious but, at the same time, open secrecy. The hostess, who had an eye on everything, probably arranged to have the most sentimental of waltzes played at just the auspicious moment.

Comtesse Henry de Castries was admirable in the art of grouping her guests so that conversation could flourish, and of inciting her tame lions to go through their tricks. The outstanding political men were sure to appear at her receptions, the Minister of War especially, Godefroy Cavaignac, General Gouraud, and many lights of the military and colonial world. Countess de Castries was herself the daughter of General de Lamoricière (a thing she never allowed to be forgotten) and

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was as proud of her father's heroic expedition, which ended in the difficult conquest of Algeria, as a daughter could be.

Colonel de Castries was still more interested in the making of Morocco. He had been one of the first to discover Lyautey and had hitched his wagon to that ascending star. Later, it was largely through M. de Castries' books and conversation that I was able to penetrate a little more deeply into the heart of Islam than passers-by generally do. A remarkable Arab student, he was then at work on his great historical enterprise, that of grouping all the sources of documentation which could contribute to build up a complete history of the influence of Morocco on the commercial relations and policies of Europe, to be found in the various collections: Salamanca, the British Museum, the Vatican, and the archives of Holland and France.

Eventually, when he was left a lonely widower, he became one of the most constant habitués of our house in Paris, and whatever palace, tent or hovel sheltered us in Morocco during the years between 1920 and 1928, he was certain to appear there for a month or two.

In those days he took but a passing interest in me as a person who could confirm his theory that Shakespeare's Moor of Venice was as remarkable a portrait as any pen ever described of the lordly race of the Atlas, and it was he who first told me that the very name of "Othello" was taken from the tribal appellation of the "Aith Allah" or "Children of the Most High."

The Lion who roared the loudest every Wednesday evening was the future Marshal Lyautey, fresh from his Madagascar campaign, and whom I was to know later in Paris, Fez, and Rabat, but I was more interested in one who made less noise but who possesses a great personality, which is recognizable even when one does not quite understand what aims and aspirations he is on the way to achieve.

Of all the would-be great, the near great and the really great men whom I ever met, Pierre Savorgnan de Brazza, who is only known in America as having given his name to a now flourishing town in Africa, was the most impressive, and I

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look back with gratitude on the series of receptions I was taken to that spring, which furnished me the opportunity of meeting him and so many leading lights of the colonial world.

There was also a salon in high repute, especially among music lovers, and enthusiasts about sociology. It was popular too among the category which is alike in all cities and countries, where little brothers of the rich try what flattery can do to bring agreeable attentions, if not actual cash, their way.

The host, in this case, was Comte Aldebert de Chambrun, the family magnate, also a very curious person. Although according to the French habit already mentioned, he was known as "uncle" to Pierre and his brothers, he was only "oncle à la mode de Bretagne," that is, their father's first cousin, and godfather of the Aldebert who belonged to the second generation.

"Le Grand Aldebert," as he was usually called to make a due distinction with his godson, had represented the Department of Lozère, or, as we would say in America, the "Congressional" District of Marvejols, in 1857 and 1863, he had acted as sub-prefect of Toulon, and St. Etienne and, under Napoleon the Third, was made prefect of the Jura, sat on a commission to revise the penal code, and being, in Auvergne, a sort of dictator, thanks to his wife's generosity and a large fortune, he was also an oracle in the political world of Paris, where he founded the "Musée Social," on the board of which most of the leading men of those days figured.

In musical spheres he was equally notable. He had discovered Wagner and put Bayreuth on the French map. He also considered himself the personal inventor of Gounod and Ambroise Thomas, between whom he made little difference. Some poked fun at these pretensions, but from my very brief observation, during a stately dinner, and a reception with music which followed it, I am inclined to think that his chief joy consisted in trying to make fools of other people.

Knowing that many courted him for his money, he had a habit of confiding with great secrecy to a score or two, that he looked upon each as his sole eventual heir, and if he gave them all an ephemeral joy, he himself chuckled over their



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reactions all the time and went laughing to his tomb, having executed a series of contradictory wills which ended in an inextricable mix-up out of which his secretaries, the Musée Social, and his nephews whom he had always declared that he would cut off with a shilling, rescued some convenient crumbs.

He lived in the historic Hôtel, which belonged of old to the Prince de Condé. The round music room, where I heard Widor play the organ, has been immortalized in one of the popular mezzotints of the Condé period, entitled "Le Bal."

The setting is lovely indeed, and it was amusing to see the state the old gentleman, who arranged to look just like Victor Hugo, kept there. He had never obtained from his nephews the large dose of flattering praise which he needed; consequently, he treated them rather coldly, and prophesied once that the second, at least, was destined to be hanged, but he was so pleased to learn that Pierre and Margaret had decided to remain in France, that he suddenly made up his mind to turn the political influence which he still possessed in Lozère into getting his eldest nephew elected as representative of the *circonscription* of Marvejols, where Pierre's mother owned the lands which still remain in the family.

This fact facilitated the schemes which Le Grand Aldebert was beginning to put in motion at that time. From the ruins of the Château de l'Empéry, a fairly comfortable and spacious country house called "Carrière" had been built two generations back. It served as a necessary base to electoral operations, and it was there that Pierre and Margaret established themselves in the autumn of 1897. After a political campaign which the wildness of the scene and the primitive ways of the mountaineers made exciting, Pierre was successfully chosen as deputy for that district, and both were anxious to exhibit themselves to me in this new rôle.

## CHAPTER V

### COUNTRY COUSINS

I HAD my first glimpse of French country life, mingled with a large dose of local politics, in the summer of 1898, at Carrière, where, while my mother and sister accompanied the Storers from Brussels to Hambourg, I spent three August weeks, — the hottest which had been experienced in France for many years.

During those sweltering days, I made acquaintance with some typical examples of provincial habits and provincial folk; as different from Parisian ways and people as are the manners of a Kentucky mountaineer from those of the Fifth Avenue New Yorker.

It seemed curious to observe Pierre's early contacts. He, who had always appeared to me more of an American "jingo" than myself, was now heart and soul in his new constituency — a very slave, rather than servant, of the people. In spite of the disadvantages of the rough and poor mountain country which, to me, never seemed attractive, lacking the charm of the Jura and the dignity of the Pyrenées, his wife succeeded in falling in love with Marvejols, a feat I could never have accomplished, a fortunate instance of the fact that Americans, even of the same blood, do not have similar tastes.

The accent of the inhabitants, a harsher brogue than Marseille can boast, rubbed me the wrong way. I found their bragging less excusable than the gasconades of the Bordeaux region, for I never could see what they had to be so proud of, and I got many a rise out of their new representative by assuring him that the best proof of intelligence given by his immediate ancestors had been to get out of Lozère, at about the same moment that Lafayette, on his side, abandoned Le Puy.

Among the various cousins who frequented Carrière, few dreamed of setting foot in the metropolis. Like all good provincials they despised the very idea of Paris. They lived prac-

tically the year round in the country; some boasted of a town house and a country villa; but the town house was in Marvejols and the villa a pavilion high up on the mountain, with a small vineyard, planted with poor grapes, which afforded a sort of pasturage to the small birds called "grives," not much larger than a sparrow, which form the "game" of the country.

Occasionally certain cousins might visit Nîmes or Toulouse, but rarely penetrated farther. The men cared for nothing but out-of-door exercises; gaiters, boots, a fishing-rod or gun formed a necessary part of their equipment from sunrise to sunset. They were sociably inclined, however, and stepped in between shots to each other's houses, whereas the female of the species seldom came out except to large lunches in the neighborhood, and, when not attending to household duties, mainly lived at church.

These lunches, though not formal, in the American sense, appeared so in number, service, and profusion of viands. Lunch was rarely laid for less than thirty covers, lasted from half-past eleven when guests began arriving from neighboring châteaux until four in the afternoon, when they began thinking of departure. Each family came with what aunts and cousins might be visiting, and all the children they could collect. After the age of ten every French child who lives in the country has an inalienable right to attend meals to which his parents are invited.

Contact with their elders and listening to the conversation of grown-ups is supposed to form their minds and manners. It certainly has a tendency to make them know how to behave in public better than most American children, who stay exclusively among themselves, or the English, who remain in the nursery. On the whole, I believe that the principle is a good one if not always enjoyable. It forms a certain restraint on the conversation, while the meal is actually in progress; this may be a good thing; after the sweets have been served, and the walnuts and wine period begins, the juniors are excused. This observation applies, as I saw it, to château life, but the practice is current in every class of society where life is not so metropolitan as to make all social functions alike. Food in

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the country where things are largely home-grown, service where domestics are or were paid in clothes and keep — thirty years ago it was a perquisite of the French servant to be dressed from the ground up at his employer's expense, and wages often amounted to no more than what would appear pocket-money in America, — made entertaining easy and inexpensive.

What struck me most in these gatherings was the absolute rusticity of appearance among people who had such an immense opinion of themselves and their families. Princes and Dukes have become thoroughly accustomed to thinking "small potatoes" of themselves, but this country gentry felt no doubt that they belonged to an entirely different sphere from "les bourgeois." And here I would like to add a word on the misuse of this term.

When Napoleon accused Great Britain of being a nation of shopkeepers, England was cut to the quick. The so-called inferiority-complex has bitten deep into the English bourgeois and through him has to a certain extent taken root in the United States in spite of our claim to absence of class distinctions.

In France, on the contrary, it does not exist, and rightly. The French bourgeois is perfectly confident that his class forms the backbone and sinew of the state and has done so since national life began. From the five Calais martyrs to Jacques Cœur and Colbert their situation has been the most useful and honorable, one on which all the mechanism of the state depends. They consider themselves *superior* to the peasant class, whom they judge as ignorant, and on a par with the intellectuals so largely recruited from their ranks. They regard the nobility as "frivolous and dissolute."

Nowadays that so many of the "privileged classes" have invaded the market and are attempting to make a living in divers spheres of bourgeois activity, the bourgeois feels superior again, for he views the new recruits as mere amateurs at best and, at worst, as "stuffed shirts." In short, in every walk of life, the ancient privileges of the nobility have dwindled down to less than nothing and have become a considerable detriment against which it takes both courage and character to battle successfully.

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But this country gentry made little social distinction between themselves and a peasant, a blacksmith, or any one doing manual work; but the shopkeeper is viewed as another animal. Between the aristocracy of the provinces and real workers, an absolute spirit of democracy reigns, and as for any old domestic, he or she is simply regarded as a member of the family.

It was a general habit for guests who came from a distance (those were the days of horses), to press the old family coachman into service at table, and this gave the same social enjoyment to servant as to master, and with the overlapping between professions current in France, any man who knows enough to feed horses can wait on the table! — and, at a pinch, take an important part in the conversation.

As an illustration of this, here is a characteristic story:

There was a young officer who “drew the long bow” so constantly that it was a matter of common knowledge to the whole region; the magnitude of his lies frequently supplied subject for laughter in the servants’ hall and around the “noble board” as well. He arrived very late on horseback for one of these entertainments, explaining that five miles out of town his horse cast a shoe. The blacksmith had gone to his own lunch (which blacksmiths eat at eleven instead of twelve-thirty). The time lost in making a new iron might be taken as a valid excuse for keeping the luncheon cooling.

As he finished speaking, one of the men waiting on the table disappeared, only to return just after the length of time necessary to pay a visit to the stables. While passing the wine, he whispered into his master’s ear:

“I have been to look at his horse’s hoofs. All the shoes are old.”

This communication filtered around the table until it almost reached the captain himself, and put a spirit of gaiety among those who either served or ate that special repast.

Here again, in the naturalness and spontaneity of the social relations of French life, a point is perhaps scored over America.

One fine show place on a far-away mountain-top was the pride of the region, and its proprietor, Senator Las Cases, loved

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to keep open house there. This member of a Republican parliament might have stood as the type of political success in almost any country, and was as proud of the magnificent feudal château he had recently acquired as though he alone had been responsible for its growth and traditions.

La Baume had belonged to the famous Mademoiselle Fontanges, who was thrown at the head of Louis Quatorze by her ambitious uncle, in the hope that if she could be established as royal favorite, he might not only put his province on the map of France, but get himself into French history. It was interesting, therefore, to see La Baume, a perfect type of the mediæval castle, which a newly-rich fortune had begun to transform into the luxury of the Renaissance. A lot of the old Chambrun furniture, too, had come there after the Revolution, when their feudal tower of L'Empéry was dismantled. One curious painting of Mlle. Fontanges showed her in the dress worn at a ball in Paris, which was completely made out of fresh rose petals. This, perhaps, together with the girl's own beauty, helped to astonish the king, but her career as favorite was ephemeral like the gown itself—tradition attributes her sudden death to poison administered by the jealous Montespan.

We were about forty at luncheon, where I had the good luck to sit next to Robert de Flers, whose ambitions were then limited to politics, but who became, soon after, one of the cleverest of French dramatic writers, journalists, and Academicians. His wit on this occasion made it very pleasant. I was rather proud to have detected his exceptional qualities which were then unrecognized in his native Auvergne; the other young men evidently thought he was too glib and conceited but later, as the chief editor of the *Figaro* the Marquis de Flers could put both young and old in their place.

My neighbor on the left, that day, was Pierre de Brazza, who, with his wife, arrived at Marvejols the week after myself. He was one of the great men of our generation, who had roused my curiosity at the Castries' reception. But now, in the intimacy of country life, his special qualities of magnanimity, courtesy, intuition, together with depth and grasp of

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mind, were even more apparent. He was also good to look at, an important thing for any one whose face is bound for posterity; even those who appear constantly before the public during their lifetime ought not to afflict the spectator with ugliness!

Tall, broad-shouldered, with strong aquiline profile, excellent forehead, and extraordinary eyes, penetrating and soft at the same time, no one could see Brazza without wishing to know him better.

Circumstance threw us almost at once into more familiar contact than a year of ordinary social relations would have given occasion for. It was decided to form a sort of picnic party to visit the Gorges du Tarn, a distant excursion, which many tourists make nowadays but which then offered elements of difficulty, discomfort, and almost adventure.

I found it enormously amusing at the start, for this party included a certain well-to-do Baron considered a great personage in Marvejols, and who had cast a favorable eye upon me, as a possible candidate for the position of the wife he had recently lost.

He had confided this idea to the Countess de Framond, who was *his* cousin, and she had confided it to *my* cousin Margaret, who, with American indiscretion, naturally passed on the news to me: if I behaved myself well on the trip, I might look hopefully forward to receiving an offer of this gentleman's hand. He was known among the various Chambrun kindred as "cousin tack-tooth," for though perfectly presentable in other ways, the Baron would have had greater advantage in meeting an American dentist than a mocking mid-western spinster!

The party consisted of Count and Countess de Framond, and four children; my widower and his two children; two aunts from Toulouse; a young abbé with a taste for geology; Brazza and myself.

We drove for a whole morning in a caravan of three or four carriages, over the desolate plateau which is called "Les Causés." We lunched at a château on the other side of the mountains and towards evening reached the small inn on the Tarn, from which we were to start the passage by river, then the only

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means of communication between the village of Sainte-Enimie and that of Rosières some twenty kilometers below; for the gorge formed by the Tarn rises so abruptly and to such a height that the dark green river which passes between these walls of striped sandstone, in color and formation much like a miniature Grand Canyon, forms the only means of interpenetration between the riverside towns.

The passage was not without danger, and is only practicable when the stream is neither too high nor too low, but has just enough water to make the rapids passable without risking upset or accident.

At Sainte-Enimie we boarded a little fleet of boats. Planks were laid across to sit on. A crew of two sturdy bare-legged men with long poles started forth to "punt" along or glide with the current. The boatmen's art consisted in shooting the numerous rapids which the mountain stream encounters during part of its passage through the deep gorge. Of course much of the fun, which we all greatly appreciated, was to get stuck now and then with a jerk and a shock which almost sent the passengers into the river when not ignominiously to the bottom of the boat. Then the bare-legged ferrymen would have to leap in and keep the small craft from making pirouettes or grounding more solidly, and the slide would continue.

At midday we reached the château Las Cases, where we lunched before changing our craft at a point where, had we been in the Adirondacks, with canoes, there would have been a portage, as the rapids became impracticable.

The heat in the narrow gorge was overwhelming. That summer had been, as I already said, the hottest experienced in France for many years, and at a point where we were obliged to leave the boats and walk about a mile to others which were waiting to take us down the last stretch of the river, I suffered heat-stroke and became so dizzy that we had to stop the caravan while Brazza, whose African experience had taught him how to deal with this and many other emergencies, poured water over the back of my neck and chafed my forehead and wrists with brandy.

To my astonishment he asked, in pretty good English,



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whether I felt better, and this led us into a talk of how he had learned what he knew. For years he had not thought of it, but the terrific heat, which was absolutely Congolese, had brought back the reminiscence of his meeting with Stanley, years before, when their altercations took place in the latter's tongue, so that mechanically the association of ideas brought back the words so long in disuse.

He was amused by what I was able to tell him of Stanley's trip in the United States. I had been familiarly thrown in with Arthur Mounteney-Jephson, one of the explorer's principal lieutenants in the heavily subsidized Emin Pasha's Relief Expedition which started forth in 1893 to save a supposed British subject, lost in darkest Africa. They found him receiving pay as a German agent on the Equator, and refusing point-blank to return with his would-be saviors. Stanley's own book tells how Emin "fell accidentally out of the window" during their discussion, and this was the newspaper version of the affair at the time. According to Jephson's account, however, the "fall" was not an accident, but, on the contrary, was directly due to Stanley's indignation at finding himself in a false position.

During that excursion I received my first initiation into the African history which was to preoccupy me for many years.

But though I would willingly continue to talk about Brazza, such a thing is out of the sphere of these pages—besides, his life has been written by a more qualified pen, so I must return to the subject in hand.

It was indeed a weary party which arrived in the town of Millau, and I, for one, had no courage to dine, but at nine o'clock the party sent word that I must manage to come to a neighboring café, where Brazza had discovered that ices could be obtained. All along the Tarn we had been dreaming of eating ice-cream.

In the South of France, in those days, there was one thing considered much too fast for any respectable woman to indulge in, and that was to enter any public café-concert. Poor

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Madame de Framond almost died at doing anything so adventurous, and kept repeating:

“What shall I do if there is any one from Toulouse who might see me in such a place?”

All tried to assure her that such a contingency was practically impossible, but by one of the curious coincidences almost certain to happen, the first person we met was from Toulouse and consequently was duly shocked.

## CHAPTER VI

### ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS

WE had been absent three days from Marvejols; one in the mountains, another on the river, and the last spent in working slowly back from Millau mostly by train, but a good deal that is unexpected can happen in a short space of time. When we returned on the last afternoon it was to meet with the news that two more of Pierre's family had arrived and that a considerable amount of wailing and gnashing of teeth was in progress at Carrière. I wondered what it was all about, and learned during the drive from the station that France, that autumn, was sending out an expedition under the direction of Major Lamy to assure the safety of the caravan route through the Southern Sahara, where the peace had been disturbed by the formation of a brigand force under a self-made "Sultan," called Rabah. After the assassination of Gordon and the fall of Khartoum this man had risen from slavery to military chieftainship, having seized upon the British arms and munitions and constituted a fairly disciplined and highly daring desert band, which had become a serious menace to all central African possessions in Nigeria and the French and Belgian Congo.

The punitive expedition, though strongly armed and carrying a small section of mountain guns, was organized in such a manner as to be of scientific utility. The caravan of 600 camels and 200 men was expected to cover and chart hitherto unknown territory, including the still mysterious Lake Tchad.

The gun section, as well as the astronomical observations to determine latitude and longitude, were entrusted to Lieutenant de Chambrun, who, having spent the last month in Paris adapting Hotchkiss cannon to the backs of camels supplied by the zoo, in order to assure the balance and fit of this gear, decided that a few moonlight nights in Lozère, with Brazza as a

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professor of the theodolite, would teach him the practical use of this instrument better than hours at the Observatory, under the instruction of scientists who had never left France.

I had met Pierre's second brother a month before, in Paris, and had seen him twice during the three or four days he remained there. His post being Cherbourg, the distance, which amounts to twenty-four hours *aller et retour*, made an effective barrier against spending week-ends at the capital, a practice frequently indulged in by officers who are garrisoned nearer the center. I knew vaguely that there was some question of his being appointed somewhere else, but, naturally inclined to mind my own business and not particularly curious by disposition, I made no attempt to penetrate the secrets then under discussion in his family. He and his brother Charlie called one day at the Chatham and invited my mother, my sister, and me to dine at Versailles where we passed a very jolly evening, but my decided maturity of taste inclined me, when young, to prefer the society of men much older than myself, and to twist the French proverb that "no woman is worth looking at after thirty, nor worth talking to before" into an application which might also fit the masculine world. I was obliged to admit, however, that both the younger Chambruns were worthy of a certain amount of attention, but it did not occur to me that the qualities or defects of either could, by the farthest stretch of imagination, be any personal concern of mine, and I accepted, with entire philosophy, the fact that I probably would not see the one called Aldebert again, at least for a long time.

Had we, as was then expected, not met again, it would be easier to recapture those first impressions. The picture, blurred by the better knowledge which comes of long association, would have remained more clear-cut. As it is, a certain effort is required to recall the mentality which was mine in September, 1898.

Without any doubt, what struck me most was the youthful vitality which shone through the highly colored vigor of his physical make-up, radiating health and happy temper. I felt, by contrast, a hundred years old. Such cheerfulness, and to spare, made me wonder what it was all about, and why the

joke he seemed always in quest of, and which kept his gray-blue eyes alight, appeared so important.

The strong resemblance to his mother was almost comic. Features which, in her, approached the Fra Angelico seraph took on the likeness of a good-natured, care-free Cheshire Cat, a name which he went by from childhood in his family, and which still clings to him. In temperament he was also like her, with a goodness which is inborn rather than acquired, making temptation towards grossness or excess roll off, instead of biting in deep, thanks to an inner sense of measure and proportion. Now I was fresh from the influence of an American college-boy viewpoint, which regards moderation as rather namby-pamby, and considers that manliness should spurn discipline, that love of letters and artistic culture cannot combine with so much love of laughter; so, to find this new combination of intellect, a habit of hard work and fun, gave a powerful shock to preconceived notions.

In some directions his ideas were more quixotic, not to say romantic, than my own, and, with outspoken frankness, which appeared extraordinary upon such short acquaintance, he confided many of his tastes and sentiments with great liberality, and undertook to make me share them. By way of educating me up to proper French standards, he insisted on taking me to call on an elderly *cousine* whom I had already met at the Castries' receptions. Her wit and vivacity made her a figure in a small circle where she continued the best traditions of the most celebrated salons of old. Unfortunately, this object of admiration was a faithful believer in another French tradition: "A good cook is as necessary as good conversation." At forty, she had eaten herself quite out of shape, and compromised any matrimonial chances that might have come her way long before that time. Aldebert thought this a pity, and, by way of causing a belated gratification to feminine *amour propre*, decided that it might be a nice thing to make an offer of his hand and heart, never doubting that it would be taken in the spirit of compliment in which it was meant, and entail no risk of possible acceptance.

My cynical opinion that the lady, in spite of "weight for

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age," would eagerly jump at the chance, was received with something like grieved surprise, while I, on my side, marvelled that any one who had lived twenty-six years on our planet should have retained such a simple outlook on the eternal feminine. My advice, to be wary, must have produced some effect, however—otherwise there would have been no place for me in these pages.

Meanwhile, this new adventure, which his family viewed as still more unnecessary and quixotic, obliged me to look upon him with different eyes. Here was a man, scarcely a year older than myself, about to embark on an enterprise, certain to entail not only the maximum amount of privation, suffering, and peril, but one from which, according to an experienced African explorer like Brazza, there was not one chance in six of returning alive. This made me observe the artillery officer with more imaginative interest than in Paris or Versailles. The black cloth tunic, trimmed with astrakhan and braided like those worn by Napoleon's chasseurs, was enlivened by the touch of scarlet on the collar, and another broad stripe on the riding breeches. Patent-leather boots and spurs completed the regulation uniform, which has vanished since the war. This is a pity; the one substituted for it has less style and distinction, and is not more practical either. I wondered whether, under the uniform which made him appear so different from what he looked in civilian clothes, there was the stuff which an officer's command should imply: responsibility to direct other men and capacity to endure the hardships for which he was setting out. Endurance is a trait common to all the family, with the ability to do without what most of us consider essential, not only uncomplainingly, but with a smile. This trait seems to have come direct from Lafayette, whose stoical resistance, both physical and moral, was the marvel of his fellow soldiers, his jailers, and his physicians. This I knew, through the books I had read, but if I eventually learned to believe in the hero, adopted by America as one of her own, and better understand the generosity and loveliness of his character, it was not due to biographers or historians but to personal experience of a living present.

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On reaching Carrière we found the family under the great cedar of Lebanon on the terrace, where tea was served in warm weather. The Marquise de Chambrun had come down from Paris with her son, so that the remaining weeks before his departure might be spent in his company. The group was laughing at the story of how they had gone to do some necessary shopping, she being sceptical about her son's capacity to judge what was best for his desert equipment. Full of her subject, she explained to the shopkeeper that everything must be sufficiently solid to resist months of hard usage, as the wearer was "going to cross the Sahara." The Parisian, who never allows himself to be caught napping, has an article specially designed for every occasion. A bundle of socks was offered with the assurance: "Here, Madame, is what we particularly recommend for crossing the great desert."

As the best antidote to his mother's melancholy, her son arranged to keep us laughing the greater part of a fortnight, but this did not incline brothers and sisters to approve his decision to begin his military career by joining the most perilous enterprise that could be found, and I was judged heartless for declaring that, in the same circumstances, I would have wanted to do likewise and therefore could not join in the chorus of dissuasion. While his mother understood, she could not encourage him, and country cousins and friends regarded his decision as a foolhardy undertaking and exhorted him, "while there was still time," to change his mind. Perhaps that was one of the reasons that he found a certain amount of solace in my companionship and invited me to assist every evening in the theodolite lesson, for which three persons are required — observer, professor, and some one to stand with a candle beside the lens and hold the light in such a manner as to illuminate the almost invisible threads of spider's web, which criss-cross between the glasses, and give the angle of comparison necessary to measure the movement of the objective star between two points formed by the zenith and our earth's axis, thus determining the proper latitude of the point from which the observation is made.

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I can't say that I ever learned to do this myself or that I should have found the knowledge particularly useful had I done so, but I learned the language well enough to converse superficially with astronomers and it was interesting to see how familiarly a man like Brazza hobnobbed with the stars, and to realize what they could do, and had done, for him as guides through the somber section of equatorial Africa which his genius and heroism wrested from the clutches of King Leopold, by very different methods, for Brazza's tomb in Africa bears the inscription: "His memory is free from the stain of human blood."

More important to me than the knowledge of longitude and latitude was the diagnosis of Aldebert de Chambrun's character then arrived at. I seemed to know much more about him than his family or the world at large — easily deceived into thinking that a man who laughs is not serious at heart, and that one who possesses the extraordinary gift of a vitality which age cannot wither must be immature in judgment, very different from the solemn brother who looks wise and wags his beard among the pompous. If I deserve any credit for practical psychology, it may be based on the fact that even in September, 1898, I had looked sufficiently beneath the surface to steal a long march on his military chiefs, who thirty years later designated him as capable of "brilliantly filling the highest post either civil or military." He had superfluous courage to keep up the hearts of those whose disposition was less happy, and could, by force of will and example, scorn of danger and natural gaiety — rare gift which France, more than any other nation, gives her sons — change despair into hope, bring order out of chaos, and transform defeat into victory. Not the sort of heroism which manifests itself on State occasions, like full-dress uniform, and then lies dormant awhile, but which works year in and year out as a matter of course, with simple constancy, and makes a man a hero to his valet, when he has one, his wife, or even his mother-in-law. That is why, when certain wiseacres talk about love's blindness, I feel inclined to answer in the words of Shakespeare's most charming French



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character that, on the contrary, "it lends a precious seeing to the eye," a spark of divination which neither disappoints nor deceives.

The conclusion of falling in love, to a paradoxical person like myself, is not to seek matrimony, but to avoid any promise that may engage a future which almost always appears with a different face from what the present shows. While recognizing that solemnity, a dark, determined countenance, and a pedestal to stand on, are not essential attributes of heroism, I, who had fallen in love with so many personages of history and the drama, without the slightest desire to marry any or all of them — I, to whom shadows of love had perfectly sufficed, could see no reason for claiming the substance. I had no wish to leave home and family or adopt an alien country in place of my own. Extremely American in spite of foreign travel, there was still a long way to go, and many months to live through, before I could accustom myself to the idea of adaptation to a new set of rules and conditions. Besides my personal disinclination to change my state, it was hard to believe that there was anything solid and inevitable in Aldebert's kindly inclination to idealize my mental and spiritual attributes or that it could be in his real interest to marry me. Why should any man wish to marry a woman who is not extremely beautiful? The fact that they sometimes (and even generally) do, still appears to me peculiar. However, there is no use in discussing youthful tastes and prejudices. We differed then (and differ still) on the leading questions of the moment and outstanding moral problems, many of which he envisages from a more American point of view, just as, upon many points at issue, I have often naturally taken the French outlook. Like all his family, he upholds a woman's right to vote; I am firmly and temperamentally against it. He considered that the United States was right in undertaking war with Spain; I did not. His ultrahumanitarian views condemn the practice of capital punishment while my baser and more practical mind considers that in our present imperfect state of civilization it is a necessary evil, and inclines me to agree with the witty French saying: "As-

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surely capital punishment should be abolished, but not until the assassins have set the example."

We eventually married in spite of many excellent reasons for not doing so. "Because we could not help it," because, as Montaigne puts it, "he was he and I was I," a fact which is beyond reason, nationality, or difference in religion. Moreover, I think that were the opportunity to take or to leave again offered, coupled with the foreknowledge of what we learned of each other during thirty-five years of close association, both would be ready to begin again; so no more need be said. It is not customary, nor is it perhaps in good taste, to say this much, but the standards of taste have singularly changed since the days of my youth, and will probably alter still more. I ought perhaps to wait until I am dead before making these sentiments public, but the editor justly observes that, nine days after that event, no one will care a hoot about what I may have to say; and adds that he and I are lucky enough if modern readers consent to take any interest in such old-wives' tales as a "back number" like myself can write in this strange present.



BOOK TWO

NEW VIEWS OF THE  
TRI-COLOUR

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## CHAPTER VII

### THE GREAT DESERT

THERE being no engagement between us, only a tacit agreement that, if ever the lieutenant did come back, I should be glad to greet him in America some day as a well-beloved friend and cousin, nothing was said to the family at Carrière about the opinion mutually held of each other. Indefinite talk would only have augmented his mother's reasons for extra worry. Thus, during a fortnight we remained on the easy terms which a country-house visit, among people to whom we were both related, rendered natural and pleasant, even in those stiff days of the late nineties.

When the time came for me to rejoin my mother and sister in Paris and return home via England, my newly adopted cousin was summoned to the War Ministry to complete the arrangements which his appointment entailed. Three days later he appeared at the Chatham to bid us good-bye, bringing with him a large map of Africa with the proposed itinerary marked in blue.

As luck would have it, an old friend from Cincinnati, whose antecedents gave solidity rather than quickness to his perceptions, was making a call. Under the impression that he was doing me a "social service" by "sitting out" the foreign visitor, he remained firmly planted until he could say, "I knew that you would rather see *me* alone than that French chap." So Aldebert and I parted with the simple handshake and formal "bon voyage" phrases which the circumstances rendered appropriate.

The same evening he returned to Lozère accompanied by his best friend, René Peter, and his brother Charles, to complete the family reunion; then joined, at Marseilles, Mr. Dorian, the deputy scheduled to accompany the Mission. Several letters from Carrière, with amusing descriptions of the turmoil in progress, reached me in London, and by the time we were

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reinstalled at Rookwood a correspondence, according to his own formula, consecrated half to foolishness and half to a narration of the journey, began arriving regularly two months from the time of writing. It is part of history now, so that even those portions classed as "foolishness" may be surveyed impersonally like documents whose antiquity renders them respectable.

In order to understand "what it was all about" and what definite aims the *Mission Saharienne* had in view under its half military and half civilian command, I was obliged to brush up the small knowledge I possessed concerning African affairs. Though informed, thanks to Brazza, upon Franco-Belgian rivalry in the Congo, I knew comparatively nothing about the northern section of Africa which spreads from Morocco to the Syrian desert and takes in the old Barbary states: Algeria, Morocco, and Tunisia; and it is hardly too much to suppose that the majority of American readers still share my ignorance and may be glad to have a rapid summing up of the progress made toward the ultimate civilization of those regions.

Until the first quarter of the last century the great towns of the Sahara remained inviolate. The first traveller to reach Timbuctoo and return alive in 1827 was a Frenchman named René Caillé. He brought back news of how, shortly before, an adventurous Englishman, Major Laing, had penetrated into the holy city and met death there. After this date four individual attempts to penetrate into the heart of the Desert were made, respectively, by three Germans, Gerhard Rohlfs, Erwin de Bary, and Barth; the latter operating under British auspices reached Bilma and Agadès. An Austrian, Oscar Lenz, starting from the river Draa in Morocco attained Timbuctoo from that side; while the French Captain Monteil established his itinerary through the Oases of Kaour and returned through Tripoli.

It was not until 1879 that the French Minister of Public Works organized a Trans-Saharan Commission with a view towards the equipment of scientific research expeditions; a million francs were raised for the study of these unknown regions. The first Mission to be equipped was headed by Lieut.-Colonel Flatters, who commanded the region of Laghouat. He was

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accompanied by Alfred Le Chatelier, lieutenant of Algerian sharp-shooters, and a force which comprised about eighty natives and twenty-five Europeans. Having left Biskra in March, 1880, they were driven back by repeated Touareg attacks and returned in May of the same year. A second expedition was organized in 1881, Colonel Flatters again commanding, but this time the whole column was led into a Touareg ambush at Bir el Garamah, February, 1881, and massacred to a man.

This tragedy and other reverses in the Southern Sahara effectually checked any further attempt at desert penetration for seventeen years until finally now, under the personal impulsion of Félix Faure, then President of the Republic, and aided financially by the Committee of *L'Afrique Equatoriale Française*, a plan was developed to establish effective occupation of these regions and weld the French possessions in Algeria, Congo, and Soudan into one homogeneous whole, thanks to the combined efforts of three expeditions which should start simultaneously from Nigeria, the French Congo, and Algeria. These forces were to join near Lake Tchad at the very center of the dark continent.

Major Lamy attributed the massacre of former expeditions largely to the fact that they were not officially accompanied by the French flag and insisted that the kernel of his forces should be regulars whose valor had been already proved in Madagascar and Tonkin, with the camel cavalry which he himself had commanded at El Goleah. The effectives totalled 396 troopers and a section of Hotchkiss 42-millimeter Marine guns.

A caravan of 1000 camels transported supplies, merchandise, provisions for a year, and ammunition enough for at least two military engagements. They also carried several sacks of "Bouthirs," thalers struck under the Empress Marie Thérèse, which remain the only money the desert inhabitants understand and respect.

After reading the first batch of letters I felt that I already knew Aldebert's desert companions: four civilians, including an adventurous deputy and the usual rabid radical, ready to complain to his Masonic lodge when his chiefs displeased him. The military may be listed in order of rank. Major Lamy be-



longed to a type which seems to form itself at the call of necessity. Intelligence and intuition, imagination and keen sympathy enabled him to comprehend and make himself understood by natives whether in Tonkin, Madagascar, or these desert regions. He was a veritable apostle of his country's best ideals; although capable of imposing his will without violence, rumor said that, in the course of the most nerve-racking moment of the campaign, he did once kick the deputy. Emile Reibell headed the military escort, and became its historian, having published his journal thirty years after. He too was an example of the "gallant captain" of frontier civilization, having served for a long period at Blidah in a regiment of Algerian tirailleurs. Like his chief, he spoke Arabic and was a cultivated reader and brilliant talker; he was also a sentimentalist and had arranged with his wife, a strict French Protestant, that, during his absence, she would read his favorite *Imitation of Christ* while he, a fervent Catholic, would apply himself to the New Testament. This form of mental encounter was never neglected on either side, but left them (and leaves them still) equally devoted to his or her form of belief, and also to each other.

The native lieutenant, Oudjari, who had been on the Tonkin and Madagascar campaigns, was Lamy's right-hand man. He was active, energetic, with great ingenuity for making something out of nothing, and, later, by way of showing his devotion to France, adopted Christianity and a French wife.

Lieutenant Métois found more to interest him on the civilian side than among his brother officers, and a volume of poems records his impressions. Lieutenant Verlet was a real soldier whose enthusiasm showed itself in the nervous rapidity of each reflex. He was killed commanding the Thirteenth Battalion of *Chasseurs à pied*, on August 28, 1914, after having graduated with unusual honors from the War College. Second Lieutenant Gabriel Britsch, freshly graduated from St. Cyr, was the youngest of the lot. His boyish physique gave him a false appearance of delicate health and made his appointment difficult, but he went through the two years of extreme hardship entailed without moulting a feather. He, also, was killed in

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August, 1914, commanding the Fifth Battalion of Algerian Sharpshooters in the Ardennes.

Lieutenants Rondenay and de Thézillat commanded the section of sharpshooters from the Sahara, which assured the supply service, and, in consequence, were not constant companions of the Mission, like the others. Two military doctors, Fournial and Haller, made up the officers' mess. The former, one of the funniest men in the world, greatly enlivened it by his conversation, but paradoxically the doctors were the only companions whose health caused much anxiety to the Mission. In the subordinate ranks were thirty-one Europeans, two of whom, Neuville and Villepontout, were attached to the cannon.

The scientific portion of the Mission, whose titular head was Fernand Foureau, a lean portrait of Don Quixote in a sombrero, but who, when things got hot, abdicated his command in favor of the military element, was a curious type of geological enthusiast, keener on finding vestiges of prehistoric flora and fauna than a cup of water when dying of thirst. His studies were aided by Noel Villatte, of the Marine Service, and by Jacques du Passage, a botanist. M. Leroy, an amateur photographer, came as a personal friend of M. Foureau. Last, but not least in his own opinion, was Charles Dorian, deputy from the Loire, whose commercial enterprise foresaw the markets of the southern Sahara absorbing a large output of French silks, and whose sporting spirit led him to regard the perils of the Mission as an amusement. Dorian, homesick for the Palais-Bourbon, left the Expedition at Zinder accompanied by Leroy, whose supply of photographic plates had perished at the tragic moment when all baggage, for want of animals to carry it, had to be burned. They returned to France via Dahomey. All the other members of the expedition who remained alive took the more difficult way (opened by Brazza) of the Chari-Congo.

The reader may follow their progress as I did.

October 1898, *Biskra*.

. . . Yesterday the General commanding the region we are about to leave visited our camp and was given a tent dinner

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where the dispatches of two ministers and six other generals were read, and healths "which have become precious to the whole country" were drunk with many manifestations of sympathy. Regarding your advice "not to pull the tail of the British Lion," and query: "does Marchand intend to make this gesture," I believe the expedition to Fachoda has in view merely to oblige England, by his presence in the regions which she covets, to induce her Britannic Majesty to explain her intentions. Since Nubar Pasha abandoned the provinces which Marchand's troops have just traversed and left them in the hands of the Mahdi, they are No Man's Lands until the most persevering and hardiest adventurer makes an effective occupation. I gather that the Lion is not over-pleased at the presence there of French forces, but what influence all this will have upon our own march is hard to say. At present we only know that military occupation of Temassamine will be established for two months. Security demands that we leave a rear-guard on the spot to maintain postal communication with Algeria, so write to me up to the first of December addressing to Second-Lieutenant de Chambrun, Mission Foureau-Lamy, in care of Commandant Pujat, Touggourt, and requesting that it should be sent on.

*On the road from Biskra to Touggourt,*  
October 1, 1898.

Since marching at the head of my detachment alone it is such a deprivation not to share my impressions that I feel sure you will find garrulousness excusable. It is the migrating season for the nomadic families; long lines of camels approach slowly and silently, coming from nowhere and going no one knows whither—there is no traveller so clandestine as a desert arab. Until yesterday the landscape about us was the finest imaginable; we left behind us the violet peaks of the Aurès, the high mass of the Atlas range, and today the plains are beginning to unroll before us in an immensity which has no limit on account of the mirage. Now the mountains have quite disappeared and the desert stretches out beyond the range of vision. You would love the spectacle which greets me every

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morning at four, when the sky is still filled with stars. Just as the east begins to show a bit of rose and purple, our bugles sound the "Diane" and our huge black soldiers come creeping out of their tiny tents dressed all in white except their scarlet fez and belt, fold their blankets, shoulder arms, and begin loading the camels. At this hour a pleasant breeze blows over the sand and everything seems to promise an agreeable day. Unhappily the sun gets up too fast and completely modifies the pleasant impression; a heat more burning than when we staked out the tennis at Carrières and a light so glaring that eyes can't long stay open, pursue us until dusk. Though not yet quite onto the hang of my service, I have talked a good deal to those of my non-commissioned officers who understand French, and with my two orderlies, so as to get an idea of our chances of success; and these are my conclusions:—So far, privations are quite supportable. It was hard the first days to drink salty water at 19 degrees (94 Fahrenheit according to my "Hints to Travellers") and which, in addition, was extremely muddy. Now I am getting used to it but am glad to learn that as we go farther south it will be less salty and while rarer, more liquid. My soldiers inspire confidence; and if, two months hence, after leaving Ouargla, we succeed in forcing the Touareg lines and can live for a few days without the wells which they destroy, we can reach the Tchad without being too much reduced. This is also the opinion of Commandant Lamy, for whom I have developed new and increasing esteem. I saw him for 48 hours at Biskra and he came for a day with me along the road. He does not know what fatigue is.

Neither of our chiefs are prodigal of information concerning the route we should follow, fearing that if the knowledge should get about we might find the wells along the way poisoned or stopped up. It seems likely, however, that we shall leave Ouargla the twentieth, press on to Temassamine (which should be marked on your map) and arrive about November tenth. There we shall be delayed for several days, for after a march of 240 kilometres without water many of our camels are sure to die and will have to be replaced. We shall then march openly to Bir el Garamah (which is certainly on your map as

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it was there that Flatters' second expedition came to grief). We hope the expected attack will come soon after Temmas-samine while we are still in force, as our best chance is to strike a severe blow while our effectives are relatively undiminished. Otherwise we might have to renounce the idea of gaining Lake Tchad by this new route, and fall back instead upon Timbuctoo.

Decision will only be made at the last moment.

Don't speak about the plan, please, either to Queen Victoria or any of her ministers.

Since leaving Biskra, we have the same menu at lunch and dinner—a large piece of bread and dates. My sole comrade, the doctor, shares this frugal meal. When the Commandant was about to leave us after supper to rejoin the head of the column, which has two days advance, we thought it would be well to cook him an extra dish of Liebig soup, but the very moment we were about to begin, up came a violent blast of wind which overturned tents, upset the table, and carried plates and camp chairs twenty yards away. This he took as an excellent joke. Last night was agitated. When I was making the rounds to be sure that our sentinels were at their posts, I found two of them engaged in tying up a couple of miserable Cham-baa tribesmen who had slipped behind the baggage to steal. Had it not been that I feared thieving would become wholesale if they returned to their tribe with an account of our provisions, I would have set them at liberty, but decided to send them back to Biskra. This solution has the advantage of allowing their escort to carry this letter.

I have two big negro orderlies, one takes care of my two horses, the other looks after my tent and teaches me arabic. I am beginning to know a few useful phrases, and can say "*Is the well far?*" "*enough, much; more, high, low,*" etc. As we left Biskra a man came out and photographed the column, promising to send the negative to be developed in Paris. When our mission is no longer secret, one will be sent to the Rue Matignon and the other to Cincinnati. Behind me, you will see the cannon mounted on camel back; but the horse I am riding is not the one I like best. If we continue to march as

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fast as we are doing now, we should be in Touggourt at noon on October 4th and stay two days arriving at Ouargla 8 days after.

To me, the spectacle of these troops who have marched under the most terrible heat for eight days without turning a hair is imposing and out of our 800 camels we have only lost two. We ought to reach Ouargla by the thirteenth—maybe the twelfth—if we find a well stopped up on the road.

Oct. 15, 1898, *Ouargla*.

Our expedition enters today upon the active stage, and knowing your taste for high strategy I submit the plan of our camp as it will be formed every night during the six coming months during which we shall have to be perpetually on guard. The Square is about a hundred yards on each side, and when the nights are dark every one sleeps *outside* his tent with gun and fixed bayonet. As for the formation in which we march to avoid surprises, here it is:

Commanding Officer  
24 men with rifles  
200 camels with baggage  
40 camels with artillery  
10 men with guns  
200 camels with baggage  
and so forth. . . .

The Rearguard consists of 24 men with rifles; on each flank 5 cavalry spahis and 69 sharpshooters protect the column.

Is this sufficiently Napoleonic to meet with your approval?

When we passed before the monument erected to the memory of Colonel Flatters, and his eighty-eight companions massacred at Bir el Garamah, the troops rendered military honors, and I assure you although not very warlike in temperament, since coming to Africa, I understand the utility and even the necessity of our expedition. France could not continue to leave so much brigandage and murder unpunished without an attempt to chastise those who, during recent years, have massacred six chiefs of Military or Scientific expeditions, until more than fifteen hundred of our comrades have left their

## SHADOWS LIKE MYSELF

bones in the desert or near the Equator. One of the great Touareg chieftains, who is to accompany us as far as El-Biodh has arrived with good news. His tribe is at war with those of the Hoggars and the Hadjers who are our most formidable adversaries toward the South. Foureau suspects his loyalty although, up to now, he appears as a "best friend." It was very funny to assist at the interview between our scientist and this chieftain. Each time the latter inquired politely where we intended to pass, and at what wells we expected to water, the geologist answered: "Allah alone knows!" and in this country when one has mentioned Allah there is nothing more to say. The inhabitants gave us a wonderful representation of native dancing, executed by a dozen or two ladies of the tribe of the Ouled-Nails. The captain who commands at Ouargla invited us to a champagne dinner,—champagne in the desert! But such celebrations lasted but for a moment, and we have come down to dates and bread for sole nourishment. We are lucky enough still to have bread; a few days hence there will only be flour soaked in water. I shall write from Temassamine, which we hope to reach in twenty-five days and tell how we have crossed the distance which separates Aïn Taïba from El Biodh, two hundred and fifty kilometres, without wells or a drop of water. We will arrange to arrive there at a period when the moon will be full and we can make rapid night marches.

*Lat. 28 deg. 30'*

*Long. 3 deg. 28'*

21st of Oct., 1898

The general council of Algeria has just voted an address of felicitation to the Expedition together with extra credit which will allow each officer besides horse, to have a racing camel. The Mission already possesses 980 animals, which has caused a slight delay in our departure, fixed for tomorrow morning, and which will be anything but clandestine. You ask me what the various officers say about our prospects. In the speech made yesterday at dinner the doctor promised that we would leave Commandant Lamy at Aïn Taïba, where we would give him a

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magnificent funeral! M. Foureau will not get further than El Biodh, Captain Reibell will be interred at Temassamine, Du Passage and Chambrun at Agadez. "I myself will reach Lake Tchad and die there, but I don't mind that, for to see Lake Tchad and die has always been the dream of my life!" While he was talking undiscouraged by his funereal prognostications, two of us slipped away from the table and changed the place of his tent and transported the contents to the opposite side of the camp. This was our little revenge. It took him more than two hours wandering in the blackness to find it. Foureau has received a letter from the Minister giving him *carte blanche* for the return journey, once we have crossed the desert, and I believe he dreams of reforming the expedition after Zinder, and going to Timbuctoo, but this is chimerical, for, with what is left of our troops by that time, it will be impossible to traverse these regions which are more hostile than those we are about to engage in. Without entering into details which would be too long I may say that everything is going well, and that the greatly desired battle, which should permit us afterwards to march without fear of any trouble, will take place soon, not at the point though which I marked on the map, but about a hundred kilometres south of Temassamine on a line which connects it with Bir El Garamah. Thus, you may consider as false any news which may state that, during December, we are not near these points. All the names marked on the map are not, as I supposed, villages, but simply wells, many of them dry. The first villages which we shall see will not be before Agadez, five months hence.

*Wells of Temassamine,*  
25 November, 1898

Tomorrow we are sending a runner with the post for France, announcing to the War Minister that the tri-colour is floating at Temassamine; thus the first period of the expedition has met with no obstacle. "The great Erg," considered the most devastated region of the whole Sahara, and where we might have expected Touareg attacks, was empty of visible foes. Numbers of natives evidently fled towards the south, but, from



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traces left on the sand, they were nomadic families with young camels, rather than warriors. Our camp was arranged to resist a strong attack, and I was left behind with my cannon and a hundred men while Colonel Lamy and the others took the remaining camels to pasturage.

Don't imagine a green, undulating plain when you read this word. You would think that a camel was crazy could you see what he selects as an appropriate pasture, and goes nosing along eating nothing which is visible to the human eye. There are, however, tiny sprouts of saline vegetation which peer above the sand during the night, and wither when the sun is up; but form enough concentrated nourishment to keep these strange beasts going. A goat, eating tin cans, perhaps follows the same system.

I have a moment to write, though busy repairing damages. A message from the Major announces his probable return to-night after four days' absence, so tomorrow I will have the camels drink once more and fill all our gourds, and on the 27th we break camp. We are rather discouraged, I must say, to find that the Touaregs do not dispute the ground, but pursue a policy of creating a vacuum, hoping to engage combat later in the part of the desert called "Aïr," when our resources will have diminished, both in provisions and camels. Once there, we can only follow circumstances, but I suppose that we will continue straight south in order to reach Agadez as soon as possible. The Major is admirable, he has all the qualities of chieftainship and never comes down to minute details. This is the way he gives his orders: "Tonight So-and-so will make the round, tomorrow morning So-and-so will take the advance guard, departure at such-and-such an hour. If any one needs anything, hurry to ask for it, and I will hurry not to give it to you, for I have nothing to give."

That, I believe, is the real way. He grasps intuitively at the Islamic mentality; in these regions where danger though invisible is everywhere, he captures souls and holds what is generally mutable together. The shyest and fiercest messengers of the desert tribes squat for hours at his feet, to drink in every word that falls from his lips.

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He never uses an interpreter, and conforms scrupulously to their fasts. His theories, like Brazza's, are always constructive and if any man can establish permanent peace on these shifting sands, it is he.

He often tells me that Brazza is the example which he most took to heart and Brazza, who knows Lamy's work at El-Goleah, felt assured that with such a chief our Saharian mission will not fail.

M. Foureau, on the contrary, whose qualities of endurance are remarkable, has no notion of command and gets lost in tiny details which should hardly occupy a non-commissioned officer.

Since I wrote, we have at last taken contact with the enemy, and a good deal of anxiety gives place to relief. We were marching in the wide bed of a dried-up river which perhaps had never flowed since the deluge and without other guidance than that of two Touareg prisoners found prowling near the camp at seven this morning. They refused to show us the well, but finally were persuaded to take us there when they saw that our request was accompanied by loaded guns. This is the best way to conquer hesitation. You should have seen our delight when we came out into the valley where there were four wells, a troop of two or three hundred donkeys, quantities of goats, and numerous Touaregs encamped. This morning I went forward with two soldiers and an interpreter to buy some goats and for the first time I saw savages "at home." They did not even have tents, but were sheltered under a gum tree. At our approach two of them came forward to meet me, the others hid with their lances behind the trees ready to defend their comrades should we attack. I held out my hand, and made all the polite gestures I could think of, after the Arab fashion. Finally we made a trade, buying each goat for a metre and a half of linen. I understood that they did not expect us at all and that their chieftains had not had time to assemble the subject tribes, which is the reason they did not attack us. But we shall observe extreme prudence, for this is the same tribe that massacred the Flatters expedition.

I think that, if we march fast enough, we shall disconcert

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them and find no real resistance until we come under the walls of Agadez, but, from now on, the march becomes more interesting. The next wells are in the middle of a large Touareg camp at a place which on the map is called Timrad and which we may reach in four days—on the map it is incorrectly placed which is easily comprehensible as no European has ever set foot there. But before reaching it, we must, according to our informants, traverse an extraordinary region, a narrow defile where only one camel at a time can pass, so our column will be seven kilometres long. When you receive this letter you may as well stop writing. Only two more mails can reach us before we arrive at Bir El Garamah, then it will be finished for we can no longer assure the security of our messengers, any one sent back after that would almost certainly be massacred.

26° 19' latitude N

4° 45' longitude E

12 December, 1898

Among the letters brought this morning there was one with three stamps with the countenance of George Washington who appeared on this occasion to wear a most sympathetic and engaging expression.

The same mail brought news from my mother and a screamingly funny one from Uncle de Chambrun which I would copy if I had more time, just to make you laugh, perhaps though one phrase will suffice for that: "Hero, my son, I press thee to this aged heart, prudence, prudence and hygiene." There were twelve pages too from my young brother who says that the picture taken with my cannon has been sent to Cincinnati so that you can see what my soldiers look like.

*Well of In Azoua,*

10 Feb., 1899

We left Tadent with camels overladen. In addition to the usual baggage, we had to carry hay and wood for we were about to enter the most desolate regions of the entire desert. The guides said that we would find water in six days if we marched quickly. The second supply train, commanded by

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Lieutenant de Thézillat, a charming fellow, arrived at Tadent on the eve of our departure. The Major told him to remain four days at Tadent, for rest and refreshment, then to follow our tracks to Assiou across the region which is so feared by the natives themselves and where our convoy was to wait for him.

We started out, officers on foot to give an example, and after fourteen hours we dropped such camels as refused to follow. We camped in the midst of the most desolate plain in the world which is traversed however yearly by caravans which go from Rhat to Agadez. The aspect is sinister. Now and then the bleached bones of a camel or the clenched hand of some slave, abandoned on the road because hunger or thirst prevented him from following his flock, projects out of the sand. Disagreeable impressions were increased by the desertion of one of our native soldiers with gun and cartridges to the Touareg camp, and the second night we had hardly bivouacked when we were awakened at midnight by a pistol shot and found that one of the men had blown his brains out rather than continue that burning march. Uncertain of the distance which still lay between us and the well, and unable to verify anything the guide said, there was nothing to do but march day and night, which we accordingly did. The seventh day we arrived at Assiou, having gone 300 kilometres, but the well there was stopped up and it was only the day after that we succeeded in reaching the well of In Azoua, where we now are (having thus attained the region of Aïr).

We had hardly encamped when two soldiers mounted on racing camels came with a message from Lieutenant de Thézillat saying that nearly all their water bottles had burst from intense heat succeeding to the freezing night temperature. We sent back relief but, spurred on by necessity, he arrived himself before our messengers got far. It seems that on reaching the encampment where our tirailleur had shot himself, and finding the suicide's hastily dug grave, the Lieutenant concluded that one of our Touareg guides had betrayed us, and that we had shot him. There was nothing for it but to press on, obtaining water by killing camels which we had been obliged to abandon; but it was a fine sight when, after four

days of mental and material suffering he marched into camp and saluted the flag while our trumpets sounded. Though our poor remaining camels are in a sad state, we should be able to reach Agadez, bag and baggage. Rumor says that there we will find white palaces, colorful markets, and even salt so long an unknown luxury.

This may be the last post we can send via Algeria, and so it will be much later and via the Sudan that any mail will reach you. My beard that "you don't know and don't wish to know" is so long that I can make it touch the end of my nose. Some days I brush it like the Corcell Uncle's—sometimes in a point like Major Lamy's, but it will disappear before we reach any civilized country. Here is a sketch of my tent. Be indulgent to the artist, please. In case you don't recognize the objects presented, here is the explanation of the letters on the plan: *B.* Bed with myself on it; *T.* Table; *G.* Guns; *T.* Theodolite in its case; *C.* Chair; *R.* Revolver; *P.* Picture of Clara with Ann Harrison. I add no landscape because there is none. I haven't seen a tree since we met the first Touaregs, and if I had I don't believe I could draw it.

I often make my observations according to the Brazza system, but sometimes utilize a method of my own, developed in studying the question, for I have become strong on astronomy, and the new method is called in England "Moon culminating stars." The Theodolite is placed so as to mark the moment when the moon passes the meridian of the place where it stands, then you take the time when a chosen star passes the same meridian. This furnishes the longitude even if the observer's watch no longer keeps Greenwich time—for instance: I know that the moon passed my meridian at five o'clock by my watch, and that the star passed the same meridian at six. Now I find, in the *Nautical Almanach*, that the moon at Greenwich passes that meridian only thirty minutes before the star and as the moon during twenty-four hours (or  $360^\circ$ ) loses fifty-three minutes on the star, I can deduce what the longitude of my place must be. This does not prevent me from using the Brazza method, and even others, which I do at each place by way of proof.

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Now that we have come into the tropics and the nights begin to be warm, work with the instrument so dear to my brother-in-law is not so bad. There have been evenings when it was far less of a pleasure than at Carrière and you may be sure that I did not linger over it. This is a funny country, where the winter is as cold at night as in northern climes but where it only lasts a month.

I am regretting the departure of our botanist, M. du Passage, who has become a real friend. He obeys doctor's orders in returning to France with an escort which will carry you this letter. It seems too bad to leave now at a moment when the heat has become rather supportable. I have told him to mail you from France a tiny arrow-head of the Stone Age which I found with four others in the hollow of a rock, but I don't suppose that the Stone Age in the Sahara is as old as in France. M. Foureau is sending five or six to the Ethnographic Museum, which he considers extremely curious.

I have just read a long message of President McKinley, which interested me immensely. His declaration about Cuba is better than right, it is politic as well. He does not seem personally very enthusiastic about annexing the Pearl of the Antilles, but he knows his compatriots and the interests which have been the causes of the war too well to think that they would immediately renounce the idea of joining Cuba to the Union.

This message and the Emperor's speech from the throne at the Reichstag, and those of the English ministers about Fashoda, show us what is the state of mind in civilized countries. All this is terribly long, and I hope if too boring, you will pass it over, especially as my writing now is worse than ever. I no longer have a table, and can only write kneeling down and using my camp-bed as a desk. Please give many messages to the excellent fat gentleman our friend at the Chatham Hotel. You will have enough to satisfy his curiosity on all the numerous questions which he will not neglect to ask, and the answers to which he will forget with the same rapidity as the statistics he enquired for in Paris.

We have secured all the details about the massacre of the

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Flatters expedition, and I have noted them on my marching journal.

*Ighezzar*

10th of March, 1899

In my last letter I told you how we started out full of confidence and rather disappointed to think that there would be no conquering laurels for me to lay at your feet, and straight-way we were able to pluck a small bunch.

At In'Azoua we left a hundred and fifty men to guard three hundred cases of baggage which our weary camels were incapable of carrying. The day before yesterday two men whom we sent to reconnoitre in search of a well which was signalled as being in the vicinity, did not respond to the evening roll-call. A patrol followed their tracks on the sand next morning and arrived finally at the well they had gone in search of. But it was to find the bodies of our comrades which had been horribly mutilated, and their guns and cartridges stolen. This happened about ten kilometres from the spot where our camels were pasturing so the major at once decided to reinforce the camel guard by a hundred and fifty men and rifles. Thus the little redoubt where he himself remained with Captain Reibell, Lieutenant Verlet, and myself was only manned by sixty guns and my two small cannon. The major meanwhile had made friends with the chief of the neighboring village. On the evening of the eleventh Hadj Mohammed came to warn us that four hundred Touaregs, well armed and mounted on mehari (racing camels), had appeared in the neighborhood and were preparing to attack. At nine o'clock, when we had finished dinner, this message reached us, and at once our little camp was placed in a state of active defence. The numerous entrances were filled up with baggage, and the two openings left free were protected by a cannon loaded with grapeshot, and aimed in such a manner as to sweep the plain in front. Every sharpshooter was to pass the night behind the rampart at the place he was to occupy during the attack, with fixed bayonets and rifles loaded. The arms of the advance sentinels were in-

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spected, the horses brought inside the redoubt. At ten o'clock orders: "Lights out." Only the officers, with the commandant, remained awake with ears pricked for any sound coming from the valley of Ighezzar, with the little town sheltered by high palm trees. The distance is about one kilometre, and the greatest calm reigned. The only sound to be heard was that of the pestle and mortar which the blacks use, during entire nights, to crush their sorghum and their coffee. This is the perpetual nocturnal symphony of the inhabited desert. Towards midnight a great clamor rose from the valley. These shouts, we learned next morning, came from the inhabitants of the village, who took flight upon the approach of the Touaregs. At one o'clock a sentinel descried two shadows approaching our camp, which immediately ducked and disappeared into the underbrush before he could fire. Calm returned, the clouds dispersed and showed over our heads a splendid, starry sky, the finest of all I have seen in the desert. The heat rendered sleep impossible, especially in the state of excitement in which we were, a state bordering decidedly on anxiety. Even the major, who is so used to warfare and has gained each of his stripes in action, having fought in Tunis, Tonkin and Madagascar and even in the Congo, contemplated with certain apprehension, the prospect of a midnight combat with the Touaregs. Rumor has always represented them as first-class fighters, and as most resolute soldiers. They had never known defeat as yet, and how many expeditions had met disaster in their vast regions. We had, at our command, even fewer men than were with Colonel Flatters, and against four hundred adversaries it did not seem that our long-range guns could do much at night. In daytime our chances would augment and we were relieved when, in the east, we saw the stars begin to pale. At half-past five the major returned to his tent to snatch a little necessary rest. The bugle sounded the reveille, and the regular duties began: some preparing to go to the well, others to carry forage for the horses. I had gone out of the redoubt with Reibell and an Arab from Ouargla to observe from a little mound near the camp what was going on at the edge of the oasis beyond the



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village, when an immense noise and ferocious yells rose from the bottom of the valley. "It's the attack!" called the Arab. The commandant had only time to order combat positions. I posted one of my cannon, giving ear at the same time to the noise in the valley. On mounting the parapet formed by our stacked-up baggage, I saw debouching through the thick fog of early morning, curiously mixed with clouds of dust, a legion of Touareg warriors, some on camel-back, some on foot, directing their attack against the front of the redoubt. A few shots which went off spontaneously were the signal of the combat, met by the 22 men posted in front. The continuous salvos, difficult to aim on account of the fog, were soon joined by my first cannon which, charged with grape-shot, swept the ground before it. I placed the second in battery position, and both pieces began thundering amid the whistling of rifle balls. Our fusillade soon became so intense that the enemy line was checked fifty metres from the camp, while the Touareg fire hardly reached us. Some hesitated to press forward under our hail of bullets; others on their superb mehari and confident in their shields of antelope skin which, according to the superstition of the desert, is impenetrable, took cover under them. Their numerical superiority was so great that had we come to hand-to-hand fighting we could not have held out; however, for twenty minutes, our fire kept the first line in check. I glanced from time to time at the major leaning against the parapet, his képi over one ear and his nose and chin stuck forward, watching the phases of the combat. His face was like a barometer which indicated the successful result of his men's fire. The last lines wavered; flight began.

Reibell called forward the guns posted on the other three sides of the camp and our fire, directed on the wings of Lieutenant Verlet and the non-commissioned officer Bel Kacem, increased in intensity. The latter, who had taken part twenty years ago in the first expedition of Flatters against the Touaregs, and was forced to retreat before them, enjoyed the revenge thoroughly.

It is difficult to estimate the enemy losses, for Touaregs make superhuman efforts to carry off dead and wounded. On the

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other hand we are too far from home (nearly 2000 miles from the coast) to risk pursuit and, specially, waste ammunition.

Mr. Lambert, the postman on the Grandin Road beat, who went by the self-styled title of Uncle Sam, possessed the fatal curse of familiarity which Rookwood thought funny but which was disliked by a solemn neighbor who got him suspended from office. It was owing to my brother's efforts, when he became a legislator, that the poor garrulous soul ever returned to make the rounds!

He used to call out when still at some distance from the front porch: "Hello, here's Uncle Sam! and he gotta letter from Howard Hinkle for your Ma and another from William Herron, attorney-at-law, and another from State Street, Boston." In proof of which or similar statements, he would exhibit the sender's printed address, then, assuming a sly and mischievous demeanour, would add: "I declare here's another of them funny envelopes with furrin' stamps—guess it must be for Miss Clara! say . . . if you don't want them stamps, just save 'em for me."

By the time spring came, however, the last portion of the stock phrase passed into disuse; letters ceased and over eighteen months passed before the silence of Africa was again broken.

Having gone into town one day on some small errand, as I boarded the "cable car"—an antiquated contraption which plied in those days between Madisonville and Cincinnati and "spared horseflesh" by eliminating the long drive in and out—I happened to buy *The Times Star*. On opening it, my eye was caught by an Associated Press dispatch, purporting to come from Tripoli. . . . In it brief announcement was made that the large French mission which had left Biskra the year before with the intention of reaching the French Congo via Lake Tchad had been attacked by hostile tribesmen in the Southern Sahara and completely annihilated.

It was what I had expected; it conformed to probabilities and calculations; and yet—how did the news come via Tripoli? There was no local comment of any sort, but the Chicago and New York morning papers added the usual stock phrases that

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"the French never had been colonizers" and that when they attempted anything of the sort, they were certain to come to grief; no organization, no stamina, just Opera Bouffe.

Three days afterward I received a first and last cable dispatch from Pierre de Brazza. It had been sent without consulting any one; merely upon an intuition that I might wish to have his opinion in the matter. It said briefly: "Report concerning mission baseless and of British origin."

It is curious how vulnerable one becomes to the slings and arrows of foolish talk when there is no possibility of answering back. Apart from my mother, sister, and two or three intimate friends, no one at home even knew of Aldebert's existence. This had one advantage: condolences were at least eliminated; and the only allusion to the intimation of the news dispatch was from our friend of the Chatham who added his opinion to the newspaper comment that "every one knows that the French can't undertake any colonial enterprise . . . and that Pierre de Chambrun showed little foresight in permitting his brother to engage in such a wild-goose chase. . . ."

Always inclined to be a bookworm, during the year that followed I did more reading than before, but on other lines, and paid closer attention to the reactions of the American public towards news from France. It was the period of the Dreyfus case, which, to me, served as an eye-opener upon international politics. Just as, when I began to learn something about the little-known position of the French Republic in the colonial world and discovered Great Britain's hostility in the field of colonization, so now the Dreyfus affair made it clear that behind the human interest which always accompanies a man who is perhaps innocent of the crime for which he has been condemned, there was a political impetus which cares not a straw about guilt or innocence but which seizes on a case before the public eye as a means to attain quite another aim than to white-wash an individual. This is all the easier when the newspaper-reading public is ignorant of the affair and can only learn what is ladled out through the press under powerful political instigation. Prince von Bülow, Chancellor of the Reich, acknowl-

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edges in his *Memoirs* what I then discovered, that Germany at that time saw the internal disunion engendered in France by the Dreyfus affair, as an enormous political asset. It was seized upon accordingly and a large portion of the press was subsidized to stir up fratricidal sentiments in the republic, and also to alienate foreign sympathy. Thus the first world-wide effort to disseminate German propaganda in the United States was effectively installed, nor did it cost much to the Wilhelmstrasse. The ex-Chancellor, criticizing the millions which Erzberger, his successor, wasted on war-time propaganda, states that he himself was able with the small sum of 100,000 francs and "certain small favors" to transform the spirit of the French press at this period, adding that it had completely broken and paralyzed France until the war, "when her admirable patriotism put an end to internal discord." In our country there were many active amateur propagandists, willing and eager to scatter broadcast such good anti-French tidings. I knew the case pretty well, having followed the evidence *in extenso*. It was astonishing to see how the whole question was travestied at home, and this first put me on my guard as to the facilities Germany has for reaching a large public in the United States. I observed with ever-increasing surprise how readily my fellow country-men and women leaped into the snare.

By this time I had learned, partly through Aldebert's correspondence and partly through Brazza's explanations, what the real secret had been which lay behind the sending of the Foureau-Lamy mission. Besides the obvious desire to put an end to the sinister activities of the brigand chief, Rabah, was a motive of greater strategical and national importance, that of definitely linking France's colonial possessions in Northern Africa with those at the Equator. Lake Tchad had twice been reached from the South but never from the North. Now, the new project was that when the Sahara mission, coming from Algeria, should have crossed the great desert two other expeditions, sent simultaneously from Nigeria and the Congo region, should join it. The first (Mission Afrique Centrale), was commanded by Captain Voulet; the second (Mission du Chari) was organized by M. Gentil, who succeeded Brazza as Gov-

error in the Congo. Once united, these three missions would be strong enough to undertake the hazardous operation of giving battle to Rabah whose forces, even so, remained numerically superior and were excellently armed.

What had become of this well-thought-out combination? The year went by without any light from the "Dark Continent," then, late in September, 1900, came the sensational news that instead of the rumored disaster, the Trans-Sahara Expedition had succeeded to an extent that was un hoped for, though deprived of the supplies that were counted on after crossing the desert. The hardships they went through on the last stage of the journey were caused by one of the most tragic and dramatic stories of insane ambition recorded in the somber annals of Colonial enterprise since Stanley's second relief expedition, and which lies at the base of Pierre Benoît's novel *L'Atlantide*.

In all walks of life there are many who think only of personal ambition, and whose heads are turned by the sudden experience of power over other men, and the knowledge that for many months they themselves will be responsible to no one. The terrible heat and privations of Equatorial Africa often breed the tyrannical malady of the Cæsars, and in the case of Captain Voulet and his co-chieftain Captain Chanoine, morphine and cocaine aided in bringing about the dénouement. Perhaps too, the reading of Rider Haggard's tales and the tempting legend of *King Solomon's Mines* had their share of responsibility in deciding these two adventurers to attempt empire-making on their own behalf. However this may be, and whatever their motives, shortly after leaving the coast for Zinder these two officers, without divulging their intentions to their lieutenants, began a march whose object was loot and depredation, during which they enforced the enrolment of many more native soldiers. Such procedure, even in Africa, where news travels quickly though no man knows how, cannot go on forever, and, somehow or other, the government was notified of the crimes which were being committed in its name. A flying column was organized under an excellent officer, Colonel Klobb, and sent forward with orders to relieve Captains Voulet

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and Chanoine of their command, apply the sanctions deemed necessary, take over the expedition, and proceed to Zinder.

Colonel Klobb overtook Captain Voulet at a few days' march from Zinder, having sent forward a runner to advise the two captains of his coming. Voulet immediately sent away all his regular contingents with Captain Chanoine, and remained with the small band of desperadoes whom he had personally recruited (today they might be called "gangsters"). When Colonel Klobb approached, he was met by a firing squad; an order from Voulet laid him dead, pierced by a quantity of bullets. The crime and his future intention had, however, to be confessed to the men and officers of Chanoine's column, and this, with fiery eloquence, Captain Voulet attempted to accomplish. Chanoine promised to throw in his lot with the ambitious project of independent empire-building, but the regular troopers withdrew with their native sergeant, and taking counsel together, decided that "it is never a good thing to kill a Colonel." As a corollary to this precept, they decreed that such a crime must not go unpunished either, and proceeded themselves to execute the two commanders of the ill-fated expedition. What remained of the disorganized troop now commanded by Lieutenants Joalland and Meynier had orders to proceed with their stores to the relief of the Saharan Mission.

But there is often contagion in an act of insanity. These two officers, though not compromised in Voulet's mad act, were infected with the spirit of personal ambition. Instead of proceeding, with their camels and supplies, to the relief of the Mission Saharienne, they concluded that here was a golden opportunity to explore that mysterious Lake Tchad, which has been termed "the mirror of illusion." Little glory and no profit resulted from this adventure, for there is no treasure at Lake Tchad, just a conglomeration of miles upon miles of reeds set in brackish water only elephants and crocodiles take pleasure in. But south of this vast marshland lay a fertile country, center of Rabah's marauding army which, with all their ambition, the young adventurers did not dare attack.

Meanwhile the Foureau-Lamy expedition pressed forward towards Agadez, losing more weary camels at each halt, and

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obliged to burn all superfluous baggage and supplies. Ragged, shoeless and without water, a stretch of three hundred kilometers was traversed on foot, until, by providential luck, they found a large pool of rain water in a pocket formed by some rocks. The theodolite came down, by successive degrees, from camel to donkey-back and hand portage, and eventually, after Zinder, was mounted on an ox.

And thus the Saharan Mission set forth to catch up with the comrades who had abandoned the sister expedition to its fate.

At Koucheri where the river Logone joins the Chari those who came from Algeria and those who had started from the Nigerian coast were finally united under a leader fully capable of assuming a difficult command. Major Lamy brought together the discordant elements and infused into the Negro troops that spirit of discipline which had characterized his Algerian contingent. But even after this amalgamation of the two missions, the third remained far from the place of rendezvous and Lamy was prudent enough not to engage against Rabah in a battle which must be decisive, without the three hundred soldiers expected from the Congo region.

When news came that Governor Gentil and the Congolese troopers were stopped in the upper waters of the Chari for want of sufficient means of transport, Lamy dispatched Lieutenant de Chambrun with sixty-four camels necessary to the resumption of his advance and also the arguments, political and military, which induced him to hasten.

His arrival at Koucheri was none too soon, for, on the very eve when the three French missions were finally united, the hosts of Rabah had descended like locusts upon the region and the yet unconquered chieftain had established his fortified camp on the river bank within six miles of the French contingent.

Anticipating General Gallieni's precept "in war-time the fewer civilians the better," Major Lamy bade farewell to the scientific portion of the Saharan Mission and that is why, when the 22nd of April dawned in 1900, M. Foureau was already on his way to France.

Rabah's fortified camp crowned the top of a plateau, commanding a wide prospect. It was composed of a vast circular

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redoubt fortified with earthworks and planks. The three attacking columns were commanded by Captain Reibell (Foureaux-Lamy contingent) at the left with orders to execute a turning movement and cut off the enemy retreat. The Afrique Centrale column took the right, Governor Gentil's troops the center. In all, 700 guns mounted to the assault of a position manned by three times this number. Preparatory attack began at seven A.M. under intense heat and lasted for three hours, at which time the reserves, under Major Lamy himself, with Lieutenant de Chambrun acting as his aide-de-camp, stormed the central position with irresistible dash, and carried the last defenses. The major, on horseback, with his aide and Captain de Cointet, both mounted, formed a natural target as they penetrated into the center of the redoubt. There Rabah's personal guard launched a desperate counter-attack in an attempt to cover their chief's flight. Under this point-blank fusillade, Captain de Cointet fell, a rifle ball in the forehead; Major Lamy was wounded in the chest and expired in a few minutes. Lieutenant de Chambrun was struck in the side and his right arm completely shattered by another ball.<sup>1</sup> Doctor Fournial's journal that evening recorded the events thus: "Major Lamy and de Cointet killed. Meynier and Oudjari gravely wounded. Chambrun no longer scorns doctors."

Meantime the enemy dispersed into the brush, the pursuing column brought back the spoils of Rabah's principal lieutenant, and a Sudanese sharpshooter of the Afrique Centrale Mission returned with two lugubrious trophies, the head and right hand of Rabah himself. Besides the standard and guns, the three French four-millimeter cannon, which Rabah had captured after the massacre of the Bretonnet expedition, were secured

<sup>1</sup> Chambrun was the most delightful of our comrades, with his infectious laugh and extraordinary conversational gift. He was also the object of many jokes not only among the Europeans; even the natives knew from the constant teasing to which he was subjected, that our young astronomer had discovered a star from the new world and had succeeded in preserving from the wreck of our burned baggage a certain photograph which was the expedition's Mascotte and which accompanied us to the very end. . . . When food was at its lowest our mess-table was always gay, thanks to him.

All this laughter took on a more serious aspect the night after the battle of Koucheri; it looked as though it would be impossible to save his arm; he said, with the same courageous laugh, to the doctors:

"If you take my arm it won't help me much to lead Clara to the altar."

(Carnet de Route de la Mission Saharienne. Général Reibell — Plon.)



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and placed on the outworks which have now become "Fort Lamy."

Thus on April 22, 1900, the object of the three missions was accomplished. No such colonial success had been registered during a century, but the hardships were not yet over, and perhaps the most discouraging part of the program remained: a thousand miles on foot or in the dangerous river craft which transported the wounded, under perpetual rain. The ground was transformed into a continuous swamp hardly differentiated from the river except that the rivers were too deep to ford. With infinite patience and after much persuasion the sparse natives of the sparser villages were enrolled, along the Chari and Ubangi, until the Congo was reached, to construct the fragile bridges, made of lianas, for the troop to pass over. What patchwork clothes they possessed were manufactured out of the spoils of Rabah's camp: a curious conglomeration of robes and burnous, trousers made of tent cloth, and slippers of raw hide, goat or camel skin. Aldebert's outfit almost prevented him at Libreville from taking passage on a Dutch steamer to Antwerp (do first-class passengers travel without baggage?), and surely if his brother Pierre had not come with some "respectable clothes" to meet the ship, he would never have been allowed to land.

When the mission as a whole returned to Paris, it was met by all the official rejoicings appropriate under such circumstances: banquets all along the way from Bordeaux to Paris, receptions at the Elysée. The Institute and the Service Géographique recompenses were handed out for the geographical observations, and decorations were freely distributed.<sup>2</sup>

Aldebert missed all this portion of "travellers' hardships" by undertaking those of another kind. Just two years from the time of starting forth to Africa, he took the *Deutschland* at Cherbourg, cabling that he would arrive in Cincinnati on a certain date. The *Deutschland* ran aground off Sandy Hook, where she remained long enough to transform a rapid passage into an extremely long one, and even when he did arrive in

<sup>2</sup> Thirty years later a monument was set up at Ouargla to celebrate the event and Marshal Franchet d'Espérey, who presided, invited me to accompany the caravan with the survivors of the three missions who remained alive.

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Cincinnati, there were still certain lions in the path he proposed to take.

It was not to be expected that the announcement of our engagement would be popular among my fellow-townsmen, and certainly the person who took it hardest was my dear brother, Nick, whose sentiments on this occasion were easily understandable, the more so as *in principle* I shared them myself. I have only to say here that his attitude was perfect before the outside world, and even exacted an unusual tribute of comprehension from one whose work rarely reflects human emotions, a society reporter. There was no dissension between my brother and myself on this point—or indeed, on any other—he had his say out to our mother in no unmeasured terms, but was obliged to respect my independence. Country, at the base of all he did or thought, made it impossible to understand my willingness to accept the nationality of any foreign land, and, curiously enough, Aldebert, whose views concerning *alien marriages* were the same as Nick's, agreed with him, only he never considered the United States, where he was born and passed his early school-boy days, as foreign soil. During my brother's entire period in public office, this question pre-occupied him considerably, and when he was speaker he spent much time in studying the question as to whether the act passed in 1784 by the Legislature of the State of Maryland, ratified on April 28, 1788, applied to our case in other than a sentimental manner, and he took many specialists' opinions on the point. It may be remembered that one of the first acts of the State Government of Maryland was to grant to the Marquis de Lafayette and his heirs male, forever, the privileges of State citizenship.

It was largely owing to the preparatory work which Nick did along these lines, that René Aldebert de Chambrun was admitted in 1934 as a member of the New York State Bar.

Meanwhile, during the short period of our engagement, I continued to receive many strange impressions of the efficacy with which anti-French sentiment was being sown in my native land. Exactly the type of article with which, years later, I was to become so familiar in Washington, began in Cincinnati

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at this time, with a column turning into ridicule the accomplishments of the Saharan Expedition. The headlines announcing Aldebert's arrival read substantially as follows: "French Count Eats Birdseed," and the article went on to imply how, when his comrades were "dying around him like flies," the "astute nobleman" kept himself alive by absorbing birdseed. The fact that an expedition consisting of thirty Frenchmen should be able to accomplish such a feat as this 2000-mile march, with nothing to eat but millet flour and half of it mouldy at that, was not a thing which the German-American press was willing to disseminate. One girl cannot take up arms against such forces, and the poor little pebbles that such a David can hurl against Goliath have no effect. Truth compels me to state that the fact that my fiancé found such articles extremely amusing did not help at all. His leave was short, so that he returned to France early in December. Our wedding was set for February, 1901, and he arrived only a week before that date. Meanwhile, it was up to me to make arrangements in the way of cutting ecclesiastical red-tape, and obtaining the necessary dispensation for a so-called "mixed marriage." Aldebert obtained the necessary authorization from the Archbishop of Paris, which was forwarded to me, consequently permission from the Cincinnati Diocese should have been a mere matter of routine. Instead of this, it was a pitched battle. When I called respectfully upon the then Bishop of Cincinnati, who possessed a German name, a German clerical education and spoke with a strong German accent, and requested the papers necessary to allow a Catholic priest to perform the ceremony, I was met with a flat refusal. On my inquiring the reason, he retorted that he did not approve of "mixed marriages" at all, and more particularly not of this one. Why did I want to marry a Frenchman? They were all utterly rotten and immoral, any promise made by one of them was negligible, etc., etc. I kept my temper as well as possible, and remarked mildly that I did not think he could maintain his refusal because higher authority in the Church would not uphold him, and that Cardinal Gibbons, a great personal friend of the Chambruns, approved and had guaranteed the Church's



SUSAN WALKER  
LONGWORTH



JUDGE NICHOLAS  
LONGWORTH



MARTHE DE CORCELLE,  
MARQUISE DE CHAMBRUN



CHARLES ADOLPHE DE  
PINETON, MARQUIS DE  
CHAMBRUN



THE PICTURE THAT CROSSED THE DESERT AND THE PICTURE THAT  
STAYED IN CINCINNATI

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consent; that, had it not already been arranged that Archbishop Ireland should perform the ceremony, the Cardinal would do so himself. This turned out to be a staggering blow and immediately reversed our respective positions. The papers were signed with the polite assurance that, had my choice fallen on any other foreigner than a Frenchman, he would never have made any objection to consent at once to any or all dispensations.

It was rather difficult to arrange things strictly according to protocol at our wedding which took place on February 19 at Rookwood. Archbishop Ireland came on from St. Paul to officiate and, to our great satisfaction, the Catholic Archbishop Elder of Ohio happening to be that day in Cincinnati, it was he and not my German Bishop who represented that Church. Dear old Doctor Tinsley, who had baptised me twenty-seven years before, at the Church of the Advent, and our particular friend, Doctor Frank Nelson, represented the Episcopal world.

My mother, who was always excellent in amalgamating elements of such divers sort, welded this large clerical contingent with the French consular authority, my old school mistress, Madame Fredin, many representatives of early settlers in southern Ohio, and *mirabile dictu*, the Duke of Manchester, who, as a distinguished foreigner, came in for prominent place near the Mayor Julius Fleischmann, who, at that time, bore the keys of the city.

"The bride's table" was easier to seat, being composed exclusively of ushers and bridesmaids, naturally selected from among the most intimate associates of my brother, my sister and myself. Nick acted as Aldebert's best man; my sister Annie Reeves Longworth,<sup>1</sup> Anne Harrison, who later married in France,<sup>2</sup> and Elizabeth Groesbeck, later Mrs. Charles Wheeler Pierson, were my bridesmaids; and the ushers: Buckner Wallingford, George Anderson, William Ramsey, Burton Page Hollister.

Naturally the Wulsins, Chatfields, and our most intimate friends and neighbors made up this gathering, but the house at Rookwood was too small for many whom I would have

<sup>1</sup> Now Mrs. Buckner Wallingford.

<sup>2</sup> Becoming Mme. René de Bonand.

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liked to invite. The seating capacity was strictly limited to one hundred.

Apropos of the high dignitary who took the trouble to come on from St. Paul to perform the ceremony, and absolutely refused the usual marriage fee for so doing, I must recall a comic incident in connection with the campaign which had been started to create him a second American Cardinal. The movement was not progressing much at this time. Monseigneur Ireland's determined character and personality, his partisanship for France, where he had made his studies and where he had delivered a noteworthy "Jeanne d'Arc" oration, were far from popular among the large Germanic elements that were becoming more and more powerful in the American Catholic Church. When the time came for Bishop Ireland to leave the house, he spent a moment looking for his possessions in the cloak-room, and a zealous wedding guest, anxious to make himself useful, exclaimed in a rather loud voice to those standing by, naturally enough confusing the respective titles of Princes of the Church, "The Cardinal's lost his hat!" To which the Bishop replied in the same tone, amid amused laughter: "I am afraid, my friend, he never found it and never will!"

We left for Lexington amid the usual showers of rice but, as we were obliged to take the steamer to France on March 5 following, we remained there the shortest possible time, visiting the Blue Grass Farms, and finished our so-called honeymoon at Rookwood.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE HONORABLE ESTATE

ONE of the chief complaints formulated against domestic life is "it is so fearfully monotonous." This criticism is less often justified when the contracting parties are not from the same country. It is almost too easy for a wife to foresee what a compatriot, with whom marriage has made her well acquainted, will say about any given happening or subject, so that when he proclaims exactly what she has been expecting to hear, his observation is apt to sound rather trite.

"How stupid. I was certain he would see it that way, he always does," is a wifely reflection often heard when faithful spouses gather to talk over the defects of their respective better halves.

It is difficult to draw a general deduction from limited personal experience. I have married only one Frenchman and it would be presumptuous to pronounce on the marital qualities of the nation as a whole. Nevertheless, I believe I am right in saying that no foreign wife can ever be absolutely sure of what her husband will say about anything or any one. There is always an element of surprise in domestic relations and pleasant or disappointing, at least it is not stale and flat, for on both sides one is kept guessing and alert, and when discussion waxes hot there is a certain thrill, even after a silver wedding, in waiting to see what will happen next.

Giving, as I said, due consideration to the fact that it is difficult to argue a general case from any particular instance I may say without paradox that if marriage may still be considered as a permanent and not a passing institution, there are distinct advantages in entering into this social contract with a person of another country, always supposing that the other country is civilized.

It is almost a question of manners, just as many a man or woman will make more effort to be polite in dealing with people outside his own household, and show more charity to-



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wards the faults of a friend than to those of a brother, just so a woman who indulges in "throwing fits" at home hesitates to perform in company. In dealing with a foreigner we are, to a certain extent, on our mettle. To prove that we are right becomes a matter of national as well as personal importance.

Combats and reconciliations are sure to occur when two divergent points of view encounter, as they do in marriage. Individuals, like nations, meet there for conflict or for treaty. When contracted with a fellow countryman marriage may be the symbol of civil strife or civil concord. War, a treaty of alliance or an entente cordiale, as the case may be, must follow every international union, but the moral is eventually the same for both, the necessity to give in, to cede a little territory here and there, and he who cannot modify the adverse viewpoint must perforce alter his own. Any woman who attains middle age and remains married without having spiritually demolished her companion or allowed herself to be annihilated must have made certain concessions of personality. Any man who does the like when "up against the eternal feminine," even if accused of not understanding how a woman feels under given conditions, must learn to adapt and enlarge his sympathies "or bust." There follows a natural rubbing off of angles, sharp corners of personality are deftly sand-papered until, after slight alterations, characters fit better and both parties gain thereby. The torch of Hymen requires a great deal of oil if it would be kept burning.

Is it worth while to spend so much trouble to trim the wick? I still believe so. But looking back from our present-day standpoint, it seems almost absurd to think how much I fumed and fretted before deciding to assume a yoke which has become so light! I made the mistake of being born so long ago that the maxim "My husband must do everything I want or I shall get rid of him and look for another" had not come into force; a multiplicity of marital experiments may be an exciting pastime, just as free love may be a simpler and less expensive one, but in my day they were not currently practised even in the best society. Infidelity to marriage bonds was supposed to be a French prerogative, *mais nous avons changé tout cela!*

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But as it is my old-fashioned shadow which is cast upon these pages, cabinned, cribbed, and confined by ancient rules and checked by old impediments, the reader must bear with the idea so opposed to the modern doctrine concerning the religion of self-expression, and assume that I honestly believed that the man and woman who freely decide to live together maritally and "God willing, found a family" must continue thereafter for better or worse to make the journey of life in double-harness until the end, at which time, with the blessing of God, they may realize the miracle described by Shakespeare when two become one and each is worth far more than when single.

Property was thus appalled,  
That the self was not the same;  
Single nature's double name  
Neither two nor one was called.  
Hearts remote, yet not asunder;  
Distance, and no space between. . . .

I have often thought that it would be interesting to draw up a sort of balance sheet and compute the virtues and the defects of each nation in separate columns but generalization of this sort leaves us very near the point from which we started, and if I should try to bring the comparison down to personalities that would hardly be fair either, for I should hate to think that the multitude of faults I possess are distinctively American and certainly I cannot claim the particular virtue which adorns so many of my country-women: that generous spirit of altruism which may move mountains. My sisters cheerfully undertake collective work which, when accomplished, ameliorates the condition of thousands. I can never rise above the individual case and a limited range of effort. "When pain and anguish wring the brow" and my compatriots hasten to offer their services in hospitals and canteens, I can only look at them with admiring wonder. The spectacle of mass suffering arouses a wild desire to retire into my hole and pull the hole in after me; as a "ministering angel" I am so awkward that the best service I could do the sick or wounded would be to go call a more competent person to look after

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them. So, having humbly confessed that as an exponent of American virtue I cannot be classed as representative, I shall try in the following pages to show what five and thirty years under the tri-colour brought me in the way of a more enlightened outlook upon the French social system than that with which I started, taking as illustration small personal experiences.

This way and that, I shall try to distribute praise and blame impartially and trust that when I administer a little tap to my fellow country-women now and then, they will not exclaim that it is because I see everything French through rose-colored spectacles. This is far from being the fact, and I shall at once put my finger on what I consider the most general defect of the French "man in the street" as compared with the American.

Envy and jealousy are passions which grow apace on Latin soil, and flourish particularly well in *La République*. Numbers of parents make it almost a merit to instill these sentiments into their children's minds. The good democrat hates superiority so much that he will not believe in its existence. Show him the man who is richer than himself and he will proclaim that he came dishonestly by his possessions, the child who does better in class than his child is favored by the professor; the man who has attained to a higher rank either in civil or military life acquired it by favor, not merit. The sceptical attitude toward accomplishment of any sort becomes so tiresome sometimes as to be almost unbearable. The work of destruction is often done wittily but this makes it even worse, for it sterilizes effort and belittles accomplishment. To extract whole-hearted praise from the average son of Gaul for anything or for anybody is like pulling teeth and one turns with relief toward the American attitude of mind, which is ready to give just meed of praise where it is deserved and to bestow blame only when it is merited.

And now to descend suddenly from high moral principles to a small point of detail, I must take up a frivolous difference in the customs of our two countries and recall one which gave me pleasure the first day I practised it and continues to do so still.

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When I first signed my new name, it was a great satisfaction to be able to drop "Clara" and sign "Longworth Chambrun." This seems to me a manifest advantage to all concerned and it is certainly a help to genealogists. How can a poor stranger who has met three Mrs. Robinsons at the same party and received a note from each, signed respectively: Fanny Robinson, Mary Robinson, and Jane Robinson, possibly know how to differentiate? It doesn't help much to put in parenthesis (Mrs. George, Mrs. John, and Mrs. Henry), but the signature of the maiden name does help to establish identity, not only in the present generation but among those which went before and which come after. Take the present day, for example. There are five "Madames" de Chambrun now in Paris, so that if a foreigner were to receive a letter signed Margaret, Marie, Clara, Gisèle or Josée, how would he know how to look up the address? Whereas, if among the signatures are Nicholls Chambrun, Rohan Chambrun, Longworth Chambrun, Hugot Chambrun, or Laval Chambrun, respectively, he may better know how to find his correspondent, for all French directories print the family name of the wife in giving her husband's address. Just so, tracing back through former generations it is easy for the collector of autographs to know that Noailles Lafayette must be the General's wife, Lasteyrie Lafayette, his daughter Virginie, whose daughter signed Lafayette Corcelle and her daughter, in turn (my mother-in-law), signed Corcelle Chambrun. The system, of old, was a perquisite of aristocracy, but it is so much more convenient and sensible than using a Christian name in the signature, that recently the habit has become generalized throughout all classes of society in France.

This explanation may not be superfluous to those who are often mystified on meeting with a married woman's signature *à la française*, and mistake mine for a nom de plume, or, in reading an ancient correspondence, are perplexed to find a woman's family surname juxtaposed to that of her husband.

## CHAPTER IX

### PARIS, CHERBOURG, AND PARIS

ON arriving in France three weeks after our marriage my lieutenant was temporarily detached from his regiment stationed in Cherbourg and instructed to report at the Army Geographical Service in order to work on the new map of Africa then being made to conform with his astronomical observations during the Mission.

We were not disposed to quarrel with this decision of the higher powers. Cherbourg is a desolate place in the month of March and even a bride more inclined to be old-maidish than blushing cannot pretend to prefer the provinces to Paris.

For our six weeks' stay we chose the Hotel Meyerbeer on the Rond Point des Champs Elysées, in close proximity with number 23 rue Matignon, the small house then occupied by the Marquise de Chambrun, her son-in-law Brazza and his wife, who were then on their way to Rome, and her son Charles.

Pierre and Margaret often joined the family reunions at lunch and divers fellow-students who were working with Charlie for the Diplomatic examinations—André de Laboulaye, Bertrand Clauzel, Emile Dard, and Salignac-Fénelon, often appeared for coffee. When the future diplomats stayed at home, certain bachelor friends of my husband filled their places. All showed the same devotion to the Marquise, who, though so far removed from them by her unworldly habits and quiet life, never failed to make people happy in her society by her simple-hearted kindness, and her brief sound judgments so full of sense and sensibility, which came, like a breath of fresh air, on the heated debates and extravagancies of the moment.

Liberty of speech reigned in her salon and certain strait-laced relatives could not conceive how such prodigals of Bohemia as Claude de Bussy, Marcel Proust, Reynaldo Hahn,

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and René Peter should have free access there—a deplorable example to set before a young married couple.

She made up for this indulgence—for I liked the Bohemians better than the diplomats—by exacting from me a more conscientious observance of certain social and family duties than I was inclined to fulfill. I had a strong preconceived idea that it was not worth while bothering with things that are classed as boresome and futile. Acceptance of some of the most laborious social tasks as a necessary portion of civilized life came hard to such an individualist as myself, and French veneration for distant family ties appeared exaggerated.

Even among near relatives, I was accustomed, like my fellow-countrymen, to do a good deal of “picking and choosing.” The particular cousin who is not liked, in America fades away and is dropped from the family roll-call. Not so in France. All who are counted kin, even in a remote degree, must be treated as possessing inalienable rights; among these the privilege of receiving a visit from every young bride who has recently joined the clan is looked upon as a precious asset.

It was hard to resign myself to the long afternoons wasted on getting through the list and cheerfully accepting the only consolation which some of the calls afforded: that of furnishing plenty to laugh about at the end of the day.

Had my arrival created a sensation there would have been more fun in playing the part of red Indian among the tame and well-trained creatures in a Paris salon. But there was nothing strange or novel about my entry on the scene. It was an anti-climax.

With Margaret already there five years, the thrill of discovering America had worn off among the whole family connection.

When my mother-in-law led me conscientiously from house to house and presented her “second son’s wife” I could feel the inward reaction of each “tante” and “cousine” while commenting politely upon this new event, as soon as the door was shut.

I learned that to marry abroad is looked upon in France as a mark of eccentricity much more than it is with us. Theoretically a Frenchman is supposed to do all that he can to find

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a proper sort of wife at home before the idea of seeking a foreign helpmate ought to cross his mind.

To plunge in and choose an alien before at least attempting something else is viewed as both foolish and imprudent and may be explained away as it was in this case with the frequent phrase:

"It's that extraordinary Lafayette blood."

"Poor Aldebert was always peculiar and was born in America besides——"

"Yes, that always has an influence on disposition."

"Of course. Perhaps too, after such hardships in Africa he naturally forgot the comforts of home."

As a counterpoise to the feeling of being more or less an "outsider," I think that any one who has married in France will agree in appreciating the hospitable cordiality shown by newly-found French relatives. In the nearer spheres of relationship and the family circle one is not treated as a stranger at all, but is taken in everywhere to a degree which I believe unusual in our country, where I have not noticed that the girl who comes from another town is made at once to feel completely at home in her husband's surroundings.

As Margaret's cousin I had been pleasantly received. Now as her sister-in-law cordiality increased immensely. I found, on becoming a member of the family circle myself, a warmth of sentiment worthy of noting, for I am sure that all those who have had the same experience have observed it, and that is perhaps why Americans who marry in France almost invariably grow to love their immediate surroundings.

I believe that the longing for family life is a natural craving and that the close ties existing among the early settlers formed our best American ideals.

I must say that occasionally I suffered from the over-familiarity of certain "tantes," and I shall never forget how one morning in Paris, when I was in my bath and had sent down a message saying that I could not receive this special one at once, I was surprised at hearing a new knock on the door and a voice saying:

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"It is only Tante Camille. You need not mind me at all, my dear."

I had a hard time, without giving offense, to keep her out until I dressed, which made her think that I was very stiff and proud. This particular one was a very old lady and doubtless took her bath—when she took it—almost fully dressed, and perhaps received as in the Old Régime! I remembered hearing how the Palace servants were scandalized with Marie Antoinette because she did not bathe in a long gown!

People constantly ran in and out of my mother-in-law's small house, and a private door gave access into that of her brother, a beautiful construction on the rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. François de Corcelle had been one of those who received me with special hospitality during my visits to France in the years preceding. He died almost at the time of my marriage, but his widow, Jeanne, became at once closely linked with us, during all my life in France. Her house in Paris, and especially her charming country place Beaufossé, in the Orne department, where Aldebert had spent most of his vacations after leaving Washington, became like a second home to me and my children, and even a refuge in wartime to my American family.

The greatest thrill I had was in meeting Commandant Reibell, who, after the death of the military chief of the Mission Saharienne, had, as second in command, assumed the direction of the forces.

I liked what Aldebert had told me about his chief, and the chief fully lived up to my expectations. What made our relations particularly agreeable was the fact that his wife, who bore the picturesque and romantic name of Juliette, was a remarkable woman in every way, an admirable example of what a typical French housewife can accomplish almost without help, in bringing up a family of children, making their clothes, supervising their studies, always appearing immaculately dressed and getting through her social obligations with cheerful promptitude.

The major had just been appointed as the President's mili-



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tary aide-de-camp and this function gave them the privilege of inhabiting a pleasant apartment in the Elysée, where we often went to see them.

Another close intimacy was at once established with the Rémusats and the Lasteyries, especially a certain "Tante Marie," with a fine, sporting spirit, and a proper pride, which I could appreciate, in having remained an old maid, in spite of the efforts of friends and kindred, who expostulated against her assertion that she would rather have nobody at all than marry without enthusiasm.

At that time an attractive old maid was viewed as an anomaly. What was the matter? Could no one be found, with such a large connection at work, as a husband for "Tante Marie"? Why hadn't she gone into a convent if she desired on principle to remain single?

She was more than middle-aged and had succeeded in imposing her personal point of view upon her acquaintance when we met, but she often told me that in her youth it had been very hard to make any one understand that, although she would have been disposed to marry a man she was in love with, the idea of "*le mariage de raison*" was a thing she could not brook. In short, she had the same ideas on the subject that I had learned from my grandfather — not to marry unless you can't help it!

We struck up at once a sympathetic understanding. She spoke excellent English and loved the best literature, so that it was especially with her and with Henri de Castries that I found literary affinities, in the beginning.

All these relations, and particularly my mother-in-law, were exceedingly religious in practice and inclination, but none of them ever made me feel the slightest aloofness on account of the difference in our beliefs, but universally showed an absolute tolerance and respect for mine. This, perhaps, was part of the old Lafayette tradition, which remained so keenly alive among this branch of his descendants.

Americans, I suppose, are particularly opinionated and surer that their standards are right than are other nationalities. I remember very well the first realization I had that perhaps the

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utilitarian point of view in regard especially to charities might be wrong. One of the many so-called "tantes" to whom I had immediately been escorted for a solemn visit was the wife of a very celebrated French surgeon and a person of very large fortune, two-thirds of which at least she yearly spent in good works. Among these, one of her particular interests was visiting the women's prisons like St. Lazare, and arranging to take under her special patronage and observation the women who had served their terms and were returning to civil life. She had a "vestiaire" for their benefit, which clothed them from head to foot, a workroom and canteen where they could come until they found work elsewhere, and of course quite a number of persons who would say kind words and preach Christian maxims. I asked her the usual American question: "Are you satisfied with the result?"

"What do you mean by 'satisfied'?" she enquired.

I tried to explain—did she feel that any of her protégées had been turned into the paths of virtue by her efforts?

"Oh, no," she answered. "Sooner or later most of them go back to prison. I thought once that I had really succeeded in changing the mentality and morality of a young woman who seemed to me a particularly sad case. She showed immense gratitude for all that I had done to help her, and, as she had pretty manners and was exceedingly deft with her needle, I took her into my own household to help the maid with the linen and mending. For many months she gave complete satisfaction and was quite a model to the other servants. At the end of that time she introduced an old friend of hers, who was a burglar and for whose release she was waiting, and together they went off with as many jewels as she could find, and a large part of the family silver."

I remarked that such an experience must have discouraged her efforts for some time to come. She looked at me with considerable surprise.

"Why, my dear," she said, "the work that I do does not need either encouragement or success. I am simply following what Christ recommends."

I confess that in spite of my previous tenets, "made in

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America," in regard to practical charity, I was filled with admiration for La Tante Lannelongue who without the encouragement of success practised charity as an essential part of life.

When I had been inspected by the family connection, far and near, and had concluded which ones might definitely be scratched from my "worry list" (I had not acquired the French spirit sufficiently to adopt them all as my very own), the new map of the Sahara was finished and orders had been received requiring my husband to rejoin his regiment.

Cherbourg is but a dreary spot in which to spend a waning honeymoon; to me, however, completely ignorant of garrison life, it possessed all the novelty of a military post, and I looked forward expectantly to learning more about soldiers and soldiering, a subject which I have already confessed was one I regarded with interest.

The special formation to which Lieutenant de Chambrun belonged was a combination between army and navy—that is, he figured among the contingent which was then called "Marine Artillery," picked troops stationed in a maritime port under the direct orders of an admiral, ready to be embarked on short notice, to the Colonies or Protectorates, should occasion arise. The name since then has been changed into that of "Colonial Artillery."

So far, the only acquaintance I had made in army circles was with Commandant Reibell and his wife, both of whom I had come to know and appreciate during my sojourn in Paris and who have remained our most intimate military friends. Being the first, they were also the best, but in Cherbourg we were fortunate too in finding some fine representatives of the pre-war class of officers, a very different category from those of our day. Socially many of the "Cherbougeois" were extremely attractive, and the little circle which had its principal meeting-place at the Tennis Club became an amusing center from which radiated riding parties, picnics, and excursions into the neighborhood. Many "first families" inhabited these environs, notably the Tocquevilles, whose little château "Tour-la-Ville," a few miles outside the town, was one of the loveliest—or per-

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haps it looked so because it became so familiar, for it is a very different thing to visit a mediæval castle as a tourist, and to take part in its interior life as a guest.

There was also the impressive domain of Martinvast, with its century-old oaks and elms which bordered the long straight avenues in double line. The stud farm with its splendid pasturage was celebrated for having sent many winners to the French race track, and the red cap and sleeves are as well known on the turf as Rothschild's blue-and-gold.

Our inner circle was composed of a captain who was my husband's superior and an ensign, Bernard de Blanpré, who was on the admiral's staff, and had the same first name. What a bickering went on between these two Bernards differentiated by the epithets "Big" and "Little."

Guillaume de Mandat Grancey, just returned from the Newfoundland Fisheries with stories which could have been told by Loti, was a valued member of the clan, to which a sailor cousin, Antoine de Meaux, brought many parlor tricks and played Wagner most feelingly on a comb.

The feminine element was by no means either absent or negligible. Those who knew Mathilde de Blanpré in Washington, where her husband was naval attaché, will readily comprehend how much vivacity she and an equally attractive sister, Captain Leroy's wife, brought to our gatherings. Major des Etang's wife, whose girlhood was passed in Washington, when her father, Mr. Barthelemy, was Russian minister there, afforded me the relief of falling back into English, for it is a constant effort though an unconscious one to speak always in a foreign tongue.

In short, there was plenty to make life varied and amusing and happily to interrupt the solitude *à deux* which society generally thinks fit to inflict on newly married couples. Personally, I never approved of this conventional isolation. It would come more appropriately later, when greater community of tastes and habits has been established.

I remember a book by Ouida, now practically forgotten. It was called *A Rainy June* and described two young persons deeply in love who spent their honeymoon in a country house

lent for the occasion. Rain fell constantly, but society and family would have been scandalized had the couple dared return to friendly faces and pleasant occupations. By sticking it out, according to the conventional formula, their chance of happiness was compromised.

Having laid to heart the moral of this story I welcomed occasions for seeing my husband among his friends rather than alone when his work was over, and felt more amusement than envy on perceiving that his social success at Cherbourg was nothing in comparison to the triumphs of *Le Grand Bernard*. In the first place, a lieutenant cannot compete with his captain, which took away part of the sting of being so far behind the local hero, than whom a more perfect type of what we expect in the true warrior would have been hard to find. *Le Grand Bernard* was extremely good-looking, judged by almost any standard, tall, slender, broad-shouldered, wearing his uniform with conviction and that subtle quality called "chic." His *képi*, set at just the right angle, was not really aggressive, but "not too tame neither." He had a long, fine face, skin slightly bronzed, well-modelled cheeks and chin, golden moustache, a forehead and nose with something of the eagle in them, and a pair of eyes which were quite extraordinary: very pale, and at the same time bright blue, the eyes of a typical fighter. One thought of *Cæsar's* most implacable and obstinate enemy among the tribes of Gaul and naturally compared *Vergès* to *Vercingétorix*. As a man of the world too, he was brilliant and accomplished, which, according to the old traditions of knight-hood, is not misplaced in a soldier, and he passed as quite a conqueror among the ladies. In fact he was incontestably king of our little set. Such is the prestige of martial bearing that even my husband, fresh from the extraordinary exploit accomplished by the *Mission Foreau-Lamy*, which should have served as a fighting diploma, never questioned the *Grand Bernard's* superior title to soldiership.

By one of the curious freaks of destiny, when in order to find occasion to show military aptitude it was no longer necessary to leave Europe, *Le Grand Bernard* could not live up to his face nor pass the rank of major. Having abandoned the

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army soon after we left Cherbourg, to settle down as a gentleman-farmer at Biarritz, when the war found him, he came back to the colors, having lost the advancement which normally should have been his, and remained in a subaltern position off the firing line.

Our first idea was to take an apartment or perhaps a tiny house, if one could be found, on that wind-swept square on the waterfront where Napoleon, in his most belligerent mood, waves on his phantom troops toward the unseen shores of Albion, while his bronze charger lashes a nervous tail as though impatient to swim the Channel. There was nothing vacant on the Place Napoléon and what lodgings we inspected on tangent streets appeared inexpressibly dreary. Soon the news began to circulate that there would be long manœuvres during the summer and that afterwards, in all probability, we would be stationed in or near Paris. Thus it seemed more reasonable to remain at the Hôtel du Casino, which only roused from its five-day lethargy when one of the great transatlantic liners arrived there or departed from the port.

The vaunted luxury of this establishment existed in name only, but it did not matter very much as we spent most of our time out of doors and preferably on horseback. There is no more fascinating region for riding than this wooded valley, interspersed with pasture and woodland, where the soft lanes tucked away between hawthorn hedges give perfect footing for a canter, the great stretch of beach towards Barfleur spreads temptingly for a gallop, or a steep clamber up some hillock rewards the rider with an ever varying prospect of silver sea.

The absence of husbands during the entire day, and sometimes for consecutive days when manœuvres were called, created habits of comradeship among officers' wives which led us, instead of sitting alone throughout the day, to spend afternoons in one another's house. One of these friendly reunions brought me new proof of how true a picture Molière drew of the old family servants, all powerful in regulating social questions, and how it still applied in the Twentieth Century.

We were gathered together, after lunch, with needles and thread, in what was a pretty fair imitation of an American sew-

ing circle, and were discussing a thrilling subject which had been agitating the whole port: the affair between a really lovely "jeune fille" who was also of good family, Mademoiselle de Monvalle, and the admiral's eldest son. It was not her only affair, according to gossip, and that a young girl should permit herself such distractions was viewed as a little "too American." What could her mother be thinking of? Personally, I was rather curious concerning Mlle. de Monvalle. Beauty has always been to me equally, if not more, attractive in a woman than in a man, and she was exceptional. A lovely figure and a type of face which was rather English; fair hair, very dark eyebrows and gray eyes, which were almost black. I had had only two glimpses of her in the Casino, and looked forward to studying a new type, the French girl who allowed herself the same liberties that an American would have had in her place: that of going to balls without a chaperone and taking walks in the country with young men.

"You will have the chance of meeting her now," said Madame de Blanpré, who was looking out of the window. "See, she is crossing the square, and is evidently coming to call."

The bell rang and we all waited for Mlle. de Monvalle to come upstairs. Nothing happened however, and we went on with our sewing, only interrupted by two perfectly uninteresting visits from highly respectable old ladies.

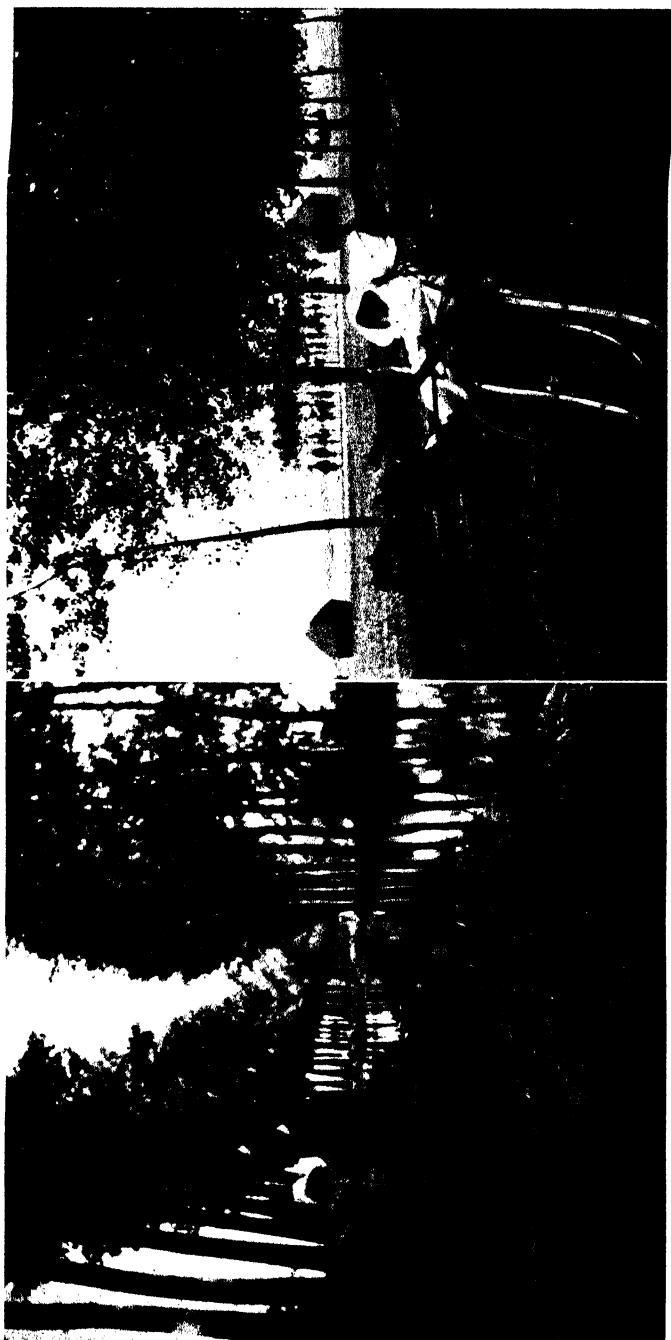
I expressed some disappointment and this led our hostess to enquire when the butler brought tea what Mlle. de Monvalle had come to say, and had she left any message?

"No," said the butler. "She came to call."

"Well, why then did you not show her up? You knew perfectly well that I am receiving today."

"Of course I knew it," retorted the butler. "But Mlle. de Monvalle is not a person whom Madame should receive."

At first Madame de Blanpré was angry, and I disappointed, but, on due consideration, she concluded that the butler's decision was probably right, as he had means of information which she did not possess. His impressions were confirmed a few days later when she eloped with the admiral's son.



MAJESTIC ELM'S BORDER THE CANAL DE L'OURCQ AND A VAST PLAIN JOINS  
THE HORIZON WITH A FRINGE OF WHEAT FIELDS





NO ONE COULD SEE BRAZZA WITHOUT WISHING TO  
KNOW HIM BETTER

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Before we began complaining of the frequent bad weather in Cherbourg and the occasional discomforts of hotel life, army gossip proved true and we received instructions to "move on."

On account of his specialized knowledge of high explosives and the mechanism of the new cannon, my husband was appointed to a post at Sevran-Livry where there is a factory for the production of smokeless powder and the battleship guns are (or were) tested. In old days the name of Livry became famous as the spot whence much of Madame de Sévigné's correspondence was dated but that does not prevent it from being a flat, unattractive place twenty kilometers on the railway from St. Denis. Rows of workmen's houses and a double line of majestic elms border the Canal de l'Ourcq and on every side the great plain joins the horizon with a fringe of wheat fields, and serves as a dumping ground.

Hardly agreeable for a long residence!

A practical means of escape existed, however, in the excellent train service from the Gare du Nord. This enabled my husband to be at work at eight every morning, and often return almost at tea time when the factory closed down, so we decided to set up unofficial quarters in Paris, at the same time satisfying the exigencies of authority by establishing a technical residence in one of the tiny houses on the Boulevard de l'Ourcq. The military orderly cooked lunch daily, and we inaugurated what has come to be called the "week end" practice even in those early days.

These more or less clandestine arrangements caused certain complications now and then, more laughable than tragic: artful dodging of the colonel on the one side, and inspectors on the other, who though they took the same train always found my husband waiting for them at the testing grounds.

In the meantime we found at the corner of the Rue de Varenne and the Boulevard des Invalides exactly the sort of house we wanted. With its large bay windows and upstairs porch over which my bedroom opened, it was more American than French. We shocked family susceptibilities by putting up embroidered muslin curtains in dining-room and parlor—in-

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stead of the traditional brocades—and found a clever combination between a billiard and dining-table.

Every Tuesday evening we gave small parties, alternating between the two sets of friends who hated each other with too cordial a jealousy to come together. On the odd day we gathered all of the mission who could be found in Paris: Gabriel Britsch and Lieutenant Verlet, with their chief when his service at the Elysée left him free. On the even Tuesday various Bohemian friends and others from the Foreign Affairs joined us, with Charlie, who, for quite a time, had a room and took meals with us.

Tempted by the fact that there was enough space for a carriage and horses, we committed the extravagance of a small victoria with a pair of Tarbais roans, and a large Irish hunter who was spirited away by facetious friends on the first of April and appeared a week after as mysteriously as he went.

The career of arms gives an officer's wife certain facilities for the indulgence of a passion for riding; at the same time it creates opportunities, just as an automobile does, for domestic friction, for there are certain things which perpetually cause misunderstanding, of a more material nature than those described by Mrs. Browning in her exhortation "Any Wife to Any Husband." Why should a wife not utilize an officer's car when there is plenty of room in it, and they are going in the same direction? Why should she not ride one of his horses when the Remount Service allows him two? We remained at peace on the question, for he had no right to wheels as a lieutenant, but for the horse affair I was no better than my sisters, and produced the same logical reasons for flouting regulations and doing as other wives and I wished.

When horses *must* be exercised, a woman who rides well surely does the army a favor in taking one out. The answer that "rules is rules" is always a poor one.

In spite of arguments and customary naggings on this subject, my husband never gave in and the final upshot was that, profiting by a method which turns the difficulty and is an economy nevertheless, like other conscientious objectors, he acquired a second horse, fulfilling military conditions, wherever

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we were accredited, by paying the difference between the price given by the Remount, and the extra price required for the indulgence of personal preference in horseflesh.

This explanation, which seems almost superfluous here, will be found to have its reason in these memoirs, later.

We saw most of the interesting Americans who came to Paris or resided there: the Walter Gays, who became very dear friends, were at the head of the artistic coterie, just as Mrs. Wharton was leader in the literary, and my mother arranged to find two or three months in the year to give to us. On the occasions of my sister Nan's marriage to Buckner Wallingford, and of Nick's to Alice Roosevelt, it was I that went to them for a visit to Washington and Cincinnati.

Our second winter in Paris was almost entirely given up to hard study for the examinations necessary to enter the Superior War School, whose diploma is supposed to be essential for any officer who wishes to go far in the career of arms, which, in our day, consists so largely of hardly acquired science and technique.

I participated when historical reading was on the evening program, for by way of making the preparation more interesting my husband often worked with two or three comrades who would dine, read, and discuss the various themes and problems. Occasionally, I corrected the exercises of two who were learning English and the most pleasant spirit of comradeship reigned among us and it was a great satisfaction to learn that all of those who had done their work together passed the written examination with honors.

Between the written and oral ordeal however, I learned that officers will take as much trouble as the smallest schoolboy to put over a joke. We were awakened one morning a few days before the final exam by the arrival of a messenger with an official-looking document from the War College informing my husband that owing to a confusion in numbering and classifying the papers and themes presented, it appeared that the work which had been attributed to Lieutenant de Chambrun

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was in reality that of a certain Captain X. Consequently, both were summoned to appear before a jury selected from the professors, armed with samples of handwriting, and prepared to answer all questions which might satisfactorily establish the authorship of the papers which had passed muster.

It was a terrible moment. The sender had taken infinite pains to make the paper perfectly regular, neither the College letter-head nor the official stamp was lacking, the only thing which made its "fishiness" apparent was the date, which was April First, and I have since had reason to suppose that Marshal Pétain, who in the days of his professorship was not above collaborating in the making of a farce, had provided what was necessary to the jesters.

My husband was fortunate in entering the War School at a time when two future marshals of France were among the most active professors: Major Philippe Pétain was charged with the instruction of infantry, and Colonel Fayolle with that of artillery tactics. Both impressed their class, composed of the most intellectual element among the officers of those days, by the practical spirit of their lectures. Both confined themselves to the analysis and discussion of a concrete case and never launched into abstract speculation. As soon as their respective theories were set forth, they hastened to a material demonstration by transporting the class to the ground which had been selected for the problem; and there, with an inspiration which was almost prophetic, brought into active being certain military episodes, almost precisely as they took place seven years later. I remember one day when my husband returned from what is called a *cadre* manœuvre along the Canal de l'Ourcq, which had recently become so familiar to me. It was there that the future Marshal Fayolle already imaginatively deployed the troops which later General Gallieni rushed into the battle of the Marne and which determined the victory. Needless to say that the spirit of another of the greatest among the marshals of the future, Ferdinand Foch, presided, through his writings, at the War College, for his works on general strategy were the textbooks used at that period.

Under these conditions labor was most pleasant and a par-

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ticularly fraternal spirit prevailed among the class of 1905 and 1906, composed of about eighty officers, lieutenants, and captains, and gave an ardent camp-follower like myself an excellent impression of those who were to be leaders ten years later.

## CHAPTER X

### OFFICIAL VISITS

THE merry war waged between my husband and myself over the thorny question of what military calls *must* be made and which ones *might* be neglected always remained open. No sooner was a triumph on my side recorded than a successful counter-attack would bring me to terms.

I fear, on looking back, that I was usually in the wrong. My "independent American" attitude represented that of a spoiled child who, for considerably more than a score of years, had been accustomed to special privileges in Cincinnati and was led to ignore what those who are not declared recluses from the world conventionally owe to their neighbor. My mother-in-law used to say with much wisdom: Americans think so much of self-respect that they often forget the respect which is due to humanity at large. Why decide that it is unpleasant and almost humiliating to make a first call, instead of determining that each visit may turn out an exciting adventure, which, as a matter of fact, it often does? Nothing shows character more than a reception day, whether the hostess dwell in marble halls, modest apartment, or one of those dreary conventional residences officially consecrated to the military command. Had my whole duty been done, I might have collected enough amusing material to make an excellent study, with true pictures, of the various types of Frenchwomen, considering that out of my limited experience I can furnish some real gems.

A small book printed every season in the military garrisons of France contains the name, rank, and address of each officer, together with information as to whether he is married or single; if the former, the reception day of Madame is duly set forth, or possibly the blithe tidings "no day" may be read. Otherwise it is some first or third Friday, alternate Wednesdays, second Sunday every month. I longed to inscribe myself for Tuesdays after the full moon but ended by

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stating that I would be at home every Tuesday, for I knew myself sufficiently well to realize that if I arranged to alternate I would always forget and stay "in" on the off day.

Two visits were indispensable. They even bade fair to contain so many elements of excitement that I was less inclined than usual to shirk my duties.

All the married officers had been summoned to appear and present their wives at the first reception given at the War School by the wife of the general newly placed in command of that institution. This social and military event was looked forward to by all as politically significant, for an unusual topic was agitating army circles and the world at large. All the officers who were inscribed for the courses that winter were curious to see what face certain superiors would assume toward the revelations which had recently appeared in the press.

A well-known politician had been discovered with his mouth tightly pressed to the gas-jet of a small stove, and his wife's friends declared that he had chosen this simple method of committing suicide. Experts, however, stated that it was a physical impossibility for a man to maintain such an attitude as the one in which the body had been found, unless forcibly held down and obliged to inhale the fumes.

Newspaper polemics were in full swing and everywhere the question as to whether the politician's wife had personally officiated at the stove was excitedly discussed.

I had decided opinions thereon, which I was invited to keep to myself, at least during the projected visit, for the lady upon whom we were to call had been quite intimate with the dead man's wife.

Another subject was strictly tabooed. No mention must be made of the anonymous denunciations which were then current, practised against such officers as took the liberty of attending Mass, or had their children educated in any religious institution, for a curious and violent wind of oppression was blowing over the Government at that time. Each ministry was supposed to maintain a delegate in its particular service to black-list certain comrades and block their advancement whether military, naval, or civilian.



## SHADOWS LIKE MYSELF

There are always slang words in France, just as in America, which reflect the prevalent influence. The term "casserole," which literally means simply "saucepan," had come to possess an extra significance, that of informer, and was universally applied to those officers suspected of constituting what was practically a well-organized spy system.

The "head saucepan," who centralized information at the War College for the highly unpopular minister, was supposed to be precisely the general in command, so it was natural that I should be warned before approaching our hostess, to eliminate from my conversation any mention of kitchen utensils or heating apparatus. The commandant and his wife were lodged in the left wing of the Ecole Militaire, that magnificent building designed by the architect Gabriel, of which the Superior War School forms a section.

When the great day came, my husband donned full regimentals and white gloves, while I did as well as I could with the funny fashions of those times, when we still arranged our hair in a "pompadour" and crowned it with a hat and nodding plumes.

However, I don't suppose that we looked queerer than the other couples who mounted the long flight of marble steps, traversed a quarter of a mile or so of polished floor, shining like a brown mirror, but disfigured by a gray strip of cheap carpet, bordered with red, and penetrated into the majestic drawing-room where "Madame la Générale" was enthroned in a commanding position at the apex of a horseshoe-shaped circle of arm-chairs, alternating regularly with straight ones, respectively destined for one officer and one wife.

An imperious gesture indicated that the lieutenant and I should take the two left vacant by a departing couple.

Each time new arrivals appeared, the ones who had been there longest were supposed to make their *adieux*; a minute or so then passed in presentations. We dutifully took our places and the conversation (if it might be called a "conversation") went on after everybody was reseated.

The general's wife, with laudable impartiality, addressed a question turn by turn to each, while the rest of the group lis-

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tened. It was very cold, and comments upon that usually innocuous subject, the weather, brought us immediately upon dangerous ground.

"It must be very difficult to heat such a large edifice as this," remarked an imprudent colonel's wife.

"It is indeed," responded our hostess, and addressing the colonel who was seated beside me, she kindly expressed the hope that he had found an apartment which was easier to warm. The imprudent wife here "butted" in.

"Alas, no, Madame. There is no central heating and we have to rely on petroleum and gas stoves."

An electric shock went through the assembly as some one murmured that gas was dangerous and that *her* apartment was dependent on wood fires.

Silence fell, and every one wondered who would step forward and save the situation by the introduction of a new topic. No one spoke, so that the hostess had to begin all over again. Addressing herself to a major's wife, she inquired amiably if her dear children had been victims of that terrible appendicitis which was so frequent.

Evidently this lady's husband had neglected to warn her, as mine had done, for at once she plunged on to the forbidden word.

"No, I am so careful about saucepans that we have been immune from attack. Doctors seem to agree that the malady is due to those cheap enamelled "casseroles" which have been lately introduced on our market."

Conversation waxed animated. It seemed that every one except ourselves had a word to say about the best and safest sort of kitchen utensils, and it was Madame la Générale herself who capped the climax by announcing, that if any chef of hers dared to introduce an enamelled saucepan into her kitchen, immediate dismissal would be his lot.

The colonel who was sitting next to me could not resist whispering low in my ear:

"It's lucky her husband is not enamelled."

His tone was quite inaudible to the circle at large, but through the mysterious species of telepathy which operates so

often in a gathering where all are thinking of the same thing, not only did we all "think in chorus" but a gale of unseemly mirth blew refreshingly over that funereal occasion, and when it broke up, small mass meetings were formed outside to laugh and laugh again.

The more dangerous the "casserole" was rated, the more essential it became to be exceedingly polite to his womenfolk and give, so to speak, no "handle" for the recrimination that a superior's wife had been neglected. Naturally the most important visit after the one just accomplished was to the general's chief henchman, a certain colonel who had evidently not been chosen for beauty, charm, or military aptitude. Naturally he was lodged close to his chief, and in the same building—an economical privilege greatly appreciated by the families of officers and generally reserved, on that account, for those with numerous children.

In this case, however, my husband did not consider that it would be necessary to don white gloves again but sent me forth alone to make acquaintance with the colonel's wife without the moral support of his presence.

Madame la Colonelle was a vivacious red-haired and red-cheeked little dame, with tip-tilted nose, wide smile and a noticeable resemblance to the celebrated comedienne, Réjane. I was not then aware of her past or my surprise at finding her quite alone would have been attenuated. Before marrying the colonel in the days when he was probably but a non-commissioned officer she had been the animating spirit of a musical cabaret in Southern Algeria, but though I kept wondering why none of my military sisters put in an appearance at her "day," the conversation, as far as she was concerned, did not languish.

No one ever talked faster, nor with half as much familiarity. I was totally unprepared to find the spouse of such a high potentate so garrulous and indiscreet at first sight.

"Why didn't you bring your husband? I wanted most particularly to meet him!" she exclaimed before we had proceeded far.

I expressed proper gratitude and added that had the lieu-

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tenant known that his appearance was expected, he would have been delighted to accompany me.

"Never mind. He can just drop in tomorrow. I always insist on meeting the handsome ones in the colonel's class."

I laughingly inquired what reason she had to suppose that my husband possessed the fatal gift of beauty, as to my knowledge he had never been reckoned an Apollo.

"You're mistaken, or else too modest," she responded. "The lieutenant is an exceedingly fine man; decidedly the best of the whole lot."

Then, observing my surprise, she explained:

"I make my husband bring me photographs of all his officers as soon as they are taken. I spotted your husband at once."

While I sought for the proper answer and thought of Catherine the Great, she inquired whether I, on my side, had observed her colonel, particularly on horseback, and when I said "no," remarked:

"Well, you have not missed much! *Il est très mal.*"

This was perfectly true. Indeed, few were worse, as I was aware, but she told me more than I knew. A series of astonishing confidences led to a point where, with a deep sigh, she uttered this lament:

"Alas, no. The colonel is not the sort of man I should have married, but he represented the very best I was able to do in those days."

I tried vainly to turn her confession into a joke, as the safest attitude seemed to be laughter. She grew even more friendly at this and returned to the first topic, dwelt on how very good-looking she considered my husband, explained that she never could really admire a man who did not ride well, so that she had consulted his notes on equitation (this was excellent news for my husband, because notes are supposed to be secret) and once more pronounced him the best of the academy. She added that the colonel was perfectly ridiculous on horseback and had just fallen off again, which was the reason he did not come in to salute me and say "Good afternoon."

Finally, with a sigh . . .

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"Well, my dear, I must say you are a very lucky woman and there's one thing you really must tell. *How* did you manage to 'rope him in'?"

This is the best equivalent that I can find for her phrase, which was funnier in French: "*Comment diable êtes-vous parvenue à vous faire épouser?*"

After these two receptions, I rested a while on my laurels, with conscience fairly clear.

The idea that I could possibly have any social duties towards the First Lady of the land of France, did not present itself, so that my surprise was great when, having effaced this visit from my "worry list," I learned, on best authority, that I should have made it long before. It seemed that in view of our intimacy with the Presidential Aide-de-Camp, and our frequent visits to the Elysée by the side door, Madame Loubet had expressed surprise to the Reibells that I had not requested an audience in the official salon.

Thus advised, I asked Juliette to explain how much flattered I felt that the President's wife should desire to see me, and an appointment was made for the following Monday.

There had been at this time a recrudescence of Royalist sentiment, and, for some reason, difficult to fathom, President Loubet had become the object of greater hostility than any other preceding Chief of State. At Longchamp, a demonstration took place, where some young aristocrat, believing doubtless that he was accomplishing an act of heroism, brought his cane down violently on the President's silk hat; a riotous scene followed, and had not some Sir Walter Raleigh offered his "tube" as a modern substitute for the famous cloak, the Chief of State would have been obliged to make his official re-entry, after awarding the "*Prix du Président de la République*," bare-headed in the midst of the clattering squadron of dragoons who escort him on that great occasion.

I shall never forget the eloquent shrug of a Parisian cabman, a type now extinct, that loved to turn from the box and discuss Parisian happenings with his "*fare*," when he commented on this incident:

"I make no claim to good breeding, but it seems to me out

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of place that a young man who prides himself on being a gentleman should behave so much like a cad."

This, however, was not the general sentiment in the Parisian concert halls, where dozens of verses, made and sung by the stars of the moment, soon echoed at every street corner. There was one music-hall success: "Viens, Pou-Poule" which, when applied to poor M. Loubet, somewhat diminished his presidential prestige, for the most destructive weapons in France are the political cartoon and the topical song. Designs for a presidential race-meeting hat were proposed. It had battlements round the brim with a sentry on guard behind them and the popular refrain which came to America as "The naughty little twinkle in her eye" made its début in Paris. The original dealt rather cruelly with M. Loubet, and called particular attention to "son oeil et son sourire," so that, just as gas and saucepans were forbidden topics in military circles, I was warned before starting forth toward the Elysée, to avoid any allusion to the President's sly wink and naughty smile.

Visitors are ushered into the great hall at the entrance and kept waiting a moment for a line of lackeys in knee-breeches to make certain that, though not as well dressed as themselves, they are nevertheless neat and presentable, and that—if a man—he does not carry a sword-cane, or—if a lady—a muff which might well conceal a bomb or a revolver.

As an extra precaution before starting to climb the stately staircase, an impressive major-domo with an immense silver chain steps up and requests that name and address be inscribed in a large book which lies on a table halfway down the hall.

I stooped over to sign this register and felt that this giant was looking over my shoulder to see whether I was a person likely to have sinister designs against the Chief of State. I had hardly made the final flourish which I use on state occasions when he whispered, using that "third person" formula which sounds so well in marble halls: "Would Madame mind waiting just a moment before going upstairs?"

I was completely taken aback—what could possibly be the matter? I thought of all the accidents which might have happened to my toilette. Why did this admirable domestic, six

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feet two in his stockings and as proud as the frog footman in *Alice in Wonderland*, stop me?

He was so moved that he forgot the third person and explained very simply that he couldn't bear to let me pass without knowing whether I was the person who had married his own dear Mr. Aldebert, that every one had thought was dead for so long. . . .

"I am Alphonse, Madame." Seeing that I failed to understand, he explained that, after the passing of M. le Comte, he had been obliged to take service at the Elysée—the only place where his height was not a detriment!

It was no other than the old domestic who had been twelve years in the service of my husband's uncle and was hungry for news of the family and terribly ashamed of himself for having been obliged to take service with a man whose hat had been publicly smashed. That was rankling in his soul, and he apologized with a shrug of the shoulder and the phrase which explains and excuses the greatest moral turpitude . . . "Well, a man must live after all."

I was so exhilarated by the warmth of this unexpected welcome that I could scarcely make up my mind to make my visit upstairs instead of downstairs, but public opinion, as exemplified by the line of other servants in attendance, pushed me onward and upward, through the series of tapestried salons ornamented with gigantic Sevres vases and chandeliers glittering with crystal and heavy with gilded bronze, to the boudoir where Madame Loubet was established, supported in this social endeavor by the wife of one of the President's civilian attachés, Madame Combarieu.

I had been hoping that she would have selected Juliette Reibell with whom conversation never languished, but I soon discovered that, had she been there, nothing would have been left to serve as a subject upon which the President's wife was prepared to speak, whereas, being absent, she became the subject which easily kept the ball rolling for the first ten minutes: her remarkable competence as housekeeper and needlewoman, the way she managed her large family of children, what her methods of education were and which of the children was my

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godson. This led up to Reibell himself; had my husband known him before the Foureau-Lamy Mission, had I myself been acquainted with either? Was it true that we had been engaged before they left Algiers. . . .

The art of conversation which was supposed to form the chief attraction in the courtly salons of other days does not seem to be practised in those of Republican officials.

When these topics had been set aside we came to that year's Salon and the President's official portrait—dangerous ground again—I had it on my conscience that the crowd standing round it had been humming “Viens Pou-Poule” and wondered whether the song went on when the President's wife had visited the exposition. In answer to her query as to whether I liked the picture I cautiously answered that to my mind the painter had not done full justice to his model.

“You are right,” said Madame Loubet. “Every one tells me that there is not a more eminent painter in France than Monsieur Cormon, but that being the case, it seems strange that he should not have been able to catch either his eye or his smile.”

I had to exercise cruel restraint upon myself not to burst out laughing, and almost wondered whether she was not putting me through a test, but she spoke in perfect innocence, which showed how clever her household were in suppressing the daily papers!

I had not thought of the consequences of my visit until the moment came to say farewell, but then it became evident that it was only “au revoir,” for Madame Loubet inquired whether Tuesday was not my own day “at home,” and expressed her intention of coming to return my call at No. 98, rue de Varenne, on my following “day.”

I had not foreseen this, but after all there was nothing overpowering in the idea of receiving a visit from the President's wife. She had shown herself to be a very kindly soul, with few frills or pretensions, and the worst that could be foreseen was the effort to keep conversation going from five to half-past, for I was informed by Juliette Reibell that she would not think it polite to remain for less than twenty minutes.



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I made no special arrangements to safeguard the Presidential visit. Very few officers or their wives ever came to my "day," and I made no provision to ask any one, as Madame Loubet had expressed the wish to drop in informally.

What was my consternation when, at about four o'clock, a distant cousin of my husband's walked in and sat firmly down in the parlor. M. de Rorthay did not belong to our "inner circle," indeed the only thing which I could remember about him was that he professed extremely Royalist sentiments and, in fact, after ten or fifteen minutes there could be no doubt left upon this point.

He had been to the race-meeting at Longchamp, and the youth with the cane was among his most intimate friends; in fact, the assailant had become a hero in his set, and a rescue party was being planned to invade the prison and get him out.

Suddenly he burst forth: "Ah! if I could only have the good fortune to meet some one of that family, man, woman, or child, I should let them know what every honest man thinks of their Republic."

By this time, I glanced uneasily at the clock, and noted that half-past-four was about to strike. Perhaps a slight chilliness in my manner of receiving these confidences might cause him to curtail his visit. But he talked along in the same strain. Then I began to worry!

Perhaps the most difficult thing to realize, when one comes to live in France, is how much is said merely for the sake of saying something. A thousand times I have put the question to myself, whether people like this young man, who talk so loudly about their projects, really intend to carry them out. Was he talking through his own hat when speaking about the President's, or had he actually the designs against M. Loubet's person, which, when the rescue party had been successful, they planned to put into effect? What would happen if he were suddenly brought face to face with the wife of his intended victim?

Suddenly, stricken with panic, I decided to make an appeal to his sense of good manners, and explain that it might be better for all concerned if he would take his departure before

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the arrival of Madame Loubet, whom I was expecting. There was no time to carry out this intention. At that very moment, the door opened and in marched Madame Loubet herself, quite alone, so that there was nothing to do but make a formal presentation of this young relative.

He offered not the slightest violence towards the First Lady of France, but at once began expressing what an immense privilege it was for him to be thus introduced; in fact, when inquiring as to the health of our Chief of State, it seemed to me that he went rather far in exaggerated solicitude. To my intense amusement, after showing the most honey-tongued politeness and before bowing himself out, he was inspired to ask the President's wife to favor the appointment of one of his friends who had applied for some small official job in the provinces. Knowing M. Loubet's extreme kindness, he felt sure that he would be glad to do a little act of charity.

This was one of the occasions which best prove what was so often brought home to me during the years that followed: that in France, there is an extraordinary difference between barking and biting.

No one else came and I began to feel a little uncomfortable, for instead of the friendly and intimate tone which Madame Loubet had employed towards me in our former conversation, she suddenly bridled and became extremely stiff. I wondered whether the Royalist cousin had managed unknown and unheard to hiss some venomous word into her ear!

The dialogue which began was practically a questionnaire concerning all the most commonplace details of travel.

"Are the custom-houses in America more difficult to pass through than our own?"

"Is there any American literature of a national character?"

"Have you any author who has the same place that we in France accord to Victor Hugo?"

"Is there any school of art and could you name any portrait-painter of distinction? Is this Mr. Sargent equal to the artist who has just painted Monsieur Loubet?"

"Are the hospitals in New York equal to ours?"

"Are there any libraries?"

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"What should you say could be compared to our Bibliothèque Nationale?"

"Are there any theatres? and actors or actresses comparable to Mounet-Sully or Sarah Bernhardt?"

It went on getting worse and worse until I began to fear that I had unwittingly said or done something to deserve this lightning change from kindness to conventional stiffness of a most marked kind. I felt badly when she said good-bye, and wondered why I had so completely failed in making the President's wife feel at home.

Fortunately, the explanation was not long delayed. That very evening, the Reibells rushed in with glistening eyes and the glad tidings that I had made a satisfactory impression, and even more!

Madame Loubet congratulated them on having such a distinguished friend. She would not have believed it except from personal experience, having been led to suppose that all Americans were completely deprived of the elements of education——

"But——would you believe it, when it transpired that she could speak so fluently I decided that I would try whether she could answer the questions which had been prepared for my conversation when we received the Czar and Czarina officially!"

That was what the matter was! A mere American, I had successfully passed the examination reserved by the Republic for the Great Russian Empire!

## CHAPTER XI

### FRENCH MATCHMAKING

**D**URING the eight years that we lived among surroundings that were utterly new to me, I did what I could to practise the traveller's maxim which my grandfather had received from "old Nick Longworth": "When abroad keep your eyes open and your mouth shut."

Often when I came suddenly into a room and found a group of old ladies deep in impassioned discussion it was easy to divine that I had interrupted altruists who were having a perfectly good time. These debates ceased at my entrance like talk of scandal before a child or religion in the presence of an unbeliever, but I knew—just as the child does—what had been going on, and it was easy to reconstitute the last phrase of the conversation:

"Poor Madame de Chambrun, whose sons Pierre and Aldebert both married foreigners without the slightest possibility of intervention on her part, really needs help in order to find something better for Charles. There must be plenty of good matches in Paris not to speak of the Provinces."

Of course I begged them not to stop on my account and after some palpable revision of certain stock phrases to suit "*le goût américain*" the dissertation would continue. All the matrimonial possibilities which that year's Paris season might offer to a young man were passed in review in spite of the fact that this special young man was deep in preparation for exams and with no more intention of marrying than a Benedictine monk; but that did not matter, for matchmaking in France has all the glamour of poetry, romance, fairy-tales, and gambling; it is art for art's sake. And, in a case like this, may be said to bring harm to none, and pleasure to scores of well-wishing schemers. Though I am temperamentally incapable of taking part in this excellent pastime, I am obliged to acknowledge that it has its points and that, by failing to adopt the French

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system in America, we deprive all sorts and conditions of men, women and children, statesmen, schoolmasters, diplomats, clergy and old maids, particularly the latter two categories, of a chief interest and excitement in life. No one is too old, too young, too rich or too poor for participation in such benevolent endeavors, for although special talents are often required, such as might be found in Scotland Yard or a European Chancellery, simple folk often carry out their self-imposed mission just as well.

The idea that such action might be open to criticism never penetrates anybody's mind, and from the first day that I refused to play and join in the plots against Charles, up to the present time, I stood and stand self-condemned as an eccentric individual.

Nobody suggested that it was innate Americanism which made me desist, for most of the Americans who settle in France seem to have adopted the practice with all the fervor of converts to a new religion.

The point of view merits impartial examination as does any custom which, whether we like it or not, has been practised for centuries by intelligent people. Besides, any one who wishes to comprehend French literature, ancient or modern, must make up his mind to accept the fact as a fact, instead of exclaiming when he runs up against a characteristic instance: "that cannot be true! No decent girl could behave that way! and no self-respecting young man would permit his relatives to meddle thus with his private concerns."

Let us try to realize that marriage is rarely the private concern of two individuals, and that it is never so under the laws which govern the relations between parents and children in France.

If an American refuses to countenance his son's or his daughter's choice, he is free to cut his children or grandchildren off with a shilling. In France, under no circumstances can a parent alienate property from his direct succession. This legal status justifies the French parent in exercising the veto power to prevent a marriage of which he disapproves, until the age of twenty-one. It used to be until twenty-five.

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In order to appreciate the sentimental outlook of any French girl, and understand her psychology, it is necessary to realize that training under a special code of laws and customs, totally different from the lack of discipline which we enjoy (and from which, perhaps, we often unconsciously suffer), makes her adopt a completely different attitude towards her fellow-man from that which, to an American sister, is a matter of course.

Our legitimate amusement of flirting, the practice of keeping as many youths on a string as can be induced to follow, appears to a well-brought-up French girl as absolutely dishonorable. Her duty is to eliminate rapidly all candidates who are not eligible, and for whom she has no tender feeling. The reason for this is plain. Any French *débutante* who enters society, does so with the express purpose of marrying as soon as the right person can be found. It is the same on the side of the young men who attend balls, dinners, theatre, opera, and sometimes even go to church, in quest of a person to marry, a quest in which they are powerfully aided by the scouting abilities of parents, friends, and kinsfolk.

If one of the girls Gaston meets, and would perhaps be willing to marry, keeps him "on the string" longer than necessary after having found out that he "will not do," she is simply stealing his time and robbing another girl who might be perfectly satisfied with him.

Marriage is the honorable estate to which not all aspire, and those who openly declare that they seek the torch of Hymen rather than the simpler and, perhaps, more pleasing form of a *liaison*, should be encouraged as social benefactors, by having their path smoothed, and no precious hours wasted.

The coquette may do worse with Gaston than merely waste his time. She may disgust him with feminine ways and polite society. He may, after a disappointment, renounce all idea of marriage! Therefore, it is an unwritten rule of honor among French girls to eliminate all unsatisfactory candidates as soon as possible. Besides, she knows very well what American girls, they tell me, are beginning to learn, that she may have a fair field and as much flirtation as she likes, after marriage.

When you once see under what rules the game is played,

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you will understand that the sport in France may be just as good, though essentially different from the twosome indulged in at home, and, if the happiness of the greater number should be the object of human effort we must acknowledge that the French sport of matchmaking is superior to ours in that it gives pleasure to such quantities of people who, in America, after they are themselves married, have nothing to do in society but sit and twirl their thumbs without due consideration of how they should be "up and doing" in the interests of their fellow men and women.

In France, it is not always parents who take direct action to bring about their children's marriage. They retain a consulting voice in the matter, but the direct agent who starts the negotiations may be found in the most unexpected places, and it is this element of chance and circumstance that gives the charm of surprise, variety and excitement which makes match-making such an excellent sport, and one which necessarily interests all classes of society, for none is too humble to take a share in the proceedings.

I know of a case where two old family servants, equally devoted to the young master of one, and the young mistress of the other, but where the families themselves had no acquaintance, got together and decided that their particular Gaston and Madeleine were made for each other. They were probably right, for who knows Gaston and who knows Madeleine better than the old butler or maid who has been with them since they were children. The idea is quite Shakespearean, although in practice, French.

In course of time the confidential maid opened her heart to her side of the family and gave such a glowing account of Gaston's virtues and attractions, that imagination began to seek for grounds of mutual understanding. It may take time, but it is always possible to bring two families together, and this also entails much diplomacy and institutes a quantity of interesting "démarches." This delightful word, for which I know no English equivalent, is often heard when matchmaking is in prospect.

Who will make the first "démarche"? Can any "démarche"

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be invented by which Gaston may take a look at Madeleine without her seeing him or vice versa?

We will suppose, for example, that the necessary first steps have been taken, the *démarche* has been successful.

Meetings are then arranged between the parents of Madeleine and the parents of Gaston. Glittering generalities are discussed and they get down to real work in the interests of the "dear children." If all goes well, somebody warranted to act with the most *extreme* delicacy, approaches Gaston and inquires whether, on general principles, he thinks that he could possibly ever fancy Madeleine.

Should he say "Nothing doing," all is off and dear Madeleine, on account of the delicacy of her feelings, must "never know" that she has been inspected and turned down. Madeleine, who is aware of the rules, will play her part of ignorance, if only to save her face. Should Gaston express his willingness to continue, Madeleine is approached from another direction, but always with the same scrupulous delicacy (it should be her mother but occasionally the job is deputed to some one who has more influence with Madeleine, possibly one of her married friends). If she expresses too much distaste for Gaston the affair again is dropped. If she thinks he will do, the game may be considered practically won; the rest is a matter of time, a few more meetings, and, the final decision whether Gaston shall "speak for himself" or, as old-fashioned writers were in the habit of saying in America, "pop" the question, or whether it is more seemly for some third party to enter upon such a "delicate" theme. This decision can generally be foreseen. If Gaston belongs to a group whose tendencies are modern, he will be his own messenger, but there is still a disposition to think that it is more correct to refer to a third party.

It is easy to comprehend that these arrangements tend towards the durability of a union, for which so many people, besides the contracting parties, have labored. The person outside the family who has negotiated a marriage becomes "ipso facto" one of the family, and always has the privilege of giving wise counsel. For her protégés to divorce would be a personal affront, and create a terrible row. One of the worst sides



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of divorce is that it disrupts families, not from the children's but the elders' point of view.

Of course, a certain proportion of French youths and maidens become engaged just as in America, after long acquaintance, family friendships, and the informality of country and châteaux life, where boys and girls are thrown naturally together in a way which eliminates the third party from marital negotiations. America knows only the France of Paris and completely ignores the fact that at least two thirds of French citizens lead a rural existence.

The structure of society in Paris is such, the field is so vast, and each small "set" so restricted in its overlappings into the other formations, that unless some agent intervenes to make two people "obviously created for one another" acquainted, a lifetime might be spent apart though Gaston lives round the corner. For the tendency of each social unit is to prevent the approach of Gaston without certified credentials.

Durability being viewed as the essential in marriage, common sense, with which France is plentifully supplied, tends to group all the elements that make for stability before giving young folks occasion to "fall in love." Great difference in rank, fortune, social position, tastes, and habits are frowned upon as probable causes of disagreement between the contracting parties. If a husband is in a position to brag of the material benefits he has showered upon a dowerless wife it does not make for harmony; if a woman with a fortune exclaims when displeased "Why on earth did I waste it on such a poor thing as you?" dissensions are apt to increase. And so on throughout the whole chapter of disparities.

New legislation has now restricted the parents' power to prevent a child's marriage to such a point that practically, and except as a matter of sentiment, any boy or girl over twenty-one may do as he chooses, and it can hardly be said that this is an improvement, for, certainly, any restraining influence over the young may prevent many a foolish and hasty marriage, which will be repented at leisure.

We rarely find the old theories of which we read practised in France nowadays, but if we forget that thirty years ago they

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formed the standard of life in almost every household it is impossible to comprehend the history or literature of France. Parents do not actually *select* husbands or wives for their children, but they do, to a large extent, circumscribe the range of their children's choice, by seeing to it that acquaintance shall be formed among people whose tastes, surroundings, habits, families, and religious convictions are in accord with those of the world where they themselves move, and thus, many elements encountered in the more promiscuous social habits of American life, and which add to the risks of matrimony, are avoided.

Our habit of sending both girls and boys to boarding-school disrupts the ties of childhood and diminishes family affection which is the best incentive to good conduct. The closest ties, formed in school and college, bring young people in contact with "best friends" totally unknown to fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, in cities where perhaps their parents have never set foot, and among the comparisons which may be drawn between France and the United States I find advantage in the former where the family still remains as the principal unit of social life in every class. It is typical of the new order that by general consent, at the instigation of the press, an institution called Mother's Day was established with a view toward persuading the American child to remember his or her mother once in the course of a year. This is no joke, but to my humble opinion an alarming sign of the times, and I view it as a hopeful indication that, to the average French son, every day is Mother's Day without an intervention on the part of the press; even fathers are affectionately remembered by their offspring in France, and I have just learned that Father's Day has lately been added to the American calendar. Many a foolish marriage might be avoided if parental approbation were a more important factor when American children decide to marry and I believe that if family life were made more homelike in the old sense, sons and daughters would not be so impatient to leap into a new home of their own even with the wrong person. "After all, Mary is not marrying John's family but John himself; it's their business" is an oft-heard phrase supposed to represent

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a fine, independent spirit whereas it only indicates disregard for the essential decencies of social existence. No marriage can be independent of the intimate circle from which husband or wife originally sprang and no individual can free himself entirely from the influences which shaped his surroundings. If a man dislikes his wife's relations so much that he hopes to be quit of them forever, I believe he cannot continue to be fond of his wife very long.

If in the case of marriage, where so few people old or young apply the rules of reason, a reasonable rule could be laid down it might be this: Never marry a person when you do not either like or respect any member of his or her family. And I also believe that any fair-minded judge, in striking a balance between the two systems, might conclude that the French theory, based on good sense, sound logic and practical equity, may not require so many apologies as are made for it.

## CHAPTER XII

### IMPRESSIONS OF FRENCH LAW

IT is so customary in America to consider and declare that our legal system is infinitely better than all others that many points where the difference in French jurisprudence is an improvement over ours are passed over and ignored.

The frequently heard statement that a French court "considers a man guilty if he cannot prove himself innocent" is a misconception or primary ignorance of the law which allows a first offense to go unpunished and which is called the *Loi Béranger*. This indulgence prevents many a foolish youth, who may have nothing more on his record than a spree, an isolated act of violence or a petty theft, from imprisonment; it considers that many men who break the law are not criminals and that all should be given at least one chance of reform before punishment.

It follows naturally that when an accused man, who has already benefited by the first-offense impunity, is summoned to answer a grave charge, there is a strong presumption that he is guilty of something. He is already known as a potential criminal so he must defend himself against the specific charge for which he is indicted, which is what we term "being obliged to prove his innocence"; there is, however, a distinction and a difference in the French application.

There is also an excellent organization in France called the *Tribunal de Paix* which is constituted to lighten the regular courts of a mass of litigation that may easily be settled in one brief hearing. This preliminary stage is like a vestibule which may or may not give access to a real trial.

The costs are nominal and the judge having listened to both sides of the argument, it is generally easy to see whether it is worth while to proceed further when he has given his decision that there is no legitimate ground of complaint.

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I had my own personal experience with this tribunal and it contained so many comic elements and forms such an excellent example of an American mentality in first contact with foreign litigation, that I shall tell my adventure now, though it happened several years after my marriage.

I was alone in Paris, after an interrupted vacation, my husband having been summoned to represent the Minister of War at the centennial celebration of Mexican independence, and as it was the summer holiday season none of the Chambrun connections nor any influential friends were in town when the law set its clutches upon me, so I had to grapple to the best of my ability with my practically unknown adversary and a tribunal that I had every reason to suppose hostile.

The direct cause was a well-meant attempt to secure a French cook to take back to Washington. I had already interviewed one whom I had about decided to engage, when I received the visit of another whose name I shall never forget. It was Jean Pigeat. He was a young person to whom the term of "smart-alec" would have applied fitly, and I was not then sufficiently accustomed to seeing people of his kind, to recognize that the French term for him would have been "chenapan" or "professional rogue," one who makes his living out of a trade without ever practising it. We had but a short conversation concerning his culinary aptitudes and previous places. I told him that in case I engaged him, it would be for the following week; that I could not decide until after having verified his references, but would let him know at once at the address he indicated. As a matter of fact, this was only a polite method of getting rid of him, for the impression he made had not been favorable. That very evening I sat down and wrote what is called a "petit bleu," a form of rapid special delivery letter or telegram currently utilized in Paris, informing Jean Pigeat that I would not require his services. Two days later, I received from the Tribunal of the Justice of Peace, rue de Grenelle, a summons to appear and defend myself against the allegations of one Jean Pigeat, who was bringing suit against me for breach of contract, grave damage to his reputation, and material loss entailed in the purchase of luggage for his trip to

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America. I confess that I was filled with consternation, not so much that I feared a judgment against me, although I had been assured that people of social standing rarely win against the so-called "weak and feeble," but mainly because I did not see how I could get away the following week if plunged into the intricacies of a Parisian lawsuit. Nobody to consult, it was Saturday. What could I do to hasten the proceedings? The reader may consider that, as the descendant of a long line of lawyers and magistrates, my procedure was most unethical if not absolutely immoral. I went at once to the tribunal, which was shut, and talked to the concierge who, in Paris, is never shut. After some hesitation he decided to sympathize with me on hearing that my only desire was to have my affair judged as soon as possible in order not to be prevented from sailing, and he consented to give me the judge's personal address. After two vain attempts to find the magistrate, I was assured by his "bonne" that, if I came just before dinner, I might have the advantage of a short interview.

I began by explaining that although I had no desire to prejudice the court in my favor, nor any intention of speaking about the case itself, I did wish to request great expedition in the settlement of it as it was necessary for me to return at once to my husband's post. The judge said that, of course, any preliminary hearing would be out of the question, and in the same breath requested me to make a clear and succinct statement. This I did, and apparently made a good impression.

"What a pity," said he, "that you cannot come into court yourself."

"But I have every intention of coming myself!" I remarked innocently. "What else could I do, being personally summoned?"

He smiled at my ignorance and explained that it was usual in such cases to be represented by a lawyer, but observed that if I did appear, or would consent to answer the summons of Jean Pigeat, there would be a much better chance of dismissing the case within twenty-four hours.

Accordingly I appeared on Tuesday, at ten in the morning, and was introduced into a hall with benches where about four-

teen people were already seated, and in spite of anxiety, found it most amusing to hear the cases summoned. There were three couples asking for preliminaries of divorce, which are not accorded until the "Juge de paix" has endeavored to persuade them to change their minds. This is called "tentative reconciliation." The first couple were accompanied by their lawyers and, until they passed into the judge's cabinet, were casting absolutely furious glances at each other. They remained only a few minutes with the magistrate, and returned apparently unreconciled, but the next couple who went in hostile came out metaphorically weeping on each other's shoulders. The "tentative reconciliation" had been successful, at least until next time. Then there were called "Durand *versus* Duval," "Gilet *versus* Vernet," and finally "Pigeat *versus* Chambrun." My adversary, who was lurking in a dark corner, leapt forward and went into the judge's cabinet. I followed at a discreet pace.

Under his official manner and ferocious frown I hardly recognized my friend the judge who had appeared so friendly two days before. He read the "réquisitoire" "Pigeat *versus* Chambrun" and invited the parties to rise. We arose.

"Which of you," inquired the judge severely, "is M. Jean Pigeat?"

"C'est moi!" responded my adversary aggressively.

The judge hardly raised his eyes, and continued the official interrogation.

"And which," he inquired solemnly, "is Madame la Comtesse de Chambrun?"

The demon of laughter so nearly got me that I felt for a moment my case was lost. Summoning all my self-control I modestly responded:

"C'est moi."

A great transformation suddenly came over the judge. He almost bounced up with well-simulated surprise.

"What!" he exclaimed, "it is surely not Madame la Comtesse en personne?"

I replied that verily it was myself and no other, and stated, at his request, the date and place of my birth, the names of my

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parents, and all those things which, though seemingly irrelevant, are considered essential in every matter and are called: "Les interrogations d'usage sur l'identité."

When this was got through with, Jean Pigeat was requested very politely to state his claim, which he did very smoothly, alleging I had given him every reason to suppose that he was engaged as cook, for I had instructed him to buy all necessary baggage and be ready to accompany me on my voyage. The judge eyed me with extreme severity and inquired if this were true. I responded that certainly we had had a preliminary talk, that at the beginning I had even stated the wages I expected to give, but that no formal engagement had been entered into, that I had stated clearly I would make no decision before verifying his references, and that my impression had been unfavorable . . ."

"Stop!" said the judge, rising in his wrath, "you have no right to make any statement prejudicial to the other party, which has no bearing upon the case."

Jean Pigeat visibly triumphed at this and repeated that I had made absolute promise to engage him.

"In writing, naturally?" inquired the judge.

"No, verbal, but *definite*."

"Madame, what have you to say to that?" inquired the magistrate.

"I deny it, absolutely."

Turning to Jean Pigeat, the judge continued:

"Of course, no verbal accord is regular unless a certain amount of earnest money is given. Madame naturally offered you a certain sum to defray the preliminary expenses of your engagement."

"No," returned my adversary, rather crestfallen, "but the promise was formal."

Once more, and with the same severe aspect, the judge inquired what I had to say, and listened with apparent scepticism to my denial. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, he was transformed. Rising in his wrath, he almost annihilated my adversary.

"I will tell you what you are, Jean Pigeat. A fraud and a



blackmailer. You have had the audacity to come here without any case. Your so-called engagement is nothing but a preliminary conversation. An engagement must be written or, if verbal, accompanied by a money deposit. Too many fellows of your sort come here and try to impose on justice. Get out, get out quickly! And don't let me ever see your face here again, or it will be the worse for you! The costs of the case to be paid by Jean Pigeat."

It was over, and if Jean Pigeat was the poorer by two francs and seventy-five centimes, representing the cost of the stamp for my summons, and another for the registration of the case, I was much the richer by an experience of the practical working of justice which I would have been sorry indeed to miss.

No one can be successful all the time and as a companion piece to this first triumphant brush with the justice of the land, it is only fair to record another adventure where I did not come off with quite such flying colors. However, it may be noted that it happened at Marseilles, which, as every one knows, is as different from the rest of France as the center of the Cumberland vendettas is from New England.

It occurred a dozen years later, even after the war was over, when I was on the way with family and servants to join my husband in Morocco where he had preceded us, having been, on his return from a year's professorship at the American War College, appointed to command the artillery in Rabat under Marshal Lyautey's orders.

Curiously enough, he had written to me to say "Don't forget that, like Liverpool, San Francisco and Alexandria, Marseilles is a port with a questionable floating population, so beware of pickpockets." I did not take this humorous tip more seriously than it was given and I hardly thought that I should myself be suspected by the Police Commissariat of having stolen my own goods. This is how it happened.

After seeing that my bags were shut and that the servants had gone to lunch, I myself went downstairs to pay my bill and order the hotel omnibus to take us with bag and baggage to the boat. Then, by way of killing time, I decided to write a letter downstairs and, having my small Japanese dog under my

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arm, it occurred to me that it would be more convenient to leave him in my room instead of holding him on leash while I was writing; so upstairs I went and was just about to take out my key, when I noticed that the door was ajar. I pushed it open, only to see a man kneeling on the floor in front of an open dress-suit case. It must be my own faithful André returned either to strap the bags or look for something in one of them, thought I.

"Pardon me, madame, the office sent me up to ask whether you were keeping your rooms this evening," said the stranger with perfect aplomb; and before I had time to reach him he had pushed me violently aside and made for the door.

I hastily flung my poor dog on the bed and "lit out" after my thief who was running down the long corridor, pocketing, as he went, a series of small objects which I afterwards discovered were tied to a string and slipped down his trouser leg. In those days I was a good sprinter and at an advantage, as he was looking to right and left for a chance to dodge. Just as he neared the staircase, I collared him. A brief struggle ensued. However, he jerked himself free of my grip and literally slid downstairs. There were four flights. I realized that the only thing to do was to have him stopped at the bottom, so I called out in a loud voice to the porter:

"Arrest the thief who is trying to escape . . ."

My accents were evidently imperious and convincing for, two floors below, a porter and valet laid hands on my man and held him till I came, with the explanation that I had found him delving into my baggage. He immediately retorted:

"This woman is crazy. I have never been in her room. I am a guest myself, in No. 317, and you would do well not to molest me."

It is never difficult to make a Frenchman believe that a foreign female is crazy. The porter began to reason, and in doing so let go his grip, and off darted the thief. I shall never forget the foolish faces of the two hotel servants, who had been arguing that he was an honored guest, when his flight gave the lie to this assertion.

By the time I got down to the first floor, not only had the

man been stopped in the lobby but every person, I believe, in the hotel and the adjacent street had come in to see the fun, which must indeed have been highly comic, all the more so that a steamer from the Orient had just disembarked a large group of Chinese merchants and they were eager to miss nothing.

A policeman had been summoned and he and the manager had one sole idea, which was to convince the bystanders and myself that it was an exceedingly grave thing to accuse a guest of the hotel of larceny.

I said: "Look on your register and see if he has a room."

He had not, but this seemed to turn public sentiment against me all the more.

"That lady is much too self-possessed," said a bystander, and another remarked in the vernacular of Marseilles:

"I take no stock in people of her sort; why, she's not excited at all, and besides she has an accent."

Of course, I realized that not to be excited was a terrible black mark against me. However, I can't help being rather cool in an emergency, so I continued my accusation. The policeman intervened.

"If you make a complaint, you must state precisely what objects have been stolen."

I answered: "Look in his pocket and see."

"Not at all," responded the officer of the law, "I have no right to search him unless you can specify what you accuse him of stealing."

I answered with some irony, that if I had remained to investigate my losses he would never have been caught at all. . . . But both policeman and hotel proprietor absolutely refused to lift a finger without a list of stolen goods.

I said that if they would promise to hold him I would go upstairs and see what was missing. This did not take long, as I never possessed any large quantity of jewellery; but the four small leather cases which had been opened and cast aside showed plainly enough what he had taken. I gathered them up and was downstairs again in less time than it takes to tell it.

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My thief was haranguing the multitude and evidently had made an excellent impression, so that when I exhibited my empty boxes and declared that he had in his possession one ruby and diamond ring, one enamel watch and brooch, a string of Baroque pearls and some other trifles, he had made the popular appeal which always succeeds, that it is right and laudable to rob the rich, and that property is morally inexistent.

Meanwhile, not without much difficulty, I persuaded the policeman to search the man's pockets, the result of which was that a large package of stocks and bonds was disclosed, and on the long cord which hung down his leg were knotted my engagement ring, the string of pearls, the watch and brooch, and divers other small objects to which I could lay no claim. I showed the proprietor the places in the jewel boxes into which each article fitted and declared myself satisfied that no possession of mine was missing. The next article on his string was a diamond pin.

"Is that yours?" inquired the policeman.

"No," exclaimed the thief, "it isn't hers; it's mine."

Then, alas, I made one of the greatest mistakes of my life. I couldn't help it, irony is my pet vice.

"How can it be yours, since, by your own avowal, no one has any right to personal property?"

This finished me. I was judged by policeman, bystanders and proprietor, and marched off to the "commissariat" as a person far more under suspicion than the thief. By this time the servants had appeared on the scene, but that did no good, merely adding to the blackness of the case against me. Either we were all thieves, or, if they were my servants, why should any one have servants? Are not all men born free and equal?

I told them to get the baggage into the hotel omnibus and await my arrival. We made quite a procession through the street and were very badly received at the "commissariat." However, the thief produced an even worse impression, for in making another attempt to escape he banged the policeman's nose!

I was closely interrogated for half an hour. It was easy to see that the official was marking time while some one tele-

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phoned to Paris to inquire whether such people as the Chambruns really existed, and possessed a local habitation.

In those days inter-city telephonic communication was a long and weary matter; and while contact was being established something was whispered into the ear of the high official and he became more human, and this was the funniest part of the whole affair; he was very peevish with me for not laying claim to all the small articles, stocks and bonds which had been found in the thief's pocket.

One thing more was discovered, a large and efficient razor which turned public sympathy back to me.

"Pauvre Madame!" exclaimed the commissaire who, with vivid Southern imagination, beheld me lying in my gore with gashed throat on the hotel stairs. "What courage to have stopped the rascal, he might have killed you!"

By this time Paris had reassured Marseilles as to my identity and good repute, so the representative of law and order abandoned his official manner for a new attitude of active helpfulness. The telephone was again put into requisition in order to hold the boat until we could get there; the same policeman who had treated me with severity gave a hand to hoist the luggage on the hotel omnibus, and did all he could to pacify the travellers, who were loudly protesting against a delay which threatened to make them miss the steamer.

So all ended happily, as adventures of the sort generally do in France where the resilient nature of the inhabitants makes them capable of leaping as far on one side as they have been on the other, and where a well-worded apology effaces all sense of grievance. Even my declared enemies of the omnibus, like the hostile policeman, had become friendly before the wharf was reached.

But this long recital has made us wander far from the starting point, to which we must return for a moment in order briefly to sum up our life in the tiny house with queer battlements, balconies and bay windows which still stands at the corner of the Rue de Varenne and the Boulevard des Invalides and bears the number 98. One of the most difficult addresses, by the way, for an American tongue to make a Parisian cab-

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man understand. *Quatre-vingt-dix-huit Rue de Varenne*, try repeating it fast two or three times, as the cabman is accustomed to make the victim do, and see where he lands you!

We loved our small home dearly and the house needs no bronze plaque to make it stand forever in my memory.

There on the 5th of January, 1901, our daughter Suzanne was born and received the name of her beloved grandmother who, with Commandant Reibell, stood sponsor at her baptism. For twenty years the radiant sunshine of her disposition made dark places light, her grace, wit, and talent lent joy to ordinary existence, just as her generous sympathy and high courage attenuated the sufferings and anxieties of war-time. Her keen intuition and critical sense gave her a clear, sound judgment which is so rarely found among the young; it seemed that she had made her own all the best qualities of the races and the families from which she sprang. So that no one thought of questioning from which side her endowments came but accepted them as a gift from the high gods without remembering that such grace as hers is lent only to those whom the gods love too well.

She had made us quite forget that a boy was what we wanted, until August 23, 1907, when our only son René Aldebert joined the family.

Meantime the two first sorrows that my husband and I met and faced together came with the death of Aldebert's mother, and again with that of Pierre de Brazza—who, though he was not even a brother-in-law to me, had the place of a real brother in both our hearts. His heroic career was crowned with the successful accomplishment of a perilous mission upon which his devoted wife accompanied him, in the interests of the colony which he had saved without bloodshed from the greed of Stanley and the cruelty and misrule of the Congo Free State.

These experiences had made us sadder, as well as wiser, when the first phase of our life in France was brought suddenly to a close by the summons to enter upon a new sphere of military and social activity.

## CHAPTER XIII

### A FOREIGNER IN WASHINGTON

WHEN we had been married a little more than nine years my husband was sent as military attaché to the French Embassy at Washington and also accredited to the Legation in Mexico, for Europe considers that these cities, being on the same continent, ought to be near enough for the officer appointed to one to keep easily in touch with the other; so, like his English, Russian, and German colleagues, he might look forward to spending two months out of the twelve over the Texas border.

Our arrival coincided with a period which always upsets social and national life at the capital, that is when the new President, duly elected in November, has not yet taken over his official functions and is not expected to do so until March 4 following. This creates a delicate situation and in the present case the atmosphere was unusually perturbed although the reins of government were being amicably passed from the hands of the outgoing Republican President to a fellow Republican, member of his own cabinet, Minister of War and ex-Governor of the Philippines. When one friend thus succeeds another, and both have been active in setting on foot certain national policies, the public at large may well imagine that a fine period of harmony is about to be established. Surely the country should benefit from the continuity of effort which is necessarily broken when a new Party comes in after election.

As a matter of fact, however, serenity did not reign. Certain employees of the former administration, from cabinet officers to White House aides, failed to discover the proper formula with which to speed the parting and welcome the coming guest. Even those whose relations had been purely social showed anxiety lest access to the executive mansion should be more restricted than under the Roosevelts, and gossip was rife as to who might hope to remain persona grata and

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who might expect to appear with dimmed lustre, or perhaps not at all.

Such was the personality of Theodore Roosevelt that he excited extravagant enthusiasm among his partisans, and extravagance of any kind leads to injustice. The successor who in the slightest detail showed a different conception of how the Presidency should be exercised was certain to be considered wrong; Roosevelt's way was the one way, outside of it was the path to discontent, so that William H. Taft, calm, learned, judicial, and judicious, whose traditions resembled those of America's great Presidents, appeared flat and uninteresting in comparison with the dynamic energy of the Rough Rider.

No one dared as yet to voice the idea that perhaps Mr. Taft was only there to keep the place warm till the master returned, but it lay dormant in the minds of at least two members of his cabinet, and this was not calculated to oil the wheels of the executive machine, neither did it help in society where a large element was ever on the watch with unfavorable comment and comparison.

How dared Nellie Taft order new curtains for the Blue Room? Weren't Edith's good enough for her? This, quite oblivious of the fact that the curtains are renewed automatically with each administration. What an idea to have a string quartet at the first musicale; at Mrs. Roosevelt's last reception, the selection had been vocal, and so forth, and so on; every one seemed to have an opinion in the matter, and already the Washington world was grouped into camps: one which hoped for the best from the Tafts, the other which consistently belittled them.

In old days, residents of the capital who thought highly of their status did not frequent the executive mansion or the political life. Under the régime of Harrison and of McKinley, the White House held scarcely more social prestige than the Elysée does in Paris, but a new order was inaugurated with the coming of Theodore Roosevelt, whose immense cordiality, joined to his wife's quiet ways and his daughter's brilliant social gifts, made a complete change, so that, from the time of their entrance under the majestic portico, the ex-



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ecutive mansion became the center of the Washington world, as it had been during Cleveland's second term, and long may it continue the hospitable tradition which makes the President's house the center of national life, as it was in the beginning.

The political element introduced by this mixture of government with fashionable mundanity caused the season to take on new attraction for people who were fond of dining out and who had more or less exhausted the resources of their home towns, and a group of notable women, whose husbands had held permanent posts in Senate or cabinet, continued to live on almost as a matter of course in this city which exercises so powerful an attraction for those of riper years. Mrs. John Hay, Mrs. Mark Hanna, Mrs. Marshall Field were established on Sixteenth Street; Mrs. Robert McCormick, Mrs. Paterson, and Countess Gizycka reigned with Mrs. L. J. Leiter on Dupont Circle, and Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Wetmore, and Mrs. Hope Slater figured among the unflagging patronesses of habitual diners-out among chosen members of the Supreme Court, the Senate and foreign embassies, who all felt a sense of personal loss when President Roosevelt went out of office.

I missed a large portion of this tense period. Our furniture had not arrived nor was there any immediate prospect of that event. Accordingly, after a few days at the Shoreham during which time we selected a small red-brick house belonging to John O'Donnell and entered into negotiations for rent, I took the children to Rookwood, where we spent January and February with their beloved grandmother, and my husband looked in for short holiday periods.

By one of the curious paradoxes so frequent in our existence, it became evident, when we were finally established on Sixteenth Street, that it was the foreigner who felt at home in Washington. He first saw the light on M Street, was educated on the corner of Seventeenth, and each square and circle had some reminiscence of his childhood; constantly, too, in the various departments with which he had to deal, he kept running into former comrades from the Collieres school, and quantities of cave-dwellers, who had been devoted to his parents and to Pierre and Thérèse, adopted him quite as a native product.

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I, on the contrary, felt rather outlandish in this new milieu which comprises the largest diplomatic corps in the world, especially when most of our colleagues, on presentation to the wife of the new military attaché, began addressing me in French or congratulated me upon having learned such excellent English.

However, I was by no means alone in appearing officially as a foreigner in my native country. The Danish, Spanish, and Greek ministers had American wives, Madame Bernsdorf had been born and educated in France before marrying a German diplomat, and Madame Jusserand herself, though related to many leading families of Massachusetts, set foot on American soil for the first time when she arrived to fill an official post and make her way into the hearts of her countrymen and women as wife to the French Ambassador.

We were fortunate in finding at the post of French representative in Washington a man whose natural wit and brilliancy joined to remarkable scholarly aptitude brought him the respect of our best elements among men of learning and letters. For many years he had held a distinguished place in what was jestingly called "President Roosevelt's tennis cabinet," but this rather provoked jealousy among less favored rivals and roused the suspicious susceptibilities of the jingo elements in the press. His studious tastes led him to spend more time at his desk than in the world.

M. Jusserand was incapable of courting popularity and had the shyness of a savant in dealing with newspapermen. His intellectual superiority caused him to dwell at a certain distance from journalistic fever, and, at the period of which I write, he was far from having encountered the sympathetic understanding which came to him in full measure toward the close of his long career of twenty-two years. His wife, too, was more addicted to quiet than to the hurly-burly of a Washington winter.

The perfect domestic union existing between them almost discountenanced society, which is fond of discovering what it expects to find rather than of reversing preconceived opinions which have become stereotyped. Often it seemed that such complete harmony in a Franco-American marriage cheated ob-

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servers out of sensations which they felt authorized to expect.

The yellow press at that time was full of certain "ghost-written" memoirs which confirmed a carefully fostered impression that a Frenchman who seeks an American wife does so with the declared intention of "spending good hard-earned American dollars" and treating his consort with contemptuous neglect, so that for any American girl to marry in France was to court disaster.

No one stopped to consider that the case under discussion was presented with a voluntary bias, or that it may occasionally happen, when an international alliance goes to pieces, that the American party is the worser half.

The Ambassador was inimitable in his ironical treatment of this well-aired scandal but nothing that he or any one else could say availed to change the current of public opinion any more than when the Dreyfus case was the subject of discussion; under such circumstances and with such forces marshalled against common sense, truth plays but a sorry rôle!

At the Embassy all went harmoniously. The naval and military attachés do not form a component part of the staff like the rest, but are under the direct orders of their respective ministers of War and Marine. Therefore, though as a matter of etiquette the Ambassador takes cognizance of their reports he cannot alter or suppress anything which they may think fit to address to the government. Apropos of this I remember how we laughed one day when the Ambassador appeared with a sample of my typewriting in his hand—for I had begun to exercise myself in that direction—and after a preamble explained that he had no right to criticize or alter the military attaché's document but that nevertheless, at the risk of seeming indiscreet, he advised not to put two *d*-s in the word "address" when writing French. This form of ironical humor was highly characteristic and made work with him rich in unexpected elements.

He was kind enough to claim the right to peep at what I wrote in English, which gave me the advantage of excellent criticism later on, for it is hardly necessary to recall here that he was an eminent Elizabethan scholar, and I had every reason

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to be pleased by the title under which he was fond of introducing me as his "co-Stratfordian."

Newcomers are always told that it is impossible to get lost in Washington on account of the excellence and clearness of the plan. Parallel streets running east and west are indicated alphabetically, those running north and south are numbered and each block is supposed to have one hundred houses: so, given a street and a number, no need to take a guide . . . there you are!

For my part, I generally found that I was not *there* at all but after profound calculation and miles of weary footing, I would come out at most unexpected points in the great cobweb, thoroughly confused by the avenues which cut in on the parallelogram of streets in such a way as to decoy the wayfarer along a tangent and upset all theories as to letters and numbers.

There seems to be an obscure connection between the physical geography of the capital as designed by Major L'Enfant and the constitution of the various groups, sets and circles which diversify society and make each official function or formal dinner party a new and interesting problem.

Trouble inevitably begins if certain combinations are thrown together.

The prudent hostess avoids inviting too many sorts to the same dinner lest she run up against that Washington bugbear: a mistake in precedence. For who can tell, when the Chief Justice, a Foreign Ambassador or the President of the Senate are asked to sit down at the same table, which should be placed at the hostess's right hand? It is true that those who are in doubt as to how they should seat their guests are advised to inquire from the State Department what rule governs their special case. But in spite of this easy and irresponsible way out of the difficulty I cannot say that during my long sojourn I noticed that every one was willing to acknowledge and accept the infallibility of the department.

Wheels turn within wheels, circles spin round other circles, occasionally sending off particles which get lost in space or at times are caught in the whirl of an alien body and are sucked

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in and absorbed. Axes are constantly being ground, from Dupont Circle to Farragut Square and from Lafayette Square back to Sheridan Circle, or Scott, or Thomas or McClellan, as the case may be.

The term "circle" has come to take on new meaning in Washington where it is so constantly repeated. I once inquired of a magnificent Negro with the traditional manners of the old school if he could recommend a good chore man and received this illuminating answer:

"Law Miss! it's a mighty hard thing to find a good darkey nowadays, dese heah free niggers doan move in de same circles as we Virginia colored folk — no sort of quality 'bout dem — deed I certainly do believe dey *doan move in circles at all.*"

Although technically we belonged to the "Diplomatic Set" and geographically to that of Scott Circle, where our close proximity to the Wickershams and Justice Hughes brought me the frequent pleasure of walking downtown with one or the other, we "moved in circles" of such divers sorts that it sometimes made my head whirl, between the old set and the young set, dowagers and débutantes, Japs and Pan-Americans, those who played poker, bridge, and golf, senators, congressmen, cabinet members and Supreme Court justices, ambassadors, and ministers.

Thomas Circle was a domain given over to the Reich and probably this area would have remained to me unknown ground had it not been that near the German Embassy stood a square old-fashioned brick house which had belonged to one of the judges who condemned Mrs. Suratt to hang as an accomplice in Lincoln's assassination and which was supposed still to lie under the shadow of her dying curse. Here my husband took part in many a fiercely contested game of chess while I pow-wow'd across the way with Ulrica Pierce, Admiral Dahlgren's daughter, who always remained devoted to the Chambrun family and did her best to make me feel at home among her fellow cave-dwellers.

Our identity, vaguely established among diplomatic colleagues at the start, was better defined in other spheres. For there was my brother Nick, and Alice my brilliant sister-in-law,

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who, although they did not see many foreigners, made a notable exception in our favor. Then, besides relatives like Larz and Isabel Anderson, Elsie and Philip McMillan, a certain number of old friends from the North Shore brought us into more familiar touch with the Washington world: the Massachusetts Congressman Augustus Peabody Gardiner and his wife Constance, Senator Lodge's daughter Mabel Boardman and her sisters Florence and Josephine, respectively married to Senator Crane and Frederick H. Keep, and numberless other acquaintances who became friends during our sojourn.

An important center which amalgamates various worlds is the Metropolitan Club. A few well-chosen senators and congressmen, a limited number of diplomatists and a selection of officers from Army and Navy, besides representatives of the smart set, there discuss, criticize, and lay down the social law.

The chief political stamping ground is the New Willard where the professional lobbyist foregathers with the homeless congressman and where journalists flock in great numbers. The passer-by in the great vestibule receives a distinct impression during the crowded hours that a great deal of history—both true and false—may be seen in the making.

Straws show which way the wind is blowing and when the whole American wheat-field bends its stalks consistently to air currents from abroad, the observer who is forewarned by experience, prejudice or intuition, as the case may be, is apt to detect what is the storm center. I carried my special inhibitions from Cincinnati to Paris and back again to Washington and I decided in a very short time what power was pulling the strings that made my compatriots behave so peculiarly. Twice already like a poor little David foredoomed to failure I had slung a few pebbles against the giant and felt convinced that Goliath's headquarters were now on Thomas Circle.

The relative treatment of Reich and Republic in the newspapers was exemplified in their attitude towards the respective envoys of each. The one seldom took a step without having the full honors of first-page publicity. When he talked to German bowlers, brewers, or musicians, in Chicago, Milwaukee, or St. Louis, columns of laudatory comment were consecrated

to this "beau geste" throughout the entire land, whereas the only time I remember seeing really fine headlines concerning our chief, the caption read: FRENCH AMBASSADOR STEALS A DOG. It was followed by an inane account of how, having rescued a stray puppy from the carriage wheels, M. Jusserand had laid himself open to an accusation of larceny. When he lectured at Yale, Columbia, or Harvard on subjects of historical and literary importance, a small fourth-page paragraph in a local paper sufficed for the occasion.

The same atmosphere sometimes permeated official centers and led a high dignitary, under the impression that he was giving me a personal compliment, to inquire how "such an unusually intelligent woman had managed to live eight years among 'those fool French.'"

I do not know why America has fallen away from the traditions of courtesy and consideration observed by our fathers unless this new development may be attributed to the immense influx of immigration which, since the sixties, has submerged our early practices and imposed a dictatorial and overbearing demeanor upon farmer, teacher, workman, and official down to the school children themselves.

But if complacency is a prominent English trait, a spirit of aggressiveness, both personal and national, characterizes our American citizens. When we stay at home we pat ourselves on the back for so doing, "America is plenty good enough for me!"; when we go abroad, it is with chip on shoulder, ready to display and proclaim superiority in almost every branch of human endeavor, forgetful of the fact that our boasted sense of humor is not better established thereby and that any claim to manners necessarily goes by the board.

I am tempted to recall one of the little comedies which illustrate this spirit.

We were guests at a formal dinner, given, if I remember rightly, in honor of a visiting polo team, where my right-hand neighbor bore the name of a Highland clan which we may, for convenience, call MacDonald. I had been so much steeped in the history of North Britain as a child, that I knew perhaps more about some of his ancestors than he did, and that was

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what brought up a very burning subject and kept us on it throughout the entire meal. He was quite devoid of inferiority complex and, without paying any compliment to myself, I may say that I gave him, up to the end, a perfectly delightful time, that of showing off to what he considered his very best advantage, a thing to which, I believe, few are indifferent. He told me a great deal about himself and his wonderful aptitude for correct and instantaneous psychology. He had not caught my name and did not wish to know it, for this enabled him the better to exhibit his wonderful gift for placing every one at first sight in his natural surroundings by the mystic power of intuitive perception.

I remembered how Scott in his *Border Minstrelsy* had drawn a portrait of the islanders to whom the gift of second sight was accorded from time immemorial.

For there 'tis said, in Mystic mood  
High converse with the dead they hold  
And oft espy the fatal shroud  
Which will the future corpse enfold.

So I inquired if he were not one of the MacDonalds of the isles and not the mainland. Great was his joy thereat. It was not often, even in New York, that he encountered at a dinner party a person capable of appreciating what it was to be a *MacDonald of Sleat*.

Yes, indeed, he had often been able to detect which of his friends was marked for sudden or violent death, and had not failed to warn them, but it did no good. . . . He took a wholesome satisfaction in utilizing his great gift of psychology and thought-transference, in the better comprehension of his surroundings. He was all on his mettle to give me a demonstration of his aptitude at divination, the antennæ which poked down into the very soul and heart of his interlocutor. He became personal about mine and I wickedly led him on, with a duplicity that I do not often succeed in putting over. It was one of my first really successful essays in comedy.

He asked me whether I was married, to which I responded



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that he ought to know. This started him off. He told me that, of course, he knew at once by a subtle expression on my countenance that I was extremely happily married, that I was, in fact, the only person out of the sixteen or so women then present who had at all realized her ideals in life. This, according to him, "stuck out," so to speak, all over me, and made him particularly interested in seeing which among the gentlemen present had been able so fully to satisfy my soulful aspirations. The response to this was easy. If my inner psychology was so clear to him, he ought to have no difficulty in selecting out of the sixteen men around the table (fifteen if he left himself out), the husband of my choice.

He glanced round the table.

"I can eliminate Mr. Longworth, too," he said wisely, "for I met his wife before dinner, but all the others are entire strangers to me. However, the field will not be too large, for we may begin by scratching out all the diplomats."

"Why are you so decided on that point?" I enquired.

He gave me another soul-searching glance.

"You," said he, "are not the kind who could marry any of those damned foreigners."

"Well," I said, "leave out the German Ambassador, and the Spanish Minister. I will concede those, but . . ."

He thrust aside my "but" and continued round the table, passing lightly over every one, my husband included, until he arrived at Mr. Chanler Anderson, whom he at once spotted as his prey and incidentally, of course, as mine. He proceeded to pronounce an encomium upon his attributes, visible and invisible, said that to any one with his insight it was evident that no case of more complete affinity could be imagined than that existing between us, for my character and tastes perfectly fitted with those of the husband of his choice, and concluded:

"You will not deny that I am right."

I responded that I neither affirmed nor denied anything, but asked him to continue his survey round the table and designate some one who might at least be worth a passing flirtation.

"How about the one sitting next to the lady in blue?"

A look of intense disgust spread over his features.

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"Why, he's a joke! He's one of those damn dips. Why, I wouldn't be surprised if he were French."

Of course, after this, there was nothing to say except to continue the badinage as before, until, dinner being over, my neighbor went up to Mr. Chanler Anderson and told him that thanks to his wife he had spent a delightful evening. The face of Mr. Anderson was a study. Evidently, in spite of second sight, he did not recognize me as his soul-mate!

Besides all the elements which made the Washington world look very large and varied, we found ourselves on a footing of pleasant intimacy with the new inmates of the White House where, under ordinary circumstances, we would hardly have been invited except to those large state functions where all the world and his wife come to swell the throng.

But, as it was, many old ties both family and personal brought us often to the White House. Our Cincinnati associations dated back for generations and had always been particularly pleasant both with the Tafts and Herons. At the same time that Helen Heron married William Howard Taft, her elder sister Jane became our nearest Grandin Road neighbor, as the wife of Charles Anderson, one of my numerous cousins of that name. Her sister Maria, whose wit and personality gave her an exceptional position wherever she went, was equally the friend of my mother's generation and ours. Eleanor, who married Professor Louis More, was my exact contemporary at Madame Fredin's school and Lucy, although younger, through her frequent visits to the North Shore and our constant partnerships and rivalries on the golf links, had become equally close as a friend. All of these came frequently, turn by turn, to help Mrs. Taft in her difficult functions. Her brother Will, to whom I was sincerely attached and who possessed one of the most brilliant legal minds, was at the Department of Justice, so the family in itself was almost sufficient to make me feel at home in Washington, particularly as the President had taken a special fancy to my husband at the time of our marriage, called him his "laughing philosopher" and took satisfaction in pointing out that "Bertie," as he always called him,

was the only man living who consistently dared to say what other people hardly dared to think. Thus, being about equally matched on the links in a mixed foursome when the President played with his young sister-in-law Lucy Laughlin, it was natural that we should have been annexed to Mr. Taft's "Golf Cabinet."

Owing to the unusual number of intimate social contacts which by force of circumstances were established between us and the body politic, we found ourselves from the very start on an Observation Post equipped not only with exceptional facilities for obtaining a broad and comprehensive view of national and international happenings but often had special glasses focussed for peeps behind the scenes, through windows which opened equally on the military, diplomatic, governmental, judicial, Congressional, and social worlds, which are never so closely commingled in any capital as at Washington.

It so happened that our Ambassador, guided so much more by sentiment than by interest, never made an attempt to renew, with Mr. Taft's family, the ties of real intimacy that he had possessed with the preceding administration. He was so devoted to the former President that, as the rift between the outgoing and incoming executives became more visible to those who were, to a certain extent, behind the scenes, it probably seemed almost disloyal or indelicate to do more by way of personally ingratiating himself with the New Régime than was strictly in the line of his official duties.

This was not the case with other diplomatic colleagues who did everything to obtain an informal entrée which would give them the maximum amount of personal contact with the President's family, and nothing was more amusing than to see the efforts of those who desired to court the Tafts, and, at the same time, keep in well with the friends of the former administration in case there should be a real question of a third term for the President who had voluntarily quitted his high office, but who remained more than ever in the public eye.

Those who chose to consider that there was a strong probability of Mr. Roosevelt's return to political life when Mr. Taft's first term should be over, were careful to continue paying

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their court to the former President's brilliant daughter who had married my brother Nick; they would try to seek favor by talking down the actual administration but by so doing made a mistake, for Alice remained on excellent terms with her father's old friend. She had gone with him on the long voyage to the Philippines and China after which she and my brother became engaged. Nick, who had been a student in Judge Taft's class at the Cincinnati law school, was unswerving in his loyalty to the President, his professor, and did not believe for an instant that the political situation could ever be manœuvred in such a way as to persuade Mr. Roosevelt to go back upon his promise of not seeking a third term. But, as time passed, the idea that he would eventually do so penetrated deeper and deeper and the red electric runabout from Thomas Circle was seen less frequently in front of the White House and much more often standing parked for hours at a time, on Dupont Circle and M Street.

If I were writing a comedy about this period it would have to begin with a preface after the manner of Bernard Shaw, in which the philosopher would point out that, according to the ancients, beneficent Nature places an antidote in close proximity to the plant which contains a poison. The play would be entitled *The Butterfly and the Spider* and the action would show how whole months of secret spinning on Thomas Circle may be undone in an hour at the Metropolitan Club.

Not to carry the metaphor too far and as butterflies have no tongues to prattle, I will confess at once that the Butterfly was not an insect but a vain attaché whose self-conceit had been wounded by his chieftain's scorn and who, as the simplest way to "get even," openly proclaimed that the sentimental affair then setting all Washington in a ferment was "made to order" by a foreign government instead of having been inspired by an impulse of the heart.

The Butterfly repeated at the club amid a series of giggles that the key to the movements of the spider-runabout was contained in a cipher telegram from the Wilhelmstrasse, instructing the Reich envoy that if, according to his report, a Midwest newspaper was seriously contemplating launching a "third-

term boom" it was even more important to stand in well with the editorial family that owned the journal than with relatives of the President or of the ex-President. He even gave the words of the supposed despatch—as though no better joke could be found to tell of his chief than that his fancy's new trend like his former affairs of the heart was directed from the Wilhelmstrasse. Not everybody believed the young attaché's tale, but agreed "*se non é vero, é ben' trovato*," and laughed loud and long at the story of how the red runabout was not allowed to park in peace on Dupont Circle under Mrs. Leiter's portecochère. With grim humor that lady declared that she could not permit herself to take credit for polite attentions which were not actually addressed to her, so, when the conspicuous vehicle was left standing for hours in front of her door, she summoned her second and third men and instructed them to remove the red spider and place it carefully "where every one knew it belonged." In the same way, we heard about the instructions which had been received from Germany, before the owner of the car began dropping in *bei uns* and joined a New Year's supper party quite unexpectedly, although the "*beaux yeux*" of the hostess in this case could not account for his assiduity.

Fortunately I did not promise at the outset to give a detailed account of the social happenings of these four Washington winters. The subject has already been covered by at least three volumes from more competent pens, besides I have but an indistinct recollection of what I wore on either state or informal occasions, still less of other people's hats and gowns. I do remember the sensation created when a certain British military attaché came to dine on R Street and went on to the White House reception afterwards, in a natty kilt with an amethyst-studded dagger thrust into his sock. But my impressions must be confined, according to schedule, to those incidents which came under my direct observation and which, when they do not contain good elements of comedy, may serve as apt illustrations of how one national temperament may react on another.

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Even if I wished to go into details and make history this would be hard to do, for official business cut in on the Washington season three times and sent us off on "service commandé." Once when there was a menace of trouble on the border my husband spent six weeks at San Antonio with the troops. Again we joined a party to visit the Canal Zone, stopping at New Orleans on the way, and returned through Cuba and Florida.

We went to Mexico at a period when American prestige was so low at Chapultepec that my mother and I were seriously advised before leaving Washington to pass ourselves off as really French—an illustration of how quickly hostile currents are created under press provocation and political tension. Though we did nothing to conceal our identity, the fact of our being under the auspices of the French Minister and Madame Lefèvre brought us a very hospitable welcome even among the old Mexican families whom it is so difficult to approach. This was largely due also to the fact that one of our comrades at the Washington embassy had married in that inner circle and his parents-in-law were most hospitable and free with introductions among the magic circle of the Jockey Club.

Thanks to the Seegers, too, who had been old associates in Cincinnati, we were wonderfully guided among the picturesque sites which long residence there had made them know so well. They took us to the almost inaccessible and deserted Seminary of St. Martin at Tepozotlan, one of the finest examples of ecclesiastical architecture dating from 1580, a veritable museum of beautiful Talavera tiling, the best paintings of Miguel Cabrera, and heavily gilded and sculptured altar pieces, which make even the Rosario at Puebla look poor.

What we saw in Mexico has become a part of the distant past which cannot be called back any more than the days of Cortes. The government of Porfirio Diaz was then in its full splendor and the magnificent ruler and tyrant was a personality well worth having seen—even without approval. In looking back over the indescribable turmoil which followed his régime one is obliged to give praise to his magnificent abilities in founding a state where law and order had succeeded chaos. We were obliged to admire the perfect policing of

the streets where the passerby was at no time out of sight or sound of the patrol, where an appeal to authority for any wrong or grievance met with instantaneous redress and where the evil-doer was deftly eliminated, for although capital punishment did not exist, the rural guard was authorized to shoot any prisoner who attempted to escape — practically as effective as a death sentence.

It was most interesting to meet the great organizer of the Mexican state and be received by his wife whom I at once compared to Madame Casimir Périer and classed with her in a category apart as having just the combination of beauty, grace, and dignity which makes the ideal consort for king, prince, or president.

In speaking to my mother and myself she kept up the myth that we were French with much dexterity, for the son of the American Ambassador had been the victim of street aggression on the part of some young students and the Minister had just preceded our visit to the palace, with a complaint which was fully substantiated, and feeling on both sides ran very high.

All Mexicans are patriots where the foreigner is concerned, and it was easy to see, under the cordiality which the President showed my husband, the satisfaction of the man who, in 1854, had been the prisoner of the French expeditionary troops. In exhibiting an immense canvas which depicted his capture at that time and showed the youthful Porfirio mounted on a superb charger: "That is the way history is made," commented the President; "if I had been mounted like that your boys never would have caught me."

Dislike of everything savoring of foreign intervention causes the citizens readily to forget all they owe to Maximilian and Carlotta who discovered that Mexico possessed the natural setting for one of the most beautiful cities in the world and proceeded to create it as such, thanks to judicious parking, tree planting, the design of the Zocalo and Paseo de la Reforma and the creation of the Alameda and beautification of Chapultepec.

But if I were to begin to describe our Mexican sojourns with reminiscences of Guadalupe, Puebla, Orizaba, and the descent on Vera Cruz, if I were to tell how my husband saw

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Porfirio Diaz once more, in his grandeur at the great jubilee in honor of the anniversary of independence, and later as an unhappy exile; if I told of his reception by Madero and the tragic and bloody end of that mild idealist and reformer, my small book would run into many volumes which others are more qualified to write. The cobbler must stick to his last and I cannot escape from my own shadow and therefore must return to the events on which it was directly projected.



## CHAPTER XIV

### SHAKESPEARE AT THE CONGRESSIONAL

AMONG the various bridgers who came to our house, there was one who, by profession a lawyer, was by conviction a Baconian. He argued cleverly and, unlike many enemies of Shakespearean authorship, enjoyed a debate on the question and kept his temper while arguing. I may say the same of myself, whether you believe it or not.

During the intervals of the game and while waiting for the famous "fourth" who, as all bridgers know, never appears on time, we had long pow-wows over the great "question" and it occurred to me that it was presumptuous to go on debating when I knew only one side of the case. The Library of Congress supplied unequalled facilities for conscientious study of *Bacomiana*. In all sincerity I expected to find a far stronger case than appeared from the mass of documents, comparisons, and hypotheses. Although I am afraid I never convinced my opponent, I strengthened myself for all time with the armor of assurance. The Congressional collections are remarkably rich in ancient and rare volumes to which, until then, I never had access. I was enabled now to indulge the lifelong passion for Shakespeare which my grandfather had fostered and to follow up a clew which elucidates many so-called mysteries.

I have already explained how my taste for poetry and the drama was developed on the theory that children who care for the best in art and literature are less apt later to acquire a taste for what is common and ugly.

I can still hear the old gentleman reciting certain passages from *Romeo and Juliet* and remember interrupting him one day, after the scene where Mercutio, before his duel with Tybalt, employs several technical Italian fencing terms: "How did Shakespeare happen to know a foreign language?"—I inquired curiously.

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His answer satisfied me then and it does so still.

"What more natural than that Shakespeare's known intimacy with the Earl of Southampton led to his frequenting the company of Southampton's resident teacher, an eminent linguist who taught both French and Italian at Oxford and later came to live in London. It was undoubtedly Giovanni Florio who gave Shakespeare the rudiments of both these tongues, just as it was his large library of foreign books which furnished easy access to the peninsular authors of whom the English poet made use."

This explanation, which I never heard elsewhere, came back to me when reading Baconian and other arguments against Shakespearean authorship of the plays and poems and I began to wonder why the partisans of the traditional doctrine neglected such an important factor in the poet's culture. There is no mystery in Shakespeare's knowledge of Italy with Florio, so to speak, at his elbow.

In my naïve enthusiasm I wrote to one of the most noted scholars of that day to inquire why he never made use of Florio's writings to explain the facilities which the poet possessed for learning the small amount of French and Italian necessary to his purpose, without leaving England.

Professor Furness replied that he asked no better than to follow this suggestion, but that neither he nor any other student had been able to consult Florio's original and pre-Shakespearean publications. Apart from a set of stock quotations repeated at second-hand from the eighteenth-century critics Hunter and Malone—and often incorrectly quoted at that—the works of Florio, with the exception of his celebrated English version of Montaigne's *Essays*, were completely buried in oblivion.

From that moment I resolved to obtain and read Florio's books for my personal instruction; the idea was then far from my thoughts that I might some day write about the subject, but I had the good fortune to find several of his original works in the Washington Library.

Florio called himself the "resolute," for he was determined to teach his British contemporaries how superior Dante and

Montaigne were to any English wit, poet, or philosopher. To this end he compiled dictionaries and conversation books, taught French and Italian grammar, and even lent his collection of proverbs to Shakespeare together with many volumes from his choice library which contained, among its varied treasures, all the sources of the dramatist's early comedies.

Florio told him about Tuscany, taught him the small amount of French and Italian his work required. "In Venice we say *On the Rialto* just as Londoners employ the term *On the Exchange*," quoth Florio and printed it too in his *Dictionary*, enough for the purpose of a Shakespeare, who was not exactly what we might call dull!

I noted how Florio had opened the eyes of his contemporaries to the depth and beauty of Montaigne's philosophy: it was he who translated the essays into almost perfect English prose. That he made a few mistakes which drones hold up against him is not relevant. His work, in spite of them, will remain superior to any modern effort to put the *Essays* into readable English.

As I went further and further in the study of the *Second Fruits*, my own eyes were opened wider and wider, and I gained new enlightening glimpses of my pet subject.

Not only does one of the volumes of the second edition of the *Essays*, translated by Florio, contain the autograph of Shakespeare and many marked passages, but these very passages are the ones which are quoted, echoed or paraphrased in *Hamlet*, *King Lear* and *The Tempest*, and prove with what care the dramatist had perused the work.

I was the first person to observe the thirty proverbs borrowed from the pedagogue, and a quantity of allusions and parallels throughout the whole dramatic production which attest the strength and durability of this Italian influence.

Aided by my husband's sound critical sense, which puts a necessary brake on my vaulting imagination, I worked hard over my discovery, thrilled that a girl from Cincinnati, with little scholastic training and no university studies whatever, had made it. But, considered soberly, I realized even then that the path to renown would be more easy had I married a Ger-

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man professor instead of a soldier of France. It was hardly worth while regretting this, however, for probably I could not have found a willing professor!

However that might be, here I was with all my limitations, no scholar but a mere amateur, in possession of a discovery which I was natural critic enough to recognize as a big one.

It was pleasant to think how rival editors in America and England would clamor to bring out such evidence, at the same time novel and so solidly established as to be practically fool-proof.

No one clamored. My ideas, carried to the principal publishers of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, fell frozen to the ground with a metaphorical thud. What I had to say about the sources of Shakespeare's Italian culture had not been legitimately acquired and therefore might not be passed on to them. None denied the importance of my discovery, some even expressed regrets that sounded sincere while explaining that without a degree my information was useless.

"In what university were these studies made?"

"I never have been to college."

"Then how did you get your training?"

"It isn't exactly training, I read a great deal at home."

"Well, I suppose you went to school *somewhere*?"

"Yes, in Cincinnati."

"Ah! Directed presumably by a first-rate German professor with an M.A. degree?"

"No. My teacher was French, with an ordinary diploma of Secondary Studies."

The vice-president of a celebrated Anglo-American house took pity at last at the spectacle of so much useless energy in a lost cause.

"You must understand that such a book as you propose could never be accepted by a scholarly house of any repute, unless it were signed by some well-known critic or distinguished professor."

Here I objected, with some feeling, that any absurdity about Bacon's authorship of the dramas succeeded in getting into print no matter what crank might sign it. But the responsible

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editor again explained with sweet reasonableness that this was because it was sensational news and had nothing to do with erudition, adding that my name and title would make such an undertaking on my part still more difficult. Before he too could tell me that "no Frenchman was capable of understanding Shakespeare," which I had heard patiently a dozen or more times that month, I said:

"So I must change husbands or get a degree before trying again?"

The editor only smiled sadly at this outburst; my particular brand of humor—a poor thing but mine own—was not to his taste.

Thus I found myself in exactly the predicament of the man, described by Robert Louis Stevenson, in whose possession was a stolen diamond so large that it could not prudently be disposed of until split up into smaller stones. It meant that he would have to learn the art of gem-cutting himself though it would take years of apprenticeship.

Perhaps some "unscholarly review" might be persuaded to accept an unsigned article!

I made the round of the principal magazines, always with the same result.

My spirit of contradiction was thoroughly aroused but only Shakespeare came to my aid, with an encouraging stanza:

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun  
That will not be deep searched with saucy looks;  
Small have continuous plodders ever won  
Save base authority, from others' books.  
Too much to know is to know naught . . . But fame  
And any godfather can give a name.

Eventually I published my book *New Light and Old Evidence on Shakespeare's Sonnets*. This was done at my own expense and in a strictly limited edition. But it proved that the American publishers who turned it down had been perfectly right. Neither press nor public paid the smallest attention.

The only reviews which took my discoveries seriously appeared in a French newspaper, the *Journal des Débats*, and

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a French magazine, the old *Correspondant*, which has not survived the financial crisis. They were signed respectively by Mr. Joseph Aynard, who has since translated the *Tempest*, and Charles de Brémond, later of the French Academy.

This publicity brought about a request from Jean Finot, a man who was always on the alert for literary novelty, for a series of articles concerning Florio and Shakespeare. This gave me a veritable thrill and made me feel much more reconciled to the idea of taking up life again in France whose literary ideals were more free from prejudice and much less like a hidebound close corporation than our own. I promised myself that henceforth I would drop mundanities somewhat in favor of things of the spirit, and this decision proved a fortunate one, for I cannot think how I should ever have been able to get through the period which was about to open without this outlet for my energies, which, at the same time, acted as an opiate during the four terrible years which were to follow, and which were now rapidly approaching.

The last year of our stay in Washington was saddened for both of us by the political situation. Captain de Chambrun in America was more of a stand-pat Republican of the old school than I myself. When a boy, he and his classmates had been fervent supporters of Blaine's campaign, and had paraded the streets shouting political doggerel against the other party:

Cleveland's dead! Hendrick's dying,  
Blaine's elected—No use lying.

At present, although as French Military Attaché it was incorrect to show his feelings by any overt act, he could not prevent taking an immense interest in the campaign, which was disrupting the G.O.P., and attended the convention in Chicago when Mr. Roosevelt threw his hat in the ring, demanded a third term, and by splitting the Republican vote, brought about the election of Woodrow Wilson.

At the same time, a violent progressive campaign in Ohio, by the mechanism of a party split, elected a Democrat from the First Ohio District in place of my brother Nick.

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These circumstances brought many consolations and compensations for the departure for France, which was now certain to be imminent. In military life each step is more or less a foregone conclusion, and there are few surprises. It is only a question of waiting more or less for a rise in rank, and each grade is certain to bring a change of post, for rules require that when a certain proportion of time has been passed out of the normal service by any officer, either at home on a staff, or abroad as attaché, he should return for at least two years to regular service.

The more we reflected upon the political atmosphere of the four years we had spent in Washington and checked up on certain international events which had taken place during our sojourn, the more we realized that the gathering war clouds would break before many twelvemonths had passed and that our place was henceforth in France.

We had begun to realize, some time before my compatriots would acknowledge it, what kind of game was being played on our territory; that there was more behind the evolutions of the red electric runabout between Thomas Circle, Dupont, M Street and Lafayette Square than indiscretion of a sort which sets tongues wagging and keeps the dowagers busy.

The awkward mingling of gallantry and politics which was to continue in a larger field after our departure was proof not of weakness but of strength. And if the Reich representative had been willing to swallow the small affronts which my unwillingness to "play familiarly in his back yard" must have inflicted, professional duty had helped him—like the boy in *Penrod*—to "keep on swallowing."

His untiring activities in trying to swing Progressive Party politics his way were inspired by a more serious motive than the desire to keep ahead of rival diplomatists in peace time. The ability with which he handled the American press from the very outset showed a keen and practical sense of publicity value. None knew better than we what a successful campaign of calumny had been fostered against France by the Wilhelmstrasse. None knew better than we what was going on through the activities of the German Consul in Casablanca and through

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the Mannessman interests to stir up tribal rebellion in Morocco, and organize wholesale desertion from the foreign legion. No detail was neglected to weaken the structure of France's expeditionary forces on the dark continent, even to the breaking of our best officers' careers. Our friend Reibell had just been recalled through political intervention and when I remembered an attempt to persuade the President to remove us from the path of the adversary in the same manner, a light burst upon me which continued to grow and brighten.

Why had the envoy of the Reich attempted so vainly and so often to penetrate into our little circle where there was nothing which might be expected to attract a ladies' man? But when I remembered how the French Soixante-quinze gun had taken on the character of a victorious fetich across the Rhine, I realized that intimate acquaintance with a technician of the French artillery might appear an attractive asset and would look well in a diplomatic report.

If these suspicions seem mistaken I may at least say that in a very short space history confirmed them just as every move of our adversary on the Washington chessboard, after our departure, forged one more link in the chain of evidence which proved how long and how intently his government had been preparing war.

Meantime, while waiting for the news of our recall to France, instead of participating in the festivities which inducted the new Democratic President into office, we decided to follow the retreating banners of President Taft with whom, when the White House doors closed upon him, we proceeded to Saint Augustine. There, together with a few old friends like Senator Lippett from Rhode Island and Representative Gillett from Massachusetts, we indulged in a regular "bat" of golf and bridge. But, even in the Carolinas the weather is not always perfect and rain often leads players to philosophize. During many talks over all that lay behind, motives became clearer and Mr. Taft himself was prepared to agree that plots were thickening.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I received a letter from him in St. Mihiel describing the continued activities at the German Embassy, adding that they produced such a bad effect on Americans like himself, that France was to be congratulated in having her adversaries themselves make such a series of diplomatic "faux pas."





BOOK THREE

BANNERS IN ACTION

\*



## CHAPTER XV

### THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER IN ST. MIHIEL

WHEN at last a telegram from the French War Ministry brought news that Captain de Chambrun had been elevated to the rank of Major (a thing which, on the face of it, should have appeared gratifying) certain purely frivolous reasons prevented me from rejoicing as I should have done in this new rank which, according to French Army formula, brings a change of class, from the Subaltern grade to that of "Officier Supérieur." To me there has always been a great deal of real advantage or disadvantage in a name, and the title of "Major" was one against which I had a decided prejudice.

English literature from Thackeray to Kipling seems to have reserved a certain set of adjectives to fit each grade. According to this formula Lieutenants are always "dashing," Captains "gallant and courageous," but alas! the title of Major seems to be fatally associated with a pair of whiskers and the epithet "crusty."

This, however, was but a minor evil which might be lived down and naturally there was no obligation to cultivate the distinctive marks of majordom. What was more disagreeable, but had to be faced, were the farewells to my family and preparations for departure which were begun and concluded in November, 1913.

A few days later, Major de Chambrun received orders to take up his new functions as Commander of the First Artillery Group, Fortieth Artillery Regiment, Fortieth Division of the VI French Army Corps, stationed in St. Mihiel.

My first step was to open Appleton's Encyclopædia, which stated that it lay between Nancy, Toul, and Verdun; that, in days of yore, it had been the seat of an archbishopric, and the occasional residence of Lorraine dukes and kings of Poland

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—a town which, in the twentieth century, was on the decline, boasting a few fine historic houses, a small industry for the fabrication of lenses, and some curious rocks, standing like grotesque outposts along the palisades of the River Meuse.

Aside from the magnificent library, containing rare “*incunabula*,” a technical term which meant nothing to me in those days, and a famous representation of “The Entombment” in the Church of St. Etienne, there was little of either artistic or historical interest to attract tourists, although throughout the whole region many works by the not absolutely “first-rate” sculptor, Ligier-Richer, were sprinkled, and showed the strong influence of Michelangelo’s chisel. It sounded dismal enough!

The encyclopædia did not tell me—nor did the French Ambassador, though he passed among his staff as knowing all the obscure facts which an American encyclopædia, and even the Britannica, knoweth not—what the name of St. Mihiel would stand for in the years to come. A tragic emotional climax in my own small existence and the symbol of our nation’s victory.

Certain comrades of the French Embassy who had either done their military service in the Eastern zones or who for some other reason had passed through the town, argued darkly on what long residence in “such a hole” might do to persons fresh from the social excitement and frivolity of Washington life, but they remarked encouragingly: “After all, it’s only six hours from Paris, so you won’t have to stay there much. Just take a small lodging for military purposes, remain in Paris with the children and let Aldebert travel to and fro weekly between his new garrison and the capital.”

When this suggestion was passed on to the head of the family, it was rapidly classed among those ideas which, according to the old-time story, always a classic in our family—“may be nice for Mary Ann but rather rough on Abraham.”

My husband explained that the Eastern frontier garrisons were *sur le pied de guerre* (on a war-footing) and that a newly arrived officer would have to be distinguished for his zeal, not for slack-twisted amateurish service, and I believed him,

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though while comprehending the words, I did not yet understand the full force of the term "on a war-footing."

I never cared much for commuting, especially when it has to be done by both sides of the family, so we decided, instead of running back and forth, to take root for two years in St. Mihiel and to try to make life there as agreeable as possible by finding a comfortable house with plenty of space, a garden for the children, not to speak of the dog, and to have our household stuff sent on directly from Washington. Much of our happiness and comfort would depend on the sort of lodging we could find in St. Mihiel and it was a considerable relief to my mind when Aldebert, who rushed to see his Colonel two days after we arrived from America, telegraphed to me in Paris that he had found time to look over the situation in regard to certain houses that were for rent on long-term lease, and that he had discovered: Perfection.

I confess that I took my husband's telegram with a grain of salt, knowing the incorrigibly optimistic manner in which he is always apt to view the commonplace tribulations of everyday life, so I wired him to sign no rash leases until I had seen whether his ideal and mine coincided in Lorraine. I took the first possible train to Bar-le-Duc, changed at Lerouville, passed through Commercy, where the station is full of salesmen crying aloud the praise of their madeleines—small sponge cakes, the specialty of the place, invented by the cook of Good King Stanislas of Poland—on through Sampigny where Raymond Poincaré, the idol of the district, made his home. At length the train drew into the station where my husband was waiting to drive me, first to lunch at the hotel du Cygne, then to the outskirts of the town where he proposed to establish our future home. It stood at the junction of the Rue de la Fontaine Rouge and the road leading through the forest to Woinville-en-Woëvre. Perfectly situated for horseback rides and alluring for drives in the children's pony cart, as he had explained. At that time we had neither horse nor wheels in our possession but there was "a bargain" in view. I may say at once that before the week was out, cart and pony were ours and the lease for Le Poncelot was signed.

Aldebert's "ideal" turned out to be mine also.

It would have been difficult to discover, ready-made, anything more entirely in accordance with what we wanted and could so little have expected to find. We discovered at once that it was a place that "one couldn't help growing fond of," for it had that indescribable appeal to the imagination which can only be suggested by the word "charm."

The square house was reached by a horseshoe-shaped double-stair and was high and spacious with a long low wing, formerly the office of a notary but which we transformed into a suite of very comfortable spare-rooms and furnished with the characteristic Lorraine pieces, which were to be bought at that time in the vicinity for a song and whose acquisition brought us many amusing experiences and formed the reason for several interesting excursions into that little known district.

Our proprietor was a practical hard-headed notary who had left the place to be nearer good business in the center of town but some day, when old, he expected to return there and leave his son, then doing military service, to take up the office work.

Maître Jappiot was a friend and admirer of *Notre Raymond*, as every one called President Poincaré, and he was the very quintessence of all that is meant by that solid, immutable spirit of conservation known as the French bourgeois.

Toward him I was destined to play the ungracious rôle of apostle of modern American culture.

Nothing funnier than our debates over necessary changes could be imagined.

"I promised the improvements essential to modern comfort; but I never thought your wife would insist on American luxury," he told Aldebert.

It was the same old story! To the foreigner, the one essential American ideal is expensive plumbing.

We came at last to an understanding on that point, however, and waged an even fiercer battle on the colors of prospective wall-papers. Our host was horrified that I did not select dark chocolate for the dining-room and a depressing old-gold with a pattern which would not "show the dirt," for the salon and

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corridors. As we had a good many pictures and engravings, I insisted on plain paper as a better background, which added considerably to his grief. Our conflicts were a constant source of amusement to my husband, for they were always courteous. M. Jappiot belonged to the type of old-fashioned Frenchman who never said "No" to a lady, so my most devastating propositions were smilingly acceded to. But, according to the same ancient standards and wise saws—men of good sense can always understand each other—the case would be laid before the Major: "Was it really possible that he would permit his future dwelling to be turned inside out and have what ought to be the lining placed on the surface of the walls?" My husband replied mildly that he also liked plain cartridge-paper, which elicited the response: "Well, that proves that you are either born a soldier or else born in the United States," both of which were facts and therefore indisputable.

One dreary day in November we rode through the valley to Woinville and I had my first impression of the region between the Meuse and the Moselle, which sent my imagination trotting and laid the spell of that queer country upon us both.

The character of the landscape enchanted me and the outlandish names both of persons and places had an individuality all their own. Land of the Gael, rather than the Gaul, if one judged by sign-posts only. Who could tell what country he was in?

But the flame of patriotism burns brighter perhaps in these waste spaces than in any other section of France. They have been overrun and harried so often, they did not want to be invaded again, so the peasants of the Woëvre looked with reverential affection on the soldiers they counted on for protection. As we rode along I noticed with what different spirit the old men in the fields and the carters on the road saluted the uniform from that I was used to seeing in the Paris *banlieue* or the vicinity of Cherbourg.

We followed the Rupt de Made, which at home would be Mad River, for here a stream is called a *rupt* and carries a notion of violence with it, as do many of the words where the



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final consonant is sounded and numerous X-es are sprinkled about. Harsh names like Bugnevaux, Maud'huy, Audéoude, with something rough and soldierlike in the syllables but which fitted the landscape like a glove.

The valley, dark and narrow under its pendant fir boughs, looked austere and secretive. The plain, when it finally widened out into the region which is called the Woëvre, seemed strange and spectral under its rolling mists and dripping sky.

A leaden weight pressed down the atmosphere; the reeking earth seemed to exude a tragic gloom with its steaming moisture and I half divined the reason.

As at Waterloo, there brooded over that "morne plaine" those dark and sullen streams, an occult influence, a secret all the more terrible because it belonged to the future as well as to the past. Even then it looked like a battlefield.

"Perhaps it will be," said my husband when I communicated my impression. "That gap over there is the direct line of invasion and if 'they' ever come in, it must be this way, through the trouée de Spada, otherwise they would have to march through Belgium. Perhaps in the coming years Woinville, Woëvre and the Rupt de Made will sound as familiar as Valmy or Rivoli or Austerlitz. . . ."

I felt cheated out of an especially agreeable phonetic sensation when I learned that the grayish-colored stream that slipped silently through our garden had a name which could make no appeal to the ear or the imagination and which sounded quite ridiculous.

La Marsoupe!

Nothing picturesque, beautiful, warlike, or terrible in that. It would be difficult to connect either beauty or tragedy with the deep brook, which never babbled even in our premises, but slid silently away under the stone foot-bridge that gave its name to the property and formed the boundary line to our domain.

I knew that the Marsoupe quarter was also called the "Bourg," and that the river, after having incidentally drowned the superfluous cats, traversed the city's slaughter-house from whence it stole forth sullied and ashamed to join the Meuse.

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One day when the house was full of workmen, I decided to follow the Marsoupe as a new way of walking into town to do an errand. Our usual path lay by the high road, Rue Carnot, past the Town Hall, the Maud'huy house, to the Annonciades and down onto the Place du Cygne and the market square. But the lower road took me through the poor quarter, which lay contiguous to our garden gate.

A few tumble-down houses rose directly from the water's edge and were linked to the narrow street by individual foot-bridges.

For this reason many people in St. Mihiel called this section "Little Venice," but in doing so they took a large poetic license, for apart from the tufts of brown water-weed rooted in every crumbling cranny, and a haunting reminiscence of the Queen of the Adriatic at low tide, there was nothing especially Venetian about the Marsoupe. As I walked along through an arch which led into the old weavers' quarter, Rue des Tisserands, I could not help regretting how ugly and unromantic the stream appeared.

Suddenly I was aware of a wretched presence. Huddled miserably on a slimy stone, midway between the banks, crouched a diseased and abandoned cat, observing me with a malign and accusing eye.

In the golden age of fearless and disinterested childhood, which had been mine of yore, heedless of germs and careless of rules prescribed by modern hygiene, I would have waded in, found a saucer of warm milk for the desolate creature and somehow cheered its wretchedness during the few hours of life left in it. But such are not our modern ways. Besides, there was far too much human misery visible daily in the Bourg for even a sentimentalist to attach undue importance to a dying cat. The parish priest had already told me a good deal about the district of St. Etienne and had showed me the famous sepulchre for which the church is renowned. "Ligier-Richer's masterpiece," the guide-books call it. Perhaps I would drop in and take another look at the monument so magnificent in its realistic study of human emotion.

The Saviour, limp and listless in the arms of John and

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Joseph, who gaze anxiously at Him because they cannot think that He is yet quite dead. A turbanned Jew, who does not care much one way or the other, the Magdalen, wringing her hands in mute despair, and the Virgin Mother, falling in a swoon more deathly than her son's . . . curious how the mediæval sculptor had conveyed the impression of oriental costume. . . .

As I decided to step in and look again, it was suddenly borne in upon me that there was more than a dying cat wrong in St. Mihiel that day. The street, usually empty at that hour, was swarming with noisy life. People were packed together in front of a sordid tenement and the words: "Little Yvonne, one of Bertha Groeben's kids . . . in the wash-house pool" could be heard distinctly.

*Le lavoir!* — the evil vision evoked was horrible.

The wash-house was formed by the first dark pause of the Marsoupe, where the waters were gathered in a deep pit bordered with washing-sheds and in the heart of the slum. It was a depository for old iron, worn-out shoes, and dilapidated boilers. Ramshackle houses edged the pool on three sides; the street, forming a natural dam, made the other barrier and under it, a huge pipe conducted the overflow to the subterranean river which joined the Meuse fifty yards farther on.

The voices went on. "Who did you say the child is? . . ." "Bertha Groeben has eleven more. . . ." "What was the soldier's name?" "No one seems to know." "An infantryman?" "No, a chasseur." "One of the Twenty-ninth, perhaps." With the feeling that besets us in face of an accident, I inquired of the person who seemed to have taken the lead in the rescue work, if I could be of any use—knowing full well that I could not—for first aid and hospital work have never been in my province.

"If you would just run for Abbé Cholet, madame . . ."

That I could do, for he lived in the Rue des Chanoines, a mere stone's throw distant.

He himself opened the gate in response to my hasty summons at the bell, then turned and rang it again to bring his

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mother out. It did not take long to make both understand what had happened.

"A drowning. That wash-house has always been a death-trap. I warn the mothers every day . . . quite dead? Little Yvonne. We can't be sure till we try artificial respiration . . ." and to the neat little gray-haired lady who had joined us: "Run quickly to Bertha Groeben's Mamma, and get ready warm blankets while I fetch the Sisters here. . . ."

He was off like a shot to the little infirmary and before I could decide whether to follow him, go with his mother, wait where I stood or continue on my way, the priest was back again. Noticing my surprise, he said sadly:

"Our Sisters of St. Vincent are doing everything possible to restore life, they are qualified nurses. Not much hope for the child, but the soldier is breathing. . . . The Groebens resent my presence, they are priest-eating anarchists with twelve children in the house and no father in particular, the man she is with now is especially down on the church. But I shall go there in spite of him if the woman wants me. . . . You must find our Lorraine ways very rude and primitive, madame, coming from your progressive country. . . ."

Not feeling like waving any flag just then, I asked how the accident had come about.

"The child was playing laundress when a woman at an upper-story window saw her fall and gave the alarm, for of course the women washing below could do nothing. . . ." Evidently the priest was as yet unenlightened upon "superior female efficiency."

"The place doesn't look dangerous, nor even deep; one of them could have jumped in and pulled the girl out."

"A strong current sweeps into the pipe and sucked the child down. A passing soldier, who had heard the screams, plunged in after her . . . they are wonderful, those boys. . . . The uniform, when they have it on their back, seems to make men of them. . . . You will notice that, madame, when you have been longer among us. . . . The least of the line proves a nameless hero when occasion arises. . . . What a fight the

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fellow had groping through that foul water to the grating where the child was caught, and then working back against the current with her. . . . Not long, but the water is icy. . . . And he almost slipped back himself. No, I don't know who he was. We civilians don't individualize the garrison; these go—others come. . . . Sometimes we notice the regimental number. . . . The Fortieth, that's artillery, as you know; the Twenty-ninth—those are chasseurs . . . then there is the One Hundred and Sixty-first Infantry. But each man remains as anonymous as the dead on a battlefield. They are all just soldiers."

It was this tragic episode and the words of the parish priest concerning the anonymous rescuer which gave me my first conception of that allegorical embodiment of duty and sacrifice which has everywhere been consecrated by a nation's tribute to her Unknown Soldier.

## CHAPTER XVI

### ON A WAR FOOTING

LIFE in St. Mihiel, except for this first incident, was far from dreary. Ugly at first glance, the quaint Lorraine town, when inspected more closely, opened unexpected vistas of beauty and romance. I loved to hear the cheerful notes of the bugle sounding the "Diane" reveille each morning and then, after "boot and saddle" had shrilled out on the air, to see the cavalry go clattering by our garden door and admire the *Chasseurs à pied*, who get over the ground almost as fast as the Italian bersaglieri, whose double-quick is the most rapid in the world.

The eight thousand persons who formed the civilian population did not constitute the characteristic portion of the town's inhabitants. There was another, larger and more interesting: the great mass of shifting but unchanging humanity which made up a vast organism, grouped in this military center: regular reserves, and the class of youths who each autumn reach their twenty-first year and are divided up and sent for military instruction to the different army corps throughout France. These were called *blues* when enrolled, for a reason which nobody seems ever to have fathomed.

Soon I learned how to distinguish a doctor by the garnet velvet on his cap, and the stripes just above the cuffs, from the vets with green, and had mastered the art of telling what was the military rank of each. This was necessary, for in speaking to any one it was considered polite to say: Captain, Lieutenant, Colonel, or Commandant, as the case might be. And "Mon Général," of course, when lucky enough to speak to such a mightiness. Soon also, I learned the precise meaning of the oft-repeated phrase: A regiment which is kept on war footing (*Sur le pied de guerre*). That is to say, maintained at full war strength, even in time of peace, and comprising every sort of arm.

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In order to keep the troops on the alert and ready to take the field at the first call to arms while the comrades at the rear have time to organize, there were frequent impromptu alarms, throughout the winter, so that each officer and soldier should be at his post when called, and at a moment's notice. These alarms were most annoying, for they came rather frequently and between two and four A.M. I suppose the members of a fire brigade who rise cheerfully at a real call are not particularly glad to get up for a false alarm, and I have noticed at sea that passengers who lose no time in appearing on deck at any real danger alarm are not keen on taking their places for boat drill. Certainly in St. Mihiel there was a good deal of grumbling among wives when each officer, "bugled" out of a warm bed, hurriedly packed his canteen, and sped off through the chill, blank darkness to the windy barracks on the hill where, an hour later amid rattle of caissons and rumble of wagons, the regiment took the road.

Rules were everywhere and visits almost as obligatory as they had been in Washington. No officer could appear in the street before four or five o'clock dressed as a private citizen. Rules were against it and when, after five, each man might do as he pleased, it remained a social problem hard of solution, whether to wear "evening dress" when invited to dine out (always a great event in St. Mihiel), or appear with sword and epaulettes.

I got on extremely well with the majors and captains of the regiment and prosecuted the long series of visits on their wives quite according to schedule. The officer who has a high grade in the French army is generally a high type of man; in fact, from my own experience, I would say there is more breadth of view, general culture and good manners among the military than among any other category or profession. My general formula then, as always, was to meet my husband's comrades on a basis of familiar friendship and, with two or three exceptions which prove the rule, to avoid their wives except upon strict necessity!

The exception in Paris had been Madame Reibell. The ex-

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ception in St. Mihiel was the wife of Colonel Brosset-Heckel, commanding the 161st Infantry regiment.

Worries were few and of a minor character and often nature herself stepped in as a bar to the principal boredom of military existence by placing in the streets a mud barrier so deep that for several weeks it was almost impossible to get through the official list which, as a newcomer, I was obliged to do: first, the wives of my husband's superior officers; next, those of his own grade; certain of the town magnates, and last, such "inferiors" as had come to see me.

I remember that, starting out after dark to solemnly salute Madame Le Gallais, whose husband was our regimental colonel, I stepped into a soft mud-bank hoed from the middle of the street and stacked at the curb, went in literally over my knees, and was obliged to go back to the Poncelot and "change from the ground up." When my husband attempted to explain our late arrival, in a slightly humorous manner, the colonel fixed upon me a cold and critical eye and remarked:

"There is a door mat at my door."

This was characteristic of his entire attitude of mind. He was one of the few French officers I came in contact with who had not the slightest sense of reality. Instead of reckoning with things "as they are," he systematically tried to make himself and others think that the world was as he wished to see it. When he considered that a door mat was sufficient to efface the traces of a complete mud-bath extending to mid-leg it was not serious, but when he applied the same incapacity of vision to war-time problems, it might have proved disastrous. Fortunately he was made a general and put where he could do less harm than in the Fortieth, and by that time my husband, prevented by rules from being named colonel, exercised the functions *pro tem*. But this is to advance matters.

Aside from detesting our colonel, which is almost a normal condition of regimental existence, we found life in the provincial town restful and refreshing after the long hurly-burly of the Washington vortex.

We were surrounded with the usual elements of comedy



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and tragedy and soon became sufficiently familiar with the characters and plots of neighboring dramas to await their dénouements with interest. Every one was vaguely aware from more vague hearsay that the principal pastry cook was suspected of being a German spy who had been asked to "move on" from Verdun, but few believed and no one really minded. War seemed such a far-off contingency and why deprive oneself uselessly of the best brioches and cakes?

A romance of love and jealousy was being acted at our very door where a female Iago washed clothes in the Marsoupe with a hatred born of jealousy so intense that it is difficult to believe she concentrated all her efforts to sow trouble and destroy reputation through an alliance with a yellow journalist. But who could suppose that such a creature could, even if she would, do any real harm to us or that the lives and liberties of our household would hang for a morning upon an anonymous letter of denunciation sent to the civil authorities? War, as I said, was a contingency too far off to look for trouble in such a quarter.

I found renewed pleasure in riding, a sport I missed in Washington and took up again, as we have always done, in France and in Morocco.

My husband acquired for personal use a fine charger, which I could ride according to the formula I have already described whereby to keep within military rules. "Centaure" was rather heavy for a lady and, though he would do, we hoped to find a mount that would look better under the side-saddle and possess a lighter mouth. So we let it be known in the district that we were on the lookout for a thoroughbred or an Irish hunter. The story of how and why we found one will be told later, for it has to do with more serious things than pleasure riding, and forms just one more link in the chain of evidence of German premeditation before the commencement of hostilities. But meanwhile, as the neighborhood of the little town is particularly suited to it, this exercise became one of our chief pleasures. The best way of discovering many hidden beauties quite lost to those who kept on the highway was to dive deep into the winter forests, which could only be

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done on foot or in the saddle, for the most picturesque of the valleys that converge in the Meuse were only accessible by rough cart tracks.

On one of these which we have often followed, was the strangest, most mysterious house I have ever seen. It was built of gray stone. No ray of sunshine could ever have penetrated its closely shuttered windows, but the strangest thing about this domicile was that it seemed impossible that anybody could ever have lived there. The current of a small stream had been deflected in such a manner that, instead of passing either in front or behind, it came pouring through the house itself, flowed over the doorsteps in a cascade, forming a marsh in the low-lying ground. I was never able to find out anything about the place. Lorraine people do not converse freely and the only answer they gave me about this kelpie's dwelling was that I must be mistaken or that "the less said the better." Mystery always imposes itself on the imagination and I have never been able to throw off a haunting memory of this place and have wondered often to what strange uses it might have been brought in war time. Often, in the unmelted snow beneath the fir boughs, we saw a series of footprints too deep for the heaviest dog to make, and one day our gallop through the woods put to flight a band of wild marcellins, though personally I never encountered the parent boar.

The hunting was good, for those who like it, and soon my husband joined a club whose members comprehended all the good guns from St. Mihiel to Chalons, and this hunt-club brought us our first visitors to hang the crane at Le Poncelot and made our house a place of historical interest to a pair of young Americans, who became engaged between a boar hunt in the woods and sightseeing at Hattonchatel. They were chaperoned by my dear friend of other days, Mrs. Lucien Wulsin, who had herself been betrothed at Rookwood.

This was not our only visit from New England. Soon neighbors of the Beverly shore appeared in the persons of Miss Catherine and Miss Louisa Loring; with them I served my first apprenticeship as guide to the region.

We lured French relatives, who seldom travelled into our

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mysterious east. "Tante" de Corcelles, with her daughter, at last returned the many visits made to Beaufossé in Normandy. Pierre and Margaret de Chambrun came for a week, René de Bonnand and his wife who had been my bridesmaid, and Anne Harrison. In short, we felt that we had definitely placed St. Mihiel on the map; and all our visitors seemed so pleased with the place that we congratulated ourselves on having become fixtures there instead of "commuters" and hesitated no longer to employ all our arts of persuasion to decide the larger portion of my family to come over in the spring.

We became so attached to the place and even to the town, which had been described as a "hole," that I decided to try and lure my family into coming to make us a long visit; if they became tired of St. Mihiel they might go to Switzerland and Italy from there just as well as from Paris. After an exchange of letters it was arranged that my mother should come to us in May, and my sister and her children at the end of June, to spend the summer. This peaceful family reunion did not turn out in 1914 quite as we had looked forward to it.

I often wondered during my daily walk into town, what was behind the austere walls where the family of General de Maud'huy and his sister Madame Audéoud had lived since time immemorial. From the jutting eaves of the grim gray façade, strangely shaped gargoyles poured down the winter rain upon the passers-by, but the lines of the mullioned windows and slender Renaissance columns which framed the door, were finer to my eye than those of the "show place" of the cathedral square, the famous Maison du Roi, duly double-starred in all the guide books. I would willingly have added one more call to my already long list to satisfy my tourist curiosity, but General Maud'huy was a widower, so there was no call for a call.

"Wait till you see the *Annonciades*, it's the best of all the places about here," said my husband, who had hastened to pay his respects, as in duty bound, to Colonel Brosset Heckel of the 161st Infantry regiment, and I waited, for the colonel's wife was in Paris or Lyon, buying her daughter's trousseau,

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so there was nothing to do but leave cards as in Washington, without getting even a glimpse of the garden designed by Le Nôtre.

As spring came slowly, the whole landscape that in winter was so austere took on all the greater charm. And the Poncelot began to blossom in real beauty. I have never seen such primrose banks and knolls as there were there. I found on inquiry that one of our predecessors in the house had been a fervent amateur of wild flowers and trees. He had planted wild flowers from all sections of France and acclimatized them, together with trees which were not supposed to take root in this rude climate, but which his care made to flourish; the plum and mirabelle orchards were a drift of bloom and formed a delightful playground for the children, but our garden was nothing in comparison to the one which every one spoke of and which I saw myself for the first time in the full charm of early May.

The domain called *Les Annonciades* climbed terrace above terrace until its formal lines, which combined the charm of the French regency with the dignity of an old Italian park, melted into the forest which crowns the heights of Meuse. The place, in its austere decay of an ecclesiastical grandeur represented by the ruins of a Gothic cloister, formed a curious mingling of mediæval and Renaissance beauty. The gods of Greek mythology rubbed elbows with St. Peter and St. John. Long-limbed nymphs, from the chisel of Girardin, decorated the shady alleys and on the upper terrace a deep pool, fed by hidden springs, mysteriously furnished the water that sparkled in the fountain below. Over this pool an immense blackthorn tree spread venerable branches, dropping its blossoms like a fleet of fairy boats on the smooth surface where, among reeds, Pan in stone piped to Syrinx:

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes play on:  
Not to the sensual ear, but more endear'd  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone. . . .

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What scenes they conjured up as we stood there attentive to the silent strains.

At length Madame Brosset Heckel spoke with a sigh:

"The worst thing about military existence is that sometimes, especially in a place like this, one grows so attached to a temporary home that it makes it very hard to say good-bye. . . . I don't know how I can reconcile myself to living in a spot less beautiful than the *Annonciades*."

In spite of our determination to stick close to St. Mihiel there were several occasions when dentistry, dress-making, and other bothers took us to Paris for a day or two and, even during our short visits, I found time to sit for a portrait. We had always greatly admired the pastels of René Gilbert, especially a certain one which hangs in the Luxembourg, and represents Madame Second Weber. All my family were anxious that Mr. Gilbert should try his hand at making mine. He worked quickly and in three sittings the portrait, which is as satisfactory as such things can be, was made, framed, and carried back to St. Mihiel where its adventures could not then be foreseen but would form a book of themselves. At that time, we were simply glad to have something that was enough of a work of art to be a pleasure. And it resembled me at my very best, which is always agreeable in any portrait.

One evening in Paris we got into a great literary discussion with René Peter, who had become a very successful playwright and had seen his little comedy "Chiffon" run more than a hundred nights. He was discussing Shakespeare's talent but remarked what a pity it was that his tragedies were so completely of the epoch in which they were written that today,—now that humanity had developed so much,—the very subject of such a play as "Othello" would mean nothing to an audience.

I took the other side in the debate and before the evening was over we had made a bet. I had never tried my hand at a novel and knew that I could never make a play, but we arranged that I should take all the characters in the drama of "Othello" and, scene by scene, develop the same intrigue in the most modern of settings. My contention was, that the general

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critic, if I could ever persuade a critic to read a book of mine, would not say that it had been taken from an old story but from contemporary life. I won the bet, for although the criticism was not particularly favorable, the general verdict of press comment in America was that Madame de Chambrun had taken her Washington friends as models and had brought in a tragic episode which had happened there and ought not to have been recalled, especially by the wife of a diplomatist.

In creating the character of Susan Wilmcote, who reappears in *Playing with Souls* and *His Wife's Romance*, I drew heavily upon the psychological resources of my own family. She is a composite of my mother and her sister, Annie Walker, from whom comes the ironical turn of wit and force of personality, and, having made this amalgam, I added certain pet ideas and opinions of my own, thus constructing a triple family portrait, which, to my mind at least, is typically American.

At that time, which seems a century ago, instead of twenty years, I thought it exceedingly important that Major Putnam should like *Pieces of the Game* and was willing to venture on its publication. Having seen the light in 1914, it is now completely extinct and long out of print. It still lives, however, in French, under the title *La Nouvelle Desdémone*, for, assisted perhaps, by this key, critics recognized my attempt to put Shakespeare into modern dress, as I did again in *Le Roman d'un Homme d'Affaires*, whose personages they pronounced true representations of American character. By an irony of fate, my poor *Matthew Dale* came upon the screen so changed that his author could not recognize him. In order to please conventional film taste, my hero had become the villain, an obtuse parent, incapable of comprehending the aspirations, matrimonial or otherwise, of his son; and the young prodigal of my book, whom his parent had forced to pass through a fiery ordeal, appeared as the hero in *Playing with Souls*.

Besides this, the French character, whom I had drawn con amore from Colonel de Castries, had become a German prince, and the only Frenchman on the screen was a charlatan beauty doctor. Such are the satisfactions of authorship.

## SHADOWS LIKE MYSELF

My mother had not been with us many weeks when a letter from Quaritch brought a piece of news which made us decide on a trip to England, and this, in turn, eventually turned my life, as far as mental occupations are concerned, into a new channel, by making possible more serious studies of the Shakespeare question than I had ever contemplated.

Before leaving America, I had advertised for a rare volume, of which, up to that time, only one incomplete copy was known in an official library: *The First Fruits* of John Florio. The British Museum copy of this book lacked the initial pages and publication date; consequently, according to the rules of that institution, which may not class as authoritative any book which is incomplete, it had never been consulted seriously. In fact, when M. Jusserand wrote one day at my suggestion, to inquire whether the work did not contain some elements which might prove important to Shakespearean study, he received the categorical answer that there was nothing in Florio's *First Fruits* which could shed any light on the famous question.

Now, Bernard Quaritch had found a perfect text, and proposed that I should buy it. The price asked seemed beyond my means, moreover Quaritch refused to part with anything but the "lot" of which the precious volume formed a part. I was sorely tempted, but with Irish precaution, which refuses to buy a "pig in a poke," made this an incentive to go on a general Shakespeare hunt in England, the first of a long series.

## CHAPTER XVII

### FIRST SHAKESPEARE HUNT

NEEDLESS to say, I succumbed to the temptation, and, with my mother's assistance, completed my collection by purchasing the entire literary output of the man through whom Shakespeare received all the knowledge he had of Italy.

During the ten days that my mother and I remained in England, the hunt on which we were engaged assumed even more importance than I had foreseen. Some of our adventures contained elements which were at the same time so comic and also so characteristic of the difference between American and British mentality, that they must be set down, even if the native obstinacy, which leads me to persist with greater vigor the more obstacles accumulate in my path, renders an apology almost necessary at the start.

For a long time, I had been much interested in obtaining full information on a certain collection of manuscripts which, according to a book published in 1690 (Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*) had been bequeathed to the archives of Corpus Christi College at Oxford, in 1688. Before leaving, I wrote to the secretary of Corpus Christi, to inquire whether Fulman's manuscripts were still in their library, giving, at the same time, a letter of introduction from Doctor Cowley of the Bodleian Library, whom I had met in Paris, and another from Ambassador Jusserand.

The answer, when it came, was couched in extremely prudent language. It would be impossible to say whether such a collection as I described remained in the archives, but the librarian would be only too glad to look more closely into the matter if I cared to come myself to Oxford. If, at that time, I had possessed the experience later acquired, I might have read between these courteous lines the advice: "Do not put yourself out, for you will learn nothing to your advantage," but, instead, I considered it an invitation and, as soon as we



could arrange to leave London for Oxford, my mother and I appeared one fine day in June at the portal of Corpus Christi College and asked to see the librarian with whom I had been in correspondence.

We then penetrated, at the porter's request, into the courtyard before the library itself, where we remained standing. Presently the librarian appeared and the usual formula of presenting myself as his unknown correspondent and introducing him to my mother, was gone through.

He was polite, embarrassed, and surprised, but though his greeting was affable, he made no move to welcome us into the sacred precincts of the library; in fact, this was a thing he could not possibly do and thereupon came the halting explanation that in asking me to come and see for myself whether the books were there or not, he had overlooked the melancholy fact that I was a mere woman! and my mother also, unfortunately!

It seemed that, according to the ancient monastic rule which still governs Corpus Christi College, no one of the female sex had ever set foot in the library, nor, from what he could see, ever would do so. We exchanged disappointed glances but did not, as the librarian hoped, offer to beat our retreat. The threshold was broad, the sun brightly shining, and it seemed that between getting angry and becoming pathetic there was another course. With much affability, I called his attention to the fact that we had come far and with this sole end in view. It seemed, to my inexperienced mind, that books might be inspected. Even without forcing an entrance, the doorstep remained!

In England, where officials are less "gleg at the uptak" or perhaps I should say "less quick on the trigger" than in the other two nations to which I am accustomed, a surprise attack succeeds more often than in France.

He was so taken aback that he could not say "impossible" again, but invoked all the feeble defences that came to him impromptu, concluding with: "After all, perhaps we haven't got the books you want."

I replied that they had been bequeathed by their author

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and placed in the archives after his death in 1688. Then, not without a certain malicious irony, I quoted Anthony Wood's complaint against the college authorities, who, even in 1690, refused to communicate this precious document, which he needed to consult while compiling his *Athenæ Oxonienses*.

*"Such is the humor of men of this day that, rather than play a part for the public good, and the honor of learning, they will allow choice things to be buried in oblivion."*

My point was made. After five minutes' absence, the librarian reported that the twenty-five volumes of manuscript, carefully bound "in quarto," were indeed on the shelves, but added: "How can you tell which ones you require? Our catalogue is in Latin. Do you read Latin?"

Waving away this inquiry as superfluous, and disdaining the catalogue, I stated that thirteen of the volumes might be eliminated "ipso facto" as I knew they contained nothing but documents from the convents suppressed by Henry the Eighth; the remaining dozen, between my mother and myself, could be looked over so expeditiously that I promised, in five minutes' time, to say which of the volumes I wanted to examine more at length.

He could not say "No," and the pile was produced while he stared open-mouthed that I should know so much about their contents even before we poor females had had a chance to take stock of this treasure-trove on the doorstep.

When I announced that I would only need three of the books, the barriers went up again. He had no authority to send out any books whatever from the library; rules were against any such proceeding.

Again my answer was prepared; for Doctor Cowley, whom I had just interviewed at the Bodleian, had promised to obtain from any college the special volumes which I might wish to consult in the famous reading-room.

I often think with amusement of the polite curses which our poor librarian must have proffered under his breath against American persistence. But they were of no avail against the written order of a higher power. Though Corpus Christi might not be allowed to *send* books outside their own precincts

they could not refuse to communicate any document which Doctor Cowley requested to see. So, accompanied by an accredited porter, we transferred ourselves and the books to the Bodleian Library and set to work.

I must say that Doctor Cowley played the rôle of an angel throughout this troublous time. I had met him in France at dinner, a thing which breaks through the crust of officialdom as nothing else can; so in an astonishingly short time I had marked about thirty passages for transcription by one of their own personnel, and also indicated two pages requesting that a photographic facsimile be made. All went smoothly and within a week after our return to St. Mihiel, the papers and photographs came duly through from Oxford. Meanwhile we put in a few days of fruitful hunting at Welbeck Abbey, and our adventures there put me on the track of further investigations, in Lord Southampton's old university: St. John's College, Cambridge.

Here again, in order to be beforehand and facilitate my quest, I had written to inquire whether, among the books bequeathed by Henry, third Earl of Southampton, to that institution, there were any which could be identified with Shakespeare, asking whether the portrait by Van Dyke, which had been presented to the library by the testator's widow, was still in place. Here again I was met on the doorstep, with the same courtesy that had greeted me in Oxford, but alas, the rules were the same, in spite of a warm invitation to come. My unfortunate sex again prevented my admission into those sacred precincts but again luck was with me, and the sun shone. The door was wide open upon a large square chapel-like hall. Three sides of the rectangle were plainly visible. There were no portraits on the wall. I suggested that, if the curator would kindly step in and look at the one wall which was invisible to me, I would take his word for it as to whether the portrait I sought was there. He returned saying: "No portraits of any sort. What makes you think that there was one?"

I replied that I had seen the document which proved it, that a full-length portrait by Van Dyke does not vanish into thin

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air, and that there must be some trace of it somewhere. Then he began to think, and thought heavily.

As a result of these cogitations, he "did seem to remember something about something" which perhaps had to do with the removal of a large object—was it a tapestry or maybe a painting—which was required at the Master's House to conceal a spot on the wallpaper made by a leaking pipe. . . .

I suggested going there but he foresaw difficulties: there was a boat race that afternoon, Mr. Scott would almost certainly be absent from home. Nevertheless, he gave me a card, stating that a lady from France had come some distance to see a portrait which she would explain about.

The Master had almost effected his escape when I arrived, and gave me the limited welcome to be expected from a man on his way to a boat race, but he said I might "come in and look about," expressing surprise at my claim that I would be perfectly capable of recognizing any likeness of Henry, third Earl of Southampton, or any portrait by Van Dyke.

We panted through the parlor, passed rapidly through the library and paused just long enough in the dining-room for me to see that the Landseer stag and some sporting prints had nothing to do with the object I was seeking.

My guide then conducted me back to the hall, which he had not given me time even to glance at on entering, and remarked quizzically:

"Well, madame, I suppose that you are satisfied that it is not on the ground floor. Of course you may go upstairs if you care to see the bedrooms, but perhaps you will take my word for it that they contain nothing but engravings, so you may rest assured that the painting you are seeking is not in the Master's House any more than in the library."

Poor man! From the time we had re-entered the hall and while he was talking ironically about engravings, with his back turned to the landing, I had remained in rapt and silent contemplation of a magnificent full-length portrait of Lord Southampton, which hung there, occupying a space almost from floor to ceiling.

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Instead of answering, I merely interjected: "It is one of the most magnificent Van Dykes I have ever seen, out of Genoa."

The Master turned: "What makes you think it is a Van Dyke?"

My answer, I fear, was foolish, ignoring as it did the psychology I had just been observing.

"Why, you only have to look at it."

Obviously my remark was utterly inane, for the Master had really never looked at anything except a sporting event, and though he might perhaps be able to tell a hawk from a heronshaw, applaud a good bowler, and recognize a good oar when it was pulled, he never did, nor would, waste any time on likenesses of Southampton or portraits by Van Dyke.

It is not only because these two scenes were excruciatingly funny that I place them on record, but because they give a good illustration of the different reactions which people of different nations exhibit when placed in parallel circumstances.

Nothing, I believe, could be more characteristically British and less French than the official conduct adopted toward any prying, by the New World, into affairs which, although holding no interest for each special official, he regards nevertheless as a possession in which foreigners have no part.

Natural courtesy—and England is the most courteous of nations—led the authorities, both in Oxford and Cambridge, to issue a warm invitation, implying that I would be welcome in the halls of learning, but the very form of both these letters, had I read them aright, meant "do not come," since neither gave any assurance that the things I wished to see were still in their collections, yet when I appeared upon such a doubtful quest they were not proof against a surprise attack.

I have often wondered what would have happened in France or America if a similar situation had arisen. Had a French official made the same sort of attempt to put off visitors politely, he would have felt the same consternation at our unexpected arrival. At the same time, his personal responsibility would have been so far engaged that he would never have

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dared close the door and keep two ladies parleying upon the doorstep. Though "rules is rules" in France, there is always a time when they must be broken. After profuse apologies, and a careful survey of the horizon to see if any one was looking, the Frenchman would have asked us to step quietly inside. I rather think that an American (if he had no German blood) would have done the same, though perhaps I may be mistaken. In any case, being myself a natural outlaw I always found myself extremely at home in a country which, although bristling with "red tape," furnishes so many occasions of cutting the same.

Before quitting this subject, I would like to register a protest against one of the commonplace remarks so constantly repeated and which, to my mind, has absolutely no basis in reality. Millions of people cannot hear Shakespeare's name mentioned in juxtaposition with that of a French translation or comment on his work, without exclaiming, expressing immense superiority and self-satisfaction: "Oh, of course, *no French mind can understand Shakespeare*. He is only comprehensible to Anglo-Saxons, although some say that Schlegel's translation is almost as fine as the original."

Now here, I repeat, I feel obliged to differ with the million parrots who repeat this chatter. What, may I ask, is meant by "the French mind"? No nation in the world, I believe, contains cerebral material of such great diversity. If Shakespeare is universal there is certainly no nation whose mentality tends so much toward universality of taste and culture, where intuition, depth, subtlety, dramatic sense and poetic inclination form so large a part. That the country which produced Montaigne, from whom Shakespeare himself took so much, should not understand the literary output of a mind in such complete affinity with that of the Bordeaux philosopher, is an absurdity so manifest that instead of commenting further upon it, it is best to let it drop.

Thirty-five years' experience among readers, writers, specialists and amateurs has proved to me that nowhere is there so high a percentage of interest, culture and comprehension of

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this subject as in France, and I have been in close touch with Shakespeare lovers of all nations.

There is one point which is very striking in following a presentation of one of the plays in the French theatre, or in reading any good translation. A completely new impression is received, due to the fact that passages which are the most striking in English fade and give place to others where the poetry is less magnificent, but where, through some different harmony of language, the little-known line becomes a new revelation.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE TOCSIN

BY the time our English visit was over, May had waned into June and brought my sister and her family to make their long-promised visit to France. My brother-in-law, Buckner Wallingford, also came over, but without the possibility of remaining in Europe for more than two or three weeks, as his business allowed him but a brief vacation before returning to Cincinnati.

So, according to our plans, he and Nan were to make a little tour in Switzerland and Northern Italy, leaving their three boys with my two children at Le Poncelot, then return, see something of our region and be present at the review always scheduled for July 14, after which Buckner would be obliged to go back, but my sister, as well as my mother, promised to remain with me for the whole summer, enlivening their long stay by an occasional trip to Paris.

The first part of our program was duly carried out and proved interesting and amusing to all. We had just bought an open car large enough to contain the whole party with either Aldebert or Buckner acting as chauffeur. We visited Pont-à-Mousson, Ste. Menchould, where we lunched on the famous pigs' feet for which that place is renowned, but our most memorable trip was to Rheims.

It was undertaken between the 14th and 19th of July, in response to a letter from a German reserve officer who had interests in Champagne and who belonged, with his wife, to the fashionable and "sporting" part of the town where there has always been a very "horsey" set and a good deal of hunting. The baron had only just learned that Major de Chambrun was in search of a saddle horse and wrote to invite us to inspect a particularly fine animal guaranteed to behave well under the side-saddle but which he was willing to part with for "family reasons" as the doctor had recommended the high



and well-born baroness to refrain from hunting for the rest of the year.

Looking back upon the episode it is easy to see that we acted like simpletons on this occasion, but "hind-sight" is easier than fore-sight and the reasons given for the German's preference for cash rather than horse-flesh were too plausible to arouse suspicion. The lady wept at the idea of parting with her sorrel steed, and patted Galathée's neck affectionately. The mare had won a military steeplechase at Metz; it was heart-breaking to say farewell, but what a satisfaction that a good master and mistress were now assured for the noble animal. Her husband stood back and laughed at her, or at us, while she spoke thus, and she at once became practical.

Would we object to paying immediately? It would be a great accommodation as they were leaving in a day or two; it would save them the trouble of collecting the money from the French remount service, always a thing which takes time. As the horse would start that very day, the affair was satisfactorily terminated for all parties.

My husband wrote the check.

She was perfectly right, and knew it very well, though *we* did not. When the fine Irish hunter arrived by road at St. Mihiel and we had tipped the German groom to take the train back to Rheims, it was not to Rheims but to Metz that he bought his ticket, and the days for pleasure riding were past!

Before Buckner's departure we decided to make one final excursion so that he might see the ancient fortress of Toul, which was reputed to be picturesque. It proved, however, disappointing, and we felt in bad luck that day, for the new Licorne which we had acquired broke down, firmly and definitely as it turned out, though we succeeded in limping first to a garage, where it was sufficiently repaired to take us back safely to St. Mihiel, there to wait until a new wheel could be supplied by the factory. It could be supplied in two weeks they said, but our time—had we known it—was growing shorter, for it was at Toul, while peacefully waiting in a small café, that some excited newsboys suddenly began crying their ware.

Of course we knew that something very unusual had hap-

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pened, for evening papers are never published in small provincial towns, nor could we hear, at first, what the boys were shouting about a crime at Sarajevo.

"It may mean war in the Balkans, and that may bring us war in the next six months," said my husband, while we hooted at him incredulously.

One night—it was July 30—there came a rapid summons from the barracks on the hill. Then two dark hours of parting stir and haste in the sleeping house. Next morning the 40th Artillery had vanished.

No one who was not personally connected with the regiment guessed next morning what had taken place, or suspected that a few hours after the artillery had gone, the 12th Chasseurs took the same direction. I knew nothing of the other regiment, but as I stood at the garden gate and watched a little laundress on her way to wash clothes in the Marsoupe, I deduced that the 106th Infantry had left too. The man she loved belonged to that unit, and as she pushed the heavy wheelbarrow before her, she wept aloud.

That day the Bourg seemed deserted. A deep gloom settled over the whole quarter. We talked to one another quite unconvincingly about "war not being yet declared," and took some comfort from the fact. We knew, nevertheless, that Belgrade was under bombardment and that some unpronounceable things beginning with "Kriegs" had been declared in Germany. The old major, who talked with authority on such matters, said that this meant readiness to go to war. But our own mobilization had not been decreed, and that seemed to us a hopeful sign.

We tried to think that it was only a measure of exaggerated prudence which had called out a few frontier regiments to guard the ten kilometers zone in case of emergency. In technical terms this was called "alerte couverture," not war.

For hours there was no other news. Amid a sort of suspension of thought and faculties, the day dragged on for the family at Le Poncelot. Suddenly towards evening, and from the fort on the hill, came six long, thundering detonations.

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They were punctuated by the staccato screams of women in the street. This meant "alerte générale" (general alarm) and called out the entire division to join the regiment which had gone the night before.

The cannon did not fire again from the *Camp des Romains*. We learned afterwards that the military authorities had spared us the official signal of twenty guns, which meant that war was declared. The first six had caused too great a panic in town.

We knew it, nevertheless, for trains began pouring into the station in an unending procession. . . . General mobilization.

Like an influx of the tide, reserves of first and second line flooded the town and passed on singing the Marseillaise. Then St. Mihiel, empty and mournful, became as quiet as a hospital, until another wave of humanity filled it once more with frothing effervescence, and again passing, plunged us into loneliness and silence.

It would be impossible to put into words the sensation produced by these alternations of feverish activity and solemn, deathlike stillness, or to describe the strain of the next fortnight, during which, although we waited every day for a catastrophe from the covering troops in the Woëvre, there came no news of the expected battle.

At the commencement of hostilities the 40th Division numbered about 27,000 men. Its losses, at the end of the war, were more than 160,000, that is to say, after having been five times replenished—it was five times emptied.

I know of nothing which gives such a definite realization of the French holocaust as these figures, nor anything which makes the survival of those men and officers, who belonged to the 40th and who are still among us today, seem such a miracle.

If, at that time, one had felt any heart for satirical investigation into the value of human evidence, it might have been interesting and instructive to compare with the actual contents of the *communiqué*, the mouth-to-mouth version which circulated in the Bourg. Indeed, before long it became perfectly obvious that some person or persons were systematically blackening the news of the official bulletin, and endeavoring to

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create a panic in the town, or give those "false comforts which are worse than true wrongs." It is very disagreeable to know that one's ears are being constantly stuffed with false reports.

We soon learned, for our own protection, to go in town early and copy the despatches at the Mairie before the secondary version came filtering through the back alleys to poison our peace of mind.

Often we would be filled with a sort of horror of the streets with their countless voices, but (in vain) we determined to remain within the high walls of "Le Poncelot," where the spacious garden and wooded walks offered a tempting semblance of peaceful retirement. Sooner or later the restless spirit of curiosity would invade our household and send some one in search of news. To this malign species of fascination we inevitably succumbed, faring forth to join the street-corner council, or listen to the curbstone strategist. Sometimes we followed in the wake of the old-fashioned town-crier who, with drum suspended from bandolier, stentorian lungs, and a pair of sticks, remarkably agile in premonitory tappings, delivered the verbal proclamations of the municipality from coigns of vantage and from diverse open spaces.

There were many high lights on the dark background of the war picture, fine examples of devotion, courage, generosity, and a real spirit of brotherly loving kindness prevailed. In fact, we lived according to moral values, in a sort of Utopia. Friendly intimacy among all classes replaced the rather hide-bound formalities usual in provincial life. People were judged by broader standards; one realized the essential truth of many old copy-book maxims, notably, that in times like these, only those who are "rich in hope" may be counted wealthy.

But, in spite of the prevailing spirit of cordial friendliness, and of sympathetic currents, there was a deep rift in the instrument, which spoiled the harmony of all this brotherly love and confidence. We knew only too well that somewhere least suspected there lurked in our midst the social cancer which was gnawing the heart of France: the paid or unpaid German spy. Whether in town, village, farm, or city; whether plying a trade or running a small shop; whether superintending large

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industries, or waiting on table in a fashionable Parisian restaurant, some agent was on the spot. The children's nurse in a French officer's family played her part in the invasion as methodically as the reserve officer manufacturing champagne at Rheims. And both found an excuse to go home ten days before the general alarm.

### THE FRONT FROM BEHIND

UNTIL August 18 almost every one received some sort of news at St. Mihiel, where the long stream of Parisian autobuses, transformed into convoy trains, carried, together with quarters of beef and multitudinous loaves, a bag of letters to and from the front. The signs which read *Belle Jardinière Au Bon Marché*, *Madeleine-Bastille* or *Clichy-Odéon*, looked strangely out of place on the country roads or under the dark boughs of the forests. Often a private automobile brought a hastily scribbled missive which said nothing at all but "tout va bien"—"all is well"—for strict orders were given forbidding any officer to say where his regiment or company was stationed, or to refer in any way to military happenings.

It was all very well to say "tout va bien," but vague rumors had begun to circulate in town that there was big fighting somewhere, and that all our so-called covering troops were moving, or had already moved north. There was an ominous silence.

One afternoon a group of women were reading the daily bulletin before the Mairie, when a small boy edged his way through the bystanders and pulling his forelock by way of introduction, handed me a pencilled note. A youngster obviously of the country districts, he rode a battered bicycle and this gave me an idea.

"What village do you come from?" I asked him.

"St. Maurice-sur-les-Côtes," he replied.

"Are there soldiers at St. Maurice?"

"A lot. A great deal of artillery, and almost an entire infantry regiment."

An interesting possibility loomed large. Motors were out of the question and all the horses were requisitioned. The distance to St. Maurice was much too great for my children's small pony-cart, and walking, naturally, was still more im-

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possible. The one remaining solution was offered by this boy's arrival. If he could come, surely I could go in the same manner, providing the *Commandant de place* could be persuaded to issue a passport.

This was far from certain. No safe-conduct had been given during the last few days. Reported enemy advance made occasional raids of Uhlans an unpleasant contingency. Permission to cross the *zone dangereuse* was not accorded either sight-seers or "sentimental females." Some solid, convincing reason to back such a request must be found.

I may say here, in reference to this first visit of mine to the front—and all subsequent ones—that no rule was infringed. General Joffre had not yet given orders forbidding any civilian between the firing lines. Each commanding officer was allowed to use his personal discretion in issuing safe-conducts on the presentation of adequate reasons, and at the point where all such documents failed, the military countersign (which is never confided to any one but a soldier) was required, to pass forward. Some military person was always at hand, in my case, to give it.

On this occasion everything worked like a charm.

Several years' residence in France had given me some insight into French traits and sentiments and taught me that one of the most potent appeals for sympathy was the detailed exposition of the financial difficulties of a housewife. I determined to present some overwhelming statistics, and strong in assurance of success, I hired a bicycle, took a flask of wine and a package of biscuits and chocolate, and presented myself before the officer then commanding the Place de St. Mihiel. With assumed confidence I requested a safe-conduct to go and return from St. Maurice-sur-les-Côtes.

"Impossible! Skirmishes have been reported. We are not giving any more civilian permits," was the answer.

Then I brought out my pathetic tale. Although it was more than partially true, I confess that the financial situation had not been causing us much worry up to that time. Every one was in the "same box," and as long as we remained quietly in

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St. Mihiel, there was no real reason for anxiety on the score of money shortage.

Pleading the urgent necessity for seeing my husband for business reasons, I explained that in the haste of departure he had neglected to transfer his bank account to my order, and that I was almost without funds. In a moment my interlocutor was all help and sympathy.

"But couldn't you write?" he hesitated.

"You know, commandant, how the military post works. Everything goes back to the depot and is re-distributed. . . . It might take ten days, perhaps more. . . ."

For a moment he looked perplexed, then he said very kindly:

"It will, I see, be necessary at least to make the attempt."

Then he added that he believed there was no real danger if one were prudent. He cautioned me to be sure to dismount at the first order to halt given by any one in uniform, and made me promise very solemnly that I would *rebrousser chemin* and give up the enterprise if any sentry told me that it was dangerous to proceed. When I had given my word to exercise great prudence and circumspection and to remember all his instructions, he gave me a magic paper and I started off, wheeling the bicycle up the steep ascent which leads from the Hotel de Ville. The first post was placed at the *octroi* or town limit, and was the most difficult to pass. Being nearest the central authority it was natural for its occupants to display the greatest zeal in the strict performance of duty. They studied my passport from different points of view, preferred it sideways, but felt it advisable to ask supplementary information.

"Is any one that belongs to you wounded?" they demanded. "If not why do you wish to go to St. Maurice?"

I again told my melting tale and again the *chef de poste* was softened.

"Well, . . . I suppose it's alright . . . *en avant!* And I hope you will take him something good to eat," he added, noticing my tell-tale flask and package.

I shall not recount all my subsequent stops, for they were



about thirty in number, perhaps more. I quite lost count after the first dozen. Often I was glad enough to descend from my bicycle, to which I had been long unused, and take time out for breath. Everywhere I was met with the same courtesy which was more than politeness—a sort of fraternal camaraderie which prevailed universally at that time—and which was very cheering and touching to those who experienced it. The sentinels, posted on distant country roads, showed a great desire to exchange a few remarks with any creature living. I soon found that what they liked best to be told was the contents of the last *communiqué*, which was posted at St. Mihiel, for they only knew the bulletin of the previous day.

The third stop was occasioned by a transport wagon which passed me from behind, and whose military conductor was overcome with either deep suspicion or intense curiosity. After passing and looking back several times he evidently decided that such a strange thing should not be allowed to go on unquestioned, so he stopped, descended, and holding his rifle across the road, ordered me to show my papers, “if I had them,” he added sarcastically. Much to his surprise, they were produced and thousands of pardons asked for what he termed “an excess of zeal.” This was the only vehicle I saw that day, nor did I, during the forty-eight kilometers which I traversed, encounter more than one unmilitary individual between the villages. About four miles out from town the road entered a thick wood. No living creature was in sight and it looked very dark and mysterious. I had never been much afraid of anything—except snakes—but silence and semi-darkness now seldom fail to give me a shiver.

It was pleasant to emerge upon the beautiful broad, white highroad which dipped into a deep ravine. Far beneath stretched a rolling landscape with the village of Chaillon nestling in a valley and the *Haunts de Meuse*, a rampart, beyond. Through a sort of cut in this wall was the *Trouée de Hatton-Châtel*. In Virginia it would be called a “Gap,” and this gap led into the plain of the Woëvre.

Here a surprise awaited me, against the disconcerting possibilities of which Fate had armed me. On leaving the house I

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happened to see an *Etat-major* map of the region. It never occurred to me that such a thing would be needed—the system of signposts and *bornes kilométriques* being admirable in France, and passing wayfarers most obliging in giving information. Nevertheless, I put the map in my pocket for no particular reason except that it gave me a feeling of confidence. The chance map, however, became essential. The amiable and communicative wayfarer was missing from the roads, and as for the low, tomblike stones which bear such precise indications of the names, directions, and distances of each village, they were now more tomblike than ever. Over each one a thick coat of whitewash, newly applied, effectively erased any information which might be useful to a predatory band of Uhlans or necessary to a wandering wife.

A prolonged consultation of my document showed that the way led through Chaillon, Vigneuilles, Hattonville (which lies below the picturesque promontory famed for its distant view over eighty-nine, at that time, prosperous villages), Vieville, Billy-sous-les-Côtes and St. Maurice. A very steep descent toward Chaillon brought the pleasant relief of a prolonged coast. No one was in sight, so letting go the brakes and pedals, I allowed the wheels to spin over the ground at a highly imprudent rate of speed. . . .

Suddenly, as though out of the earth, rose a sentry holding his gun with both hands above his head, which meant halt, but I could not stop! He repeated the gesture and, not waiting for a third warning, I jumped from my perch.

"We are ordered to shoot after the third signal," he remarked urbanely. "I wouldn't ride quite so fast if I were you . . . papers, please, . . . if you have them."

I continued my way at a more sober pace and, slightly crest-fallen, maintained from that moment a deep respect for the policing of our roads in war time.

The wide view presented over miles of country was most impressive and entirely upsetting to my preconceived ideas. In spite of the masses of men I knew to be in these regions, not a soul was in sight. At my feet lay the village of Chaillon . . . quite deserted . . . or was it? On drawing nearer, the im-

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pression changed. The place was a mass of troops, not spread out in the open after the old manner made so familiar to us in the canvases of Van der Meulen, but carefully hidden under every available shelter, behind a line of willows, under the shadow of walls, beneath the protecting eaves of a village church, so that a *Taube* flying overhead would not suspect the presence of soldiers. From hedges to haystacks no covering remained unutilized. As for the little single-track railroad which wandered along the edges of the Woëvre under the côtes de Meuse, it was literally padded between two rows of straw mattresses. The entrance to each village was guarded by three ranges of wagons and lines of barrels filled with stones.

The slope leading from Vigneuilles to Hattonville is very steep, so I got off and began pushing my bicycle. A fine dense rain began to fall. In front of me an old peasant with an enormous red umbrella (such a one as doormen use to escort ladies to their motors from fashionable restaurants) slowly ascended the tedious way. He turned and observed me curiously: "You had better come under my umbrella, madame, it is raining quite hard now." Under ordinary circumstances and in peaceful times I should have ignored this invitation, whether kindly meant or the reverse. Now it was different, and I gladly accepted, not on account of the proffered shelter, but for the relief of talking to a fellow creature.

He was well informed and thoroughly delightful. He gave me an interesting version of the war of '70, in a nutshell, making comparison between the "Ems despatch" incident and the recent diplomatic feats of M. von Bethmann Hollweg. He concluded:

"I shall stay here no matter what happens. I am too old to fight now, but I fancy they will leave me quiet, even if we are invaded. They can't be worse than in '70, I suppose."

Many a time since I have wondered what fate overtook my "companion of a mile."

We parted on the best of terms. Just before going our separate ways, however, it occurred to me that being so near the point I might, without offense or imprudence, share my pro-

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visions. I offered to share my package of "petits beurres" (little crackers) and chocolate. He beamed.

"If you are sure not to need them, I will not refuse. It is a long time since we have seen such delicacies. All goes to our *petits soldats*, but I have grandchildren, too," he added.

On reaching the cut before described, in the otherwise uninterrupted barrier of the Meuse heights, for the first time there came rolling through space the impressive thunder of cannon. From this point also, the villages became much more animated. They literally swarmed with soldiers. What struck me most (for I had not expected to find it so) was the neatness of their equipment, and the smoothness of their well-shaven chins.

It was now the hour of their midday meal. In the stable yard or before the barn gate, groups of men were gathered round a tiny improvised hearth, and into the damp air rose the smoke of countless fires. Some of the blue-coated soldiers were peeling potatoes, while others brought water in little canvas buckets, or distributed the rations of bread. It would, I believe, have struck even a suffragette as a pathetic meal. I freely confess that the sight of these hungry amateur soldiers, struggling to prepare their slender meal, which they used to find ready cooked in a cheerful farm-kitchen or modest apartment, and from which the call to arms had suddenly summoned them, brought tears to my eyes. There is something touching about the sight of manly men doing work which is still associated, in France at least, with comfortable femininity.

I ran towards an excited group of men and women. They seemed bursting with news and hailed me from a distance.

"Madame, have you seen the Uhlans?"

This sounded quite ominous, but a few seconds' talk made it clear that our convoy had been attacked by one of these marauding bands, the armed escort had proved adequate, however, in dealing with the raiders, whom they had made prisoners and led into the village under a strong guard, for examination at the Mairie. They had already, it appeared, confided to some bystanders that they had been ordered to take the field under the impression that they were starting on a simple military manœuvre.

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This day was full of excitement. In the village of Billy, where I next passed, the authorities were questioning two aviators, just brought down by the fire of our guns. Their attitude, in contrast with that of the other prisoners, was as insolent as though victory were assured.

But in spite of these diversions the way seemed to grow longer and longer. I felt that St. Maurice was literally retreating *sous les côtes* as I advanced, and began to doubt whether, in case I managed to arrive, I could ever get home again. These feelings will be understood by any one who has pedalled twenty miles when completely out of training, and looks forward to going twenty more on the return journey within an hour or two.

There is, however, no better stimulant than good news. When I had pushed my bicycle up the steep way which led onto the little village square, I found the lieutenant-colonel and all the officers of the first group, including my husband, with radiant faces. What struck me, too, as extremely satisfactory, was that they in no way viewed my visit as an intrusion. On the contrary, Colonel Kintz beamed. "I was just wondering by whom I could send some letters back to town. Perhaps you will carry them for me when you return?" It seemed almost as though they expected me, and it was a thrill to sit down with them at the officers' mess. Happily for me, my arrival coincided with lunch time. What talk during that half hour! Dreams woven around the taking of Altkirch and Mulhouse, visions of a scarcely checked advance through Alsace and Lorraine! How different from the reality, but how would we ever have got through those long years had we known the truth?

No sooner was lunch over than every one discreetly retired and left me with my husband. I was literally dead with fatigue and rested a few minutes on the feather-bed requisitioned in the house of a little bonnet-maker. I was more grateful, however, than comfortable. On the wall hung all the treasures of the little village girl—family portraits, a shell with holy water, the dried branches of Palm Sunday palms—so soon to be dispersed, trampled under foot. My husband sat beside me

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and how that one brief hour, which was all that I could steal from my long, homeward journey, melted away! But all good things end. The group gathered again to bid me good-bye. I proudly pocketed the colonel's correspondence and turned homewards.

I was so buoyed up by all that I had heard, I quite forgot my aching ankles. Even the thick, soft, persistent rain which enveloped the woods like a curtain and steamed up again from the soaked earth did not dampen my spirits. I had only one bad moment, for the return trip was without incident. The friendly sentries remembered my morning passage and waved a polite invitation for me to pass on without showing my papers. All asked news from the front and rejoiced in the capture of the Uhlans and aviators.

But the bad moment came when I stopped once more at the Mairie to deliver a note which our lieutenant-colonel had entrusted to me, together with a message for the *Place*. At the *Hôtel de Ville*, I was courteously greeted by the same commandant who had issued my passport. He showed a touching interest in the accomplishment of my errand.

"Had I succeeded," he inquired most politely, "in regulating those tiresome monetary difficulties of which I had spoken?"

At this question I remembered for the first time since leaving St. Mihiel, what I had not thought of during a single second of my pilgrimage. Sole excuse of the whole expedition—that still elusive bank-account! With my tongue in my cheek and a sheepish eye toward the commandant, I nodded in the affirmative.

## CHAPTER XX

### DAME RUMOUR

THE Rue Carnot and the Rue des Tisserands were as empty as desert trails, but the cathedral square was very much alive. The old scholastic buildings and convent were full of commotion, for it was there that an improvised hospital had been installed. The *Hôtel de Ville*, inside and out, was guarded by the officers and soldiers who still remained, anxiously questioning the authorities who could not advise what ought to be done now. The groups, still assembled around the bulletin board where the latest dispatches were posted, talked no more of coming victory. Without knowing exactly what was expected or feared, the temper of the town had changed and a spy-fever raged everywhere.

Although the incident I am about to describe reflects small credit on my sense of mob psychology, I owe this confession to truth.

It was in the afternoon and the pall of doubt lay blackest over us. My sister Nan and I agreed that perhaps the best way to shake off our foreboding would be to take the children for a brisk walk. We had scarcely set foot beyond the garden gate when an excited neighbor told us that a man had been captured signaling in the wood the night before, and was now being questioned at the Mairie.

Of course the children were wild to see what a spy looked like. When we arrived he was being led out between two *gendarmes*. We were standing before the café in front of the small lockup. The hoary wheeze: "Come in, you will be more comfortable here than opposite," failed to make us laugh, for to my horror, the man on whom the jail door closed I recognized as an old acquaintance—the market gardener and florist who had supplied us with our bulbs and seeds.

We were not, however, particularly surprised. If there were spies in St. Mihiel he might logically be one, for his two as-

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sistants had been German and, like the famous pastry-cook, had left suddenly a week before the *alerte*. In fact, they were declared to have been officers in the Intelligence Service, ready and willing to pot plants and trundle wheelbarrows for the now obvious advantage that residence among troops afforded. Certainly they must have been well informed by their government to have departed thus in the nick of time. Nothing was proved against their employer, however, and he was subsequently released. But the incident depressed us and we decided to go home.

Suddenly we were startled by the noise of running feet and voices shouting loudly. Then pell-mell down the narrow lane leading into the main thoroughfare trooped a motley crowd of boys, old men, and a sprinkling of women cheering them on. They carried a ladder and in the center of the group was a dark object prostrate and sinister, which was being hustled along to the accompaniment of stentorian yells: "A la Meuse! Jetez-le à la Meuse!" (To the River Meuse! Throw him in!)

We were possessed with but one idea—to get the children away as quickly as possible from the sight of what was about to happen. We knew only too well what it would be. The thought of it made us feel sick and helpless, but what could be done in the face of that determined crowd? Fortunately, my elder nephew had sharp eyes and was not afraid to use them. "Look!" he exclaimed. "What on earth have they got? . . . Why," he said, "it is nothing but an old sign!"

Sure enough, though it sounded like *Alice in Wonderland*, the object upon which the populace was wreaking vengeance was neither spy nor traitor, but merely a six-foot plaque of painted zinc, advertising the "Bouillon Kub." A boy of thirteen or so, puffed with pride in his costume of officers' khaki and his Croix Rouge band, paused in wild career to enlighten us.

That mysterious "some one" who is behind most popular movements had decreed the immediate destruction of all foreign posters and billboards. "Some one" had said that they played an important part in the elaborate system of the Germans and indicated, among other things, the shortest cut to in-



vasion. In this way the aggressors were supposed to have prepared for the fact that all French signposts near the frontier would be destroyed as soon as war had been declared (as indeed they were).

I never learned positively whether accusations against the Kub were well founded or merely one of those ideas which take the popular mind. Certain it is, however, that bouillon was no longer favored by the *ménagères* in St. Mihiel.

Although we tried our best to remain optimistic and could not bear the idea of leaving St. Mihiel without my husband's approval, if not his expressed recommendation, we were not so foolish as not to foresee—considering what was going on about us in the way of rapid flight—that our turn might also come and that it would be well to provide in advance for such a contingency. There was one thing, too, which I felt very strongly about, and concerning which I had my own views. However natural it might be for me, as the wife of a French officer, to remain with my children at his military headquarters, there was neither reason, logic, nor principle involved in the case of an American family. Indeed, reason was quite contrary to taking this risk. Therefore, we determined to write to the American Ambassador, inform him of the state of things in the east, ask his advice and perhaps his help, should it seem necessary to send a car on from Paris to take back my sister's family. We also asked for an American flag in case the Germans should enter before they could manage to leave.

At that time, as we found afterwards, poor Mr. Herrick was too much taken up with his fellow citizens in Paris to go so far afield. There were even fewer carriages to be had there than in the Meuse, so although one of our friends sent a star-spangled banner, we had no other help or counsel from the capital.

One of the things which made our position difficult was lack of any funds, except some small change and a fifty-franc note which my sister had in her pocketbook. I had enough money in the bank to remedy this condition, as I supposed, but on going with my checkbook to draw enough to cover immediate necessities and to pay the butcher's and baker's bills which had

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been running on, I discovered that without a word of warning the bank had closed and removed its place of business to Bar-le-Duc, which to all intents and purposes was as inaccessible as Paris! Still, we tried not to worry over money questions when we had so much graver cause for anxiety. As I mentioned before, from the material point of view, we were living in the Golden Age on a régime of mutual confidence and no pay. This might continue as long as we stayed, for the only thing we could not get on credit was cigarettes, so my sister decided that it would be better to cut these off and keep her little sum in case of emergency, but after three or four days my mother and I both begged her to buy cigarettes and trust to luck for our fate. Strangely enough, when one does trust Dame Fortune absolutely, she usually rewards this confidence. And here I am about to chronicle a remarkable and perhaps unique experience in dealing with the French fiscal administration.

I mentioned our expedition to Rheims where my husband had bought a horse for himself but which, of course, counted as regimental property. That is to say, the government gave the sum allowed for the acquisition—some 3000 francs—and the officer could pay any price over and above the government tariff which his personal taste in horseflesh might lead him to spend. In the case of a thoroughbred mare like Galathée, which we had found so much to our liking at Rheims, the German proprietor had, as I said before, requested as a special favor that the entire price be paid at once. This was done, and as a result of the transaction it was the government which owed the minimum price to my husband, since he had paid the whole amount. It is here that my unique adventure with the fiscal authorities begins:

It must have been on August 23, or possibly 24, when the rumors that assailed our ears were more and more alarming, that I was given a penciled note from the military *Trésorier Payeur* asking if I would come at once to the office. There that angel in the shape of a man explained, quite unlike the bank, that he had received secret orders to transport his funds to the rear. He had noticed on his books a debt of 3000 francs owed to the Major for his second mount, and thinking that we might

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need the money if obliged to leave, he offered voluntarily to hand it over to me on my personal receipt, adding: "You understand, madame, that I am exceeding my powers in so doing. The law requires your husband's signature for such a payment and I am personally responsible to him. It is a responsibility, however, that I will assume joyfully if in so doing I can be of service to you now."

I need not say with what appreciation and gratitude I accepted his offer. It was one of those cases, I have always maintained, where rules exist only to be broken by intelligent officials and in exceptional cases. Unfortunately, in all countries the exceptional cases are almost always the rule, and the intelligent official is rarely on the spot.

A few days later, luck and friendship again came to our aid. After the funeral service which was said for the colonel of the 161st Infantry Regiment, Madame Brosset-Heckel asked me to come and bid her farewell, as she and her daughter, whose husband was also reported among the killed, were leaving that night for Lyon. During my visit she suddenly asked if I needed money, explaining that the Colonel had left her a very large sum on going to the front, and that it was in gold and therefore it would be I who was rendering her a service if I could take what I needed and give her a check in its place. Thus within twenty-four hours our desperate financial situation was completely transformed. We had more than we could possibly need.

I was much struck by the psychology which war seemed to develop among most women. The universal preoccupation was what they could do to save personal belongings. One would have thought that silver alone was the chief object of every one's anxiety. "What are you going to do with your silver?" was the question heard everywhere, to such an extent that it literally got on my nerves. I do not claim to be above caring for material things, but among my personal possessions it was my books and pictures, which, if left behind, would have been the cause of my wailing. I found one person who agreed with me that in such times as we were going through, and with

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such possibilities as we were conjuring up, the last thing we should occupy our minds with was household effects—the one thing that appeared to be all-important to our neighbors. As everything of that sort seemed destined to go up in smoke or into Germany, which, as far as we were concerned, was the same, it was absolutely useless to worry about what was left behind. During those days I made a solemn vow with myself that if I could get through the war with my loved ones safely near me, I would never complain about other losses, and I think I have kept my promise.

I might here record a priceless remark my mother made five years later, when, after the usual search through the Foreign Office for my goods and chattels which had gone into Germany and never come out, she said consolingly:

“Well, there is always something to be grateful for, and instead of useless regrets you can always be very thankful for one thing. You have lost the Chambrun family portraits, and you never would have dared to burn them!”

Which was as true as it was consolatory.

The hard-luck stories that were told in 1914 were highly comic. It seemed a hysterical necessity, among women, to prove each to the other that her fate was worse than her neighbor's. The woman without children said to the woman with offspring: “All this would not be so terrible if I were not alone!” while the woman with children would say: “Oh, if I were only alone, I should not be at all frightened. It is only on account of my children!” In the same way, in order to break all records in misfortune, they would go back to griefs and miseries of years before. One captain's wife, who seemed to take perfect delight in wailing and lamenting the past, came with the obvious object of proving, that among all the garrison, *she* was the most unfortunate. After reciting a litany of woes, she concluded with this:

“And, oh, madame, I have lost my mother!”

Rather taken by surprise, I asked at once how recently her mother had died. Her reply was calculated to confirm what has gone before, for she answered: “She died when I was born.”

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Such cases as these were not, save for a few comic interludes like this, calculated to sustain the town's morale, and I remember that by way of putting another face on the situation Madame Brosset-Heckel and I formed a small society for the propagation of good news and cheerful ideas, to try to counteract the general gloom. It had no success, however, outside our immediate circle. We made fictitious plans as to how, when quite deserted by the military authorities, we would take over the government of the town between us, form a committee of public safety, and shut up all those who spread demoralization in our midst. At the head of the list of those to be suppressed was the lady whose mother had died at her birth. What she had succeeded in accomplishing in the way of destructive effects and false news was something incredible.

By August 22 the cannonade approached with a rapidity so alarming that it rendered all thought of sleep for any but the junior members of the family quite impossible. All day long disturbing news had been coming into town on the wings of panic. Fortunately for us, we did not then know that one of the groups of our "Fortieth" had been caught under enemy fire at the Croix-sur-Meuse (often the object of former pleasure excursions) and practically annihilated; that the lieutenant-colonel and two captains, who were among our closest friends, had been killed, and that one had been burned alive in an ambulance wagon. All this and more we were to learn quite soon enough. That night we knew only that we felt the instinctive foreboding of calamity.

I have often wondered since how we ought to have passed that night of strain, but I can only record what we did, which will probably be judged quite shocking. Yet I am equally certain that we could not have got through it otherwise.

Three of us, my mother, sister, and I, were sitting around the parlor lamp at about midnight. We had finished a novel begun some days before. It was by Amelie Rives, and enabled us (no small praise) to fix our attention while each in turn read aloud. But when the last page was reached we all agreed that

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it was useless to begin another book and it was suggested that we might concentrate on a game and get through the ghastly night by playing bezique.

Two of the trio fixed their minds heroically on sequences, hundred aces and all the fascinating combinations dear to the regular player, but the third of the trio, who never had a head for games even under most favorable circumstances, was unequal to the occasion. Neither cards nor colors would stick for a single instant in her memory.

"I think I might be able to write a story," said the guilty one. "I will read it aloud to you between games, as it progresses."

"L'Echo du Siècle" (Echo of a Century) was published some months later, and was generally pronounced "too gruesome" to be popular. That may well be, but it served its purpose. Not every story is made to please the reader. Some few are written because they have to be — which was the case that night.

The sound of distant cannon had come booming from the Woëvre for over a fortnight. No news of victory reached us. In fact, the guns seemed coming nearer all the time. Then suddenly rumor "painted full of tongues" dominated and terrorized the town, which was already well emptied of its superfluous population.

Wild tales circulated between town hall and market place, and though no one knew just where they originated, everybody was persuaded that some one else knew. From the outlying districts pitiful stragglers began trailing in, pushing or pulling tiny dog-drawn vehicles, a few mattresses or household effects. Stories of pillage, murder and burning, too horrible to repeat, too true to forget, came also.

Every day the news was carefully disseminated by some one who obviously dealt in German propaganda, that provisions had run short. Nevertheless, no real essentials were lacking. We went without salt and sugar for a day or two, but prices were rather lower than in peace-time. The propagation of

false news is a favored method with a foe who is slow to discover that France is a country which is stimulated and not depressed by danger and difficulty.

Stories of atrocities increased and multiplied. The town remained quite calm, but it became very angry and we paid little attention to those who told us daily that the enemy were within eight miles and that it would be our turn next.

When prisoners were sent through, however, it was found advisable to bring them after 9 P.M., at which hour citizens were ordered within doors.

One afternoon it leaked out that a German officer was being conveyed for examination to the town hall; and outside the building a silent crowd gathered and waited.

Although principally composed of women and children, it was a fearsome sight, big with possibilities of brutal violence.

Suddenly, down the turning of a road which leads up to the regimental tennis-court, where a blue arrow points the way to Metz, swung a closed motor-car. Beside the military chauffeur sat a French orderly upon whose knees lay the prisoner's sheathed sword and the hated "*casque à pointe*." Inside, a gray figure was huddled in the corner, beside it the erect form of a French sub-lieutenant of Dragoons. This officer, who looked almost ridiculously boyish, jumped out and faced the menacing crowd. He spoke very slowly and distinctly. His speech was short but Mark Antony never more completely swayed the changing passion of the many-headed multitude.

"I beg all of you, but especially the children, to make no hostile demonstration. The man I am bringing here is wounded. . . . *Il faut respecter les blessés.*"

Then he turned and with a gentleness which is attributed to women, he helped his bandaged foe to descend.

The German's head was swathed in white wrappings beneath which his damaged face presented a ghastly picture of apprehension. His dry lips were drawn back over his teeth and frozen into a stiff propitiatory smile. He shot furtive glances toward the crowd, for he expected to be torn to pieces. And truly, before the officer had spoken, his chances looked very bad indeed.

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But, since the time had come, he descended, leaning heavily on the dragoon's arm and supported by the orderly.

Together they lifted him up the steps, and the doors of the Mairie closed behind them.

Not a sound was heard from pavement or street.

Three words had sufficed to quell the bubbling ferocity longing to wreak vengeance on something or some one for the anguish war was bringing in its wake.

"Respect the wounded."

As the crowd slowly broke up and turned homeward, there came an emotion of another kind.

"Aunty Kig! Aunty Kig!" exclaimed my nephew, young Buckner Wallingford, who came dashing toward me. "There's a man over there with Uncle Bertie's number on his collar."

I could hardly believe that an officer of the regiment could be back in St. Mihiel, but I followed the direction indicated by his finger, and sure enough there was the magic, familiar number 40 with its ornamental grenade embroidered on the collar.

"Run over and ask if he comes recently from the front—if he has news. . . ."

With boyish diffidence about his French, Buckner consented to accost the stranger only on condition that my small son would, as he expressed it, "do the talking."

By dint of team work they cornered their man and exacted a promise that he would come in the evening and "tell us about it" as soon as he could get away from his post at the Mairie, where he was now in sole command, as the ranking officer in town. What a story this told. It simply meant that all our forces had left. Up to that time, there had been a colonel at least in command of the "Place." It was a terrible come-down to have a sub-lieutenant in charge—more especially, one of this caliber. For reasons which will soon become obvious, I shall designate him by a name which was not his own.

With great anxiety we awaited the coming of Lieutenant Philip, who represented an unhopèd-for link with the front line and also the possibility of hearing something of what was going on at the rear, from which we had been equally cut off for a week.



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It was disappointing to learn that he knew nothing about the 40th, except the position it now occupied, which I gathered was north of Verdun on a hill called *Mort-Homme*, a name which, at that time, meant nothing to any of us.

It seemed that owing to a sprain he had been sent back for treatment, but had received orders to rejoin the next day.

Any one with 40 on his collar looked to me like the god Mars, but my mother sized him up differently.

In civil life he was a commercial traveller and had joined the ranks rather late—at the very last minute, in fact—we learned afterwards. Poor Philip was a timid soul and the responsibilities of his position at the "Place," where he was faced with the question: "Are the Germans really coming in, ought not women and children to leave in haste?" almost overcame him. After endless debating on this point and in the face of the clear statement that nothing would persuade me to leave without receiving instructions from my husband to that effect, he suddenly conceived an idea for which I shall be grateful to him all my life—to take me with him to the front lines.

He was to make the journey in the military car belonging to the "Place," dropping another officer at Verdun on the way. I could go as far as the spot where the 40th was quartered, leave him to his duty and return in the car, which otherwise would go back empty to St. Mihiel. An opportunity at last to learn the truth about the situation. What an inexpressible relief to us all! It seemed unfair that I alone should have such a wonderful privilege, but it was stretching a point to let me go in a military car. To take Nan, my sister, or Mamma, would be out of the question.

I would return there richer for a real experience and with the precious truth, which would allow us to steer a better course.

I may say that the thought of danger would not have stopped me, but I must also acknowledge that any idea that this enterprise might turn out to be perilous never entered my head.

## CHAPTER XXI

### BAPTISM OF FIRE

NOTHING unusual happened until our car was about twenty miles south of Verdun. Then the lieutenant sharply tapped the military chauffeur on the arm. "Slow down and stop," he commanded.

For about two minutes we all listened intently. The heat was frightful. We had not felt it before in the excessive speed, which dashed what seemed to be solid blocks of wind in our faces. But now, as we halted, the contrast of the still, blazing, noon-day sun was almost overwhelming. We sat and frizzled, listening. Directly in front of us, we heard a long crashing but distant roar.

"I have been hearing them for some time back," remarked the chauffeur, whose artillery uniform was white with the dust of the high road, and whose powdered eyelashes gave a peculiar expression to his serious black eyes.

"I couldn't be perfectly sure on account of the wind and the noise of the machine, but it is very plain now."

There passed between the two officers a hasty questioning glance, and their faces assumed the same blank look which said as plainly as words:

"We should never have brought her. What on earth are we to do with her, now she is here?"

Neither was really on the job. Both were reserve officers: our artillery lieutenant, whom the mobilization order had brought back from Russia; and an infantry sub-lieutenant whose vocation was not war, and who had obtained a twenty-four-hour leave to take his mother away from Verdun. They turned with one accord to the simple soldier at the steering-wheel, recognizing in his person one more in touch with these affairs, since he was a "regular."

"Can you tell whether those are enemy cannon or our own?"

## SHADOWS LIKE MYSELF

"Non, mon lieutenant. I have heard only our seventy-five, which sound sharper, and are more rapid, but, as for the siege-guns—" and he shrugged his shoulders, indicating thereby that he had not yet made the acquaintance of these formidable machines.

The infantry sub-lieutenant spoke:

"They can't be from the citadel at Verdun. Those sound even louder; they must be the big German siege-cannon, covering an attempt to cross the Meuse."

"Then," said the artillery officer, "Verdun may begin firing at any moment, we shall have to make a big *détour*."

Both again looked uneasily in my direction, and I felt that it was my turn to make some kind of statement.

It was perfectly evident that the officers were bitterly regretting their kind offer to take me along with them and were greatly disturbed at the sudden and unexpected turn of events.

They had scarcely expected, in giving an invitation to visit the front, to "throw in" (so to speak) a battle. It was borne in upon me that I must find something very decided to say, something which, if it did not comfort, might at least convince. Fortunately I hit upon the right formula. I pointed out to the lieutenant that since his orders obliged him to go forward he was obliged to take me with him. There was no advantage in leaving me by the roadside to await the return of the car. I reminded him that if there should be danger in continuing, this would mean a serious advance on the part of the enemy, in which case there would soon be plenty of danger in St. Mihiel, and that we might as well get used to it right away. After all, my most important object and obvious duty was to learn where we stood.

I had been feeling—I may confess it—decidedly "queer" in a far-away inner portion of my chest, but this speech produced an excellent effect upon my spirits. It sounded eminently sane and practical, and I began to feel the self-satisfied glow of the successful orator who has scored a hit. The desired impression was made. Both officers were visibly relieved and thoroughly convinced.

The "état-major" map, by which our course had been di-

**Ville de Saint-Mihiel**

Laisser-passer *M<sup>me</sup> Pierrette de Chambrem*  
*de nationalité romaine*  
 pour se rendre à Paris en automobile  
*le 22.12.14*

Taille *1.55*  
 Age *40 ans*  
 Cheveux *châtains*  
 Barbe \_\_\_\_\_

Saint-Mihiel, le *22* décembre 1914

Signature du Titulaire:

*C. de Chambrem*



Le Commandant d'Armes:

*[Signature]*

**Ville de Saint-Mihiel**

Laisser-passer *M<sup>me</sup> Pierrette de Chambrem*  
*à Saint-Mihiel*  
 pour se rendre à *Stenay* en automobile  
*le 22.12.14* aller et retour

Taille \_\_\_\_\_  
 Age \_\_\_\_\_  
 Cheveux \_\_\_\_\_  
 Barbe \_\_\_\_\_

Saint-Mihiel, le *22* décembre 1914

Signature du Titulaire:

*C. de Chambrem*



Le Commandant d'Armes:

*R. G. L. Officier d'ordonnance*

*[Signature]*

NOTA: Validité de 24 heures  
 à partir de \_\_\_\_\_

HE COULD BE USEFUL FOR WRITING OUT SAFE-  
 CONDUCTS AND STRETCHED A POINT TO TAKE  
 ME TO THE FRONT IN A MILITARY CAR

Vu à Châlons-sur-Marne pour aller à St-Mandoul  
accompagné de M<sup>re</sup> Linganne Longueville, sa mère

Châlons-sur-Marne, le vingt-trois février 1918

(23)  
Le Commissaire Militaire,

pour faire délivrer par autorisation spéciale  
donnée par téléphone par M<sup>r</sup> le Commandant  
dennais de l'état-major de l'Armée  
Valable 48 heures. Aller et retour.  
Le Com<sup>te</sup> Loubet



Reçu pour  
J. L. Meneilly

Reçu par le commandant pour  
le 23 février 1918  
à 10 heures 15 minutes  
à Châlons-sur-Marne



The au  
you to  
C. L. Meneilly  
J. L. Meneilly

BY THE RULES OF WAR WE OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN SHOT

## BANNERS IN ACTION

rected, was again unrolled. A new way was traced for the chauffeur to follow, which, after Verdun, was to pass in the rear of the fortresses and creep in behind the French lines; thence we were to work our way through to the regiment. There was no one on the road except troops and sentries. In order to pass them it was necessary to know the military countersign, carefully whispered so as not to reach my civilian ears. Before again cranking the machine the chauffeur, somewhat to my surprise, carefully removed the *croix rouge* flag which fluttered in front of the car and which had served the day before to bring in some wounded from the Woëvre. The flag was carefully rolled and hidden under the seat.

"I would have supposed—at least before this war—that it would be an advantage to carry it," I volunteered.

My remark displayed appalling ignorance about the rules of the game. The infantry lieutenant had been reading up, in the little handbook "Duties of a Reserve Officer on Campaign"—rules confirmed by the Hague Tribunal, and hastened to enlighten us:

"There would be this disadvantage," he said, "if we fell in with a party of Uhlans, they would have a perfect right to shoot us without court-martial. We have no authority to carry a Red Cross flag."

I mention this incident as being characteristic of the spirit shown by all our officers and men at that time—the desire to keep within the rules in all their doings, which even in the Middle Ages differentiated the chivalrous from the barbarous combatant.

Soon we were obliged to slacken speed.

The road, hitherto deserted, became filled with a long heterogeneous procession of homeless peasants. Since that first morning I have met miles upon miles of them. I expect to continue seeing that ghastly mirage in times of fever or nightmare. But Queen Mab in her most malign mood, or an illness which sends the mercury to the top of the thermometer, can never outdo the horrors or exaggerate the sadness of that miserable caravan. It was composed of hay-wagons, ox-carts, wheelbarrows, tiny dog-drawn vehicles and baby-carriages, all

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heaped with the old, the sick, and the very young. Even ducks and chicks were packed in the straw, and every available space crammed with the pitiful treasures of abandoned firesides. Those who could drag themselves went on foot, to make more room in the wagons, and on the faces of all was the reflection of a recent horror, which I fully understood on learning that they were what was left of Gerbeviller. There was no outward demonstration of any kind from this lamentable band.

In the village where we had expected to find the 40th Artillery the red trousers of our infantry gave a false aspect of gaiety and color, and there were plenty of ambulances. The roar of the guns had become loud, insistent and incessant. No need to stop the car to hear them.

Two soldiers came down the street. They were "making a chair" as we used to do in school to amuse the younger children. Who was on it and where going?

Esnes was the goal of our expedition. But where we had expected to find the regimental cantonment there was nothing but an open-air hospital. "The artillery left at dawn," said a sergeant, "to take up a new position, *en batterie*. They are covering our retreat." Retreat? A wave of our informant's arm indicated the rolling line of hills, waist-deep in the uncut harvest. Turning from the high-road we proceeded up a well-worn cart track which ran through the wheat.

A few dark objects in the distance might be some of our batteries, we thought, and in a ravine to the left there were certainly horses tethered, half-concealed by a little wood. Some horsemen were moving at a short distance from us. We hailed them and made inquiry:

"No, those are not our batteries, but those of another regiment in reserve or retreat. The 40th is already advanced and in action, several kilometers ahead," our informant added. "Better get down and hide the car. On the hilltop you will draw their fire."

Then we saw what we had not noticed hitherto. Against the pale blue of the summer sky were two faintly colored yellow spheres like giant opalescent bubbles—captive observation balloons. Then a peculiar thing happened; for no apparent rea-

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son the air began to scream, a strange, whistling shriek, lasting for some seconds in a mounting crescendo, then diminuendo, and a large puff like a solid ball of cotton burst against the blue and broke into countless smaller puffs of melting thistledown. It was beautiful to see.

"Mon lieutenant," said the chauffeur respectfully, "we would do better, as the man says, to get off this hill and keep the car out of sight. If we stay where we are, it will give the enemy a line on our guns."

As he spoke, a crashing roar shattered the atmosphere, and far in the plain beyond us rose a black column of smoke which spread and seemed to stand erect, looking like a dirty spatulate finger pointing skyward.

"Pretty short," remarked the chauffeur critically, but he backed the car down over the hill-crest and there we held council. Before doing this we had time to note that three distinct groups of men dotted the hilltop, any one of which might be a group of the 40th. My husband was in command of the first group, and since the car could take us no farther and the day waned (it was now 2:30), the most practical and time-saving plan would be to separate and see what each could do individually, to reach any officer capable of giving exact information to me and positive orders to my companion.

Accordingly we abandoned the automobile. It was arranged that we were to meet in half an hour. The chauffeur turned to the right, the officer to the left, and I, following an impulse and remembering the horses in the valley, doubled back and descended the hills again. The ground was terribly rough under foot, its roughness concealed by thick masses of wheat and oats. The blazing sun was so intense that I feared a stroke but there were certainly horses in the wood, and I could now clearly see artillery uniforms. This spurred me on, but it occurred to me that coming mysteriously among them, as I was doing, it would be well to give some sign of friendly intentions.

Vigorously waving a pocket-handkerchief, I approached within shouting distance, and called:

"Do you belong to the 40th?"—An affirmative.



"What group?"

"The third."—Disappointment.

"I *must* see the commanding officer of the *first* group. I have come all the way from St. Mihiel. Will you give me a guide and a horse?"

The soldiers eyed me askance, and no wonder!

St. Mihiel lay distant some seventy kilometers which could be traversed only by one possessed of the military countersign. I appeared to be alone and on foot. My tale was not convincing, so I added:

"There is an officer with me, we came in the auto of the 'Place.'" Magic words. The soldier became sympathetic and confiding at once.

"Madame, the first group is entrenched on the Mort-Homme hill. It is far, two or three kilometers. You could not possibly get there on foot, the ground is very difficult."

"That is why you must lend me a horse, two horses, rather, and a guide. You may call it a 'requisition.' I will be personally responsible to your colonel, and any officer of the first group will be responsible for me. Perhaps some one in your group knows me by sight?"

"As for that, I know you myself, Madame de Chambrun," said he. "I live in the Rue des Tisserands."

No more words were wasted after that and a man with a "trompette" soon led out an enormous troop-horse.

I clambered into the saddle, not very easily, but the onlookers seemed surprised that I could do it at all, and were reassured when I knew where to look for the loops in the stirrup leathers.

Astride of a particularly wide horse, a woman who is wide herself, clad in a gray linen skirt so narrow at the hem that it had to be drawn above the knees to allow her to climb into the saddle, a saber slapping against a long expanse of brown-stockinged leg, is, or should be, a mirth-provoking sight. I felt fully conscious of the grotesque spectacle I presented with my dust-grimed face, red with intense heat. The most respectful artilleryman in France might be forgiven for laughing at

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such a figure! I waited for laughter but it did not come. What *could* be the matter with everybody?

Instead of an explosion of ill-concealed mirth, there was no sign of amusement whatever. A pitiful anxiety was the dominant expression on their upturned faces. Then, for the first time, I realized that the news must be very bad indeed and I understood that to these poor fellows I represented the last woman they might ever see. . . . There was no humor in that situation.

A brief order was given and we galloped off across country. My horse, bitted with a simple snaffle, and rejoicing in the unaccustomed lightness of his burden, pulled so hard that I was absorbed in controlling him, and could not question the "trompetteur" who acted as my guide.

Suddenly there rode out from the shelter of a clump of trees a little group of horsemen; at their head was Captain Sauret who had often dined with us and who was given to teasing me for my unconventional American behavior. What would he think of it now? But on his face also there was no trace of amusement.

"How on earth did you get here?" he said without other greeting. I explained, and asked where I might find my husband.

"The Commandant is in the trenches, preparing to cover the retreat of our advanced batteries which are in action. You will have to hurry. The Commandant will be surprised to see you in this region, for he telegraphed a week ago for you to leave St. Mihiel."

"No telegrams have come through for ten days . . . surely," I added, clinging to long-lived hope, "surely you don't really think that the enemy will cross the Meuse?"

"They *have* crossed," he answered simply. When my mind reacted from the shock, I managed to articulate:

"How long—do you suppose . . .?"

"If Nancy holds out, you will have several days before they blow up the bridge and railroad. If not . . ." and we rode forward in silence.

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The hill formed a sort of promontory to the plain of the Woëvre. Before us and on the verge of the steep descent under a blazing sun was a shallow trench, masked behind a row of wheat sheaves. Bundles of oats and straw were tied against each cannon, the muzzles of which were scarcely visible. From the front and even from the rear—if not too close—our battery must present the appearance of a peaceful range of hay-ricks.

An officer who had been observing the plain through a pair of field glasses, rose from the trench and called out something very unpolite addressed to the person who could think of bringing horses up on the hill—in full sight of the enemy guns! He swore a particular oath out of a special vocabulary, and I knew before he could shake the straw off his cap that it was Aldebert.

In spite of my weird accoutrement he also recognized me, and lifted me down from the troop-saddle where of course the saber had caught my skirt. Then giving a smart slap to the horse's flank, he ordered the trumpeter to get the steeds under cover quickly and told Sauret to "Stand by to take her back." To me: "We must say what is most important quickly, for you must be off the field in ten minutes."

Ten minutes! Not much time for a world-without-end parting from what one loves most, a mere breath in which to explain so much before that audience of artillerymen waiting to take up the fire—which was to cover the retreat of the comrades whose groups down below on the spurs of the hillside began countering the German attack.

Each minute was punctuated by a puff of smoke from the opposing batteries, which were out of sight, and at each shot one more black finger was raised from the valley to mark where it had fallen, thank God, still short of the mark. After five minutes they were nearer, even the eye of a tyro could see that. In those days, I often thought in terms of golf—indeed I still do, in spite of the weight of sixty years—and it was easy for me to understand that just as an expert caddy can tell from the click of the driver-head and whistle of the

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teed ball where a shot will light on a given field, so, these men, who for days had been under fire, could see at a glance that these shots would not carry the bunkers until the tees were moved forward. So instead of being surprised to find all these men so calm, even I felt no sensation of fright, though my legs were trembling.

"Look at it while you are here," said my husband. "You may never have another chance to see a battle."

And I answered stupidly enough: "Is this really the beginning of a battle?"

His retort sounded grimly:

"No, it is the end of one."

"By what miracle do you come to be here?" he asked after a moment.

"Philips brought me here in the car. He has stayed in it. I found the horse and then Sauret . . ."

"I know. But that isn't what I mean. I felt that by hook or crook we would see each other again. . . . But ten days ago I telegraphed that you must leave without losing time and wrote to Jeanne to expect you all at Beaufossé."

I was overcome with dismay. Leave St. Mihiel? The nearness to the regiment seemed to make separation easier. . . .

He said: "Going is the only chance we have. And if you stay there as a prisoner we might not meet again for years . . ."

"Mamma and Nan can take the children back to Paris, then into Normandy—perhaps I might be of use in town to prevent . . ."

My husband knew me better than I knew myself. He did not argue. Instead he only said:

"*You* prevent atrocities! Why, you would hit the first Boche officer you met over the head with a club and they'd burn the town as a reprisal . . ."

He told me that the regimental depot which was at Chalons was to be moved back to Rennes. This seemed unbelievable but it was true . . .

Among other things I said: "Philips will want orders when I get back to the car . . ."

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"Don't waste time talking about him," he said, and I grasped his meaning. I never thought of poor Philips again.

Aldebert found time to say that in spite of reason which told them that no message could reach them from St. Mihiel, they had talked things over the night before and decided what each officer wanted his family to do in case. . . . Trancard's wife and children were to go to Amiens. . . .

"They have already gone. I drove them myself to the train yesterday in the children's pony-cart."

"That's all right. He will be relieved, it's his guns that are firing down there. . . . How about the others?"

"Madame Brosset-Heckel left for Lyon when she heard of her husband's death. Mme. Keintz is at Bar-le-Duc and does not know yet. . . . Is it true that Rombrot . . ."

My mouth was so parched, I couldn't speak without taking long Irish swigs of tea from my small flask. I knew what was coming, and sure enough he said: "It's time now," adding, "perhaps you'd better speak to the men whose wives are in town . . ." and he signalled them to come forward one by one. Each had a message for those left behind. . . . I couldn't count on my memory, but I had a little notebook and told each to write his wife's or mother's address on a page and the message below; they all began in the same way. . . . "Madame de Chambrun who has just come on the battlefield will tell you . . ."

The last one to step forward was Captain Rombrot's orderly. He handed me a watch and pocket-book. "I promised *mon Capitaine* to give them to her myself," he said with a choke, "but perhaps . . ."

There is no time so tragic but that an occasional glimmer of amusement comes, momentarily at least, to pierce the gloom. Such a ray flickered into my consciousness when, after a wild dash to reach the automobile at the spot where it was hidden in a grove of trees, I found the lieutenant brooding disconsolately. He had not gone more than fifty paces in search of "the superior officer to give him instructions," before his ankle

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had turned again, and sent him creeping back to the car. Up he sprang, however, when I hove in sight and inquired anxiously what orders I had brought from the front. What orders indeed! Never, from the moment my husband said "we had more important things to discuss than Philips," did thought of that dismal person cross my mind. But this was a difficult thing to explain. Instead of attempting it, I had an inspiration, the best that ever came to me during four years of war.

"Your orders are to return with me to St. Mihiel and from thence take the first occasion to rejoin the regimental depot."

Relief and incredulity strove for supremacy in the look he gave me. . . .

"It can't be possible!" he gasped, "do you mean to say . . .?"

"Certainly. And Captain Sauret is here to confirm it. They expect an order for general retreat. The depot of the 40th is moved to Rennes. If you remained at the front with that bad foot, you would only cumber an ambulance; there are plenty of ways to be useful in the rear. . . ."

Even while speaking I half realized the magnificent piece of work I was accomplishing in removing that Jonah from the front line, and I was never more heartily commended than by remaining officers of the 40th, when they learned through Captain Sauret of what my presence of mind had spared them! My mother had been perfectly right in her estimate. Poor Philips bore no relationship whatever to the Great God Mars.

When the flicker of humor passed I took my place in the car and cried so hard that even Philips was ashamed of me, and the chauffeur put his hand on my shoulder and patted it gently: "Pauvre madame," was all that he could find to say, and it was not calculated to make me stop. But there is an end to everything, even tears. . . .

It was nearly four o'clock and we were making the best speed possible. Philips still repeated that if we were on the roads after dark we must surely be shot. Even as he spoke, a heavy munition convoy of wagons and supplies came around the turn and blocked the passage of our car, which drew up on the roadside. It turned out to be a singular piece of good fortune. I had been wondering how I could possibly obey my husband's

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explicit orders to get the family out of St. Mihiel without delay, and at the same time avoid spreading panic among those who had decided to stay, come what might.

The officer in charge of the convoy drew up to make the usual inquiries, "what the hell," etc. . . . Philips explained who I was, and what we were doing and what we expected to do in view of disastrous tidings. The officer's reply was such as only wartime produced.

"There is nothing in the world I would not do for Major de Chambrun. Would the car I left in St. Mihiel be of any use to you and your family?"

If he had said: "Take my magic carpet, or my enchanted horse, I got them out of the Arabian Nights," it would scarcely have appeared more miraculous than to find a car at my disposal in St. Mihiel.

He explained that when the call came for reserves he was living at Sedan and had driven over in his car which, as a precaution, he had left in a garage, depositing the carburetor in a friend's house to keep people from the temptation to flee in anything that was ready to run. Anything on wheels has a tendency in wartime to start running.

"I would rather have you take it to Paris than have the Germans use it in St. Mihiel," he added. "If it will be useful to your family you will be doing me a favor."

So in less time than it takes to tell it, he had written two orders, one to deliver his car to Madame de Chambrun on demand, the other to let Lieutenant Philips carry off the carburetor.

"The tires are old," he remarked regretfully, "but you can requisition military gas," and turning to Philips, "I suppose you know how to drive?"

Oh, no! Philips did *not* know how to drive, how could any one expect that he would? "Well," said the officer, "perhaps you can find somebody that can hold a steering-wheel—a messenger at the depot?"

I blessed this unknown providence, and on we went.

Heartened by this encounter which set a new and better face on the hateful necessity of retreat, we sped along to the gate

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of Verdun, where we picked up the officer whom we had dropped there in the morning. Although he did not know the full extent of our bad news, he had heard enough to realize that our mission in St. Mihiel must be a reverse proposition to Paul Revere's ride—not "up and to arms!" but "get up and git," or lie down and accept Boche rule.

We spoke freely and the chauffeur responded in his usual imperturbable manner and with a rigid salute after the warning that what he heard must not be repeated.

"Understood. I will remember to forget, lieutenant."

Then we talked over our respective tasks which must be accomplished during the next two days.

Philips thought that I should send the children away that very night and offered to come back with me and write safe-conducts (he could be useful for something after all). I charged him also with the task of putting together car and carburetor, and of moving heaven and earth to find some one who could drive.

Night had almost fallen when our car drew up, and the children were clamoring at the garden gate to know if I had found "Papa."

I tried not to show in my face what had happened, but it was no use, for Philips was there beside me. However useless he might have appeared in the trenches, he had grown essential to us now. There he was on the spot to make out passports for the entire family.

The first person who came for news was the Abbé Georges Cholet, the parish priest of St. Etienne. He had heard of my expedition and came to learn the results. He was typical of Lorraine, cool, practical, and endowed with the executive ability so necessary to his calling. The civilian population could not have been left to better guidance. He undertook half of my mission of "breaking the news gently" to the town and offered to look after our household goods to the best of his ability.

It seemed materially impossible to get the children off that night by a train which was to leave in less than an hour, though Philips preached haste and wrote out passports for all. We de-



cided that my sister, her three children and my two, with her maid and my faithful Josephine who has ever been at my side when the worst has happened, should take the morning train and await our coming at the *Hôtel des Saints-Pères* in Paris.

Our vow not to bother about material things in wartime was rigidly kept. No baggage except what each person could carry was allowed on the trains and in that hectic packing we tried to think of what was most essential for comfort in a strictly limited future. The pony-cart, in our case, could take a good deal more to the station than could literally be carried, and for the children, perhaps the greatest wrench in sacrificing all toys and superfluities was the leaving behind of a complete Indian equipment which had been presented to each and all. To us, the wrench of parting minimized all the rest.

When the time came, my mother, who did not feel that she could go to the station, remained at Le Poncelot, and the procession of laden pony, children, and pedestrians, large and small, set forth.

The train was drawn up at the platform and we began to place the baggage in the racks, when the representative of the civil authority at the station ordered it off, declaring that there was a German spy among us in the shape of a German nurse who had been denounced by a neighbor and that he had orders not to allow any of the family to leave.

My sister's feelings and mine may better be imagined than described. I cannot even remember what we said or did, except to wave the American flag and assert that the nurse was not German but Swiss, and beautifully neutral. She had, moreover, taken out first naturalization papers in the United States and was now an American; woe to them that stopped her when, with her employer, mother of an American family, she was engaged in removing from danger young subjects of the United States and the children of a French officer. It was of no avail, and of course the woman's conduct made the situation worse, for they really had a good deal against her in the way of foolish talk. Not only had she been telling all who would listen about the glorious victory which would soon crown German arms but she said it again loud and clear in the station, until I

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thought the deputy-mayor would take her out and shoot her, and was tempted to do so myself. Instead, I argued that no matter what she said or thought, the girl *was an American* and that I was personally responsible for her conduct while in my house and that the deputy mayor, *not* the woman, would be placed under arrest if he held up the family. This was no empty threat; by a happy dispensation, the petty functionary is not all-powerful. In wartime the civilian authority is placed under military rule. But this thought came too late.

By the time the officer commanding the railroad service had been summoned, the train slowly but implacably had pulled out of the station and our poor little group was left lamentably on the platform with nothing to do but collect the baggage, and place it under the commandant's care with the promise that baggage and children should not be prevented from taking the afternoon train.

When we came trailing back to Le Poncelot my poor mother, who was always equal to a tragic situation, had a hard time reconciling herself to this. The same thing would happen again at the four o'clock train, or something worse, for during the morning an enterprising *Taube* dropped two bombs on the town.

The second exodus had all the depressing atmosphere of an anti-climax. Such adieux as those of the morning cannot be made twice, but the officer was in charge at the train, and it quietly steamed out with Nan, the children, my Josephine, and her whom we knew thereafter as the "Boche" and who eventually went back to America with all the honors of war and of martyrdom (at least in her own mind). That blessed Military Commissary took the whipper-snapping official "by the scruff of the neck" and made him apologize though that brought no balm. "The offender's sorrow brings but weak relief to him who bears the strong offence's cross." Between the "insolence of office," civilian and military, at least in France, give me the soldier.

My mother and I, left alone, had too much work to do to spend time in anything but practical philosophy. Philips came to report that car and carburetor had been united once more

and held out the hope that a man who could drive it might be supplied from the hospital. Meanwhile my bicycle completed the mission I had undertaken, and I delivered the leaves, torn from my notebook, to the women to whom each was addressed.

Our departure was delayed once more by the condition of the car and the difficulties in procuring even military gas for its running, and on the last morning I received the worst blow of all.

I had gone on my famous wheel to buy the slender market stuff which was to serve us one day more and to deliver the said "bike" to the shop which had been renting it to me, when a woman stopped me.

"Have you heard from your husband since the lieutenant-colonel was killed?"

"Yes, I saw him myself," I answered. That spoked her wheel, for she could not tell me that he had been killed.

"Are you still at La-Croix-sur-Meuse?" she turned bad news another way. "The Germans will be there tomorrow or next day. I hope you haven't still got your children here?"

I replied as tersely as possible:

"No, the children left yesterday with their aunt. She will take them into Normandy."

"Via Paris?"

"By yesterday's Paris train."

"Oh, poor madame! That train didn't get through; the Germans are at Meaux."

It is curious that at such a moment, when thought and reason seem to stop, nature reacts in a wholly unexpected manner. I was seized neither with fear nor despair but with anger, intense and immediate, and without any volition in the matter, I heard my tongue reply: "If what you say is true, there would be time to tell me so tomorrow."

Of course I said it in French, but it was in Shakespeare's English that the words echoed in my brain . . . in their eternal psychological truth, which some critics who have never "been there" sometimes question.

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*"There would have been a time for such a word tomorrow."*

Without adding anything I turned and left her staring at me as if I had suddenly gone mad, for she had expected to have me fall wailing on her shoulder. It is one of the pleasures of women of her sort, who have nothing to lose in peace or war, to punish those who have.

I couldn't stop thinking but disciplined my brain to think straight and fight against hysteria. I said to myself: "It *may* be true, but, if so, is it reasonable that she should know it and not I? . . . It would be better for me not to have heard, for I can't tell Mamma and won't be able to hide it from her. My first duty is to keep cool enough to get through what has to be done and think only of practical ways and means. Aldebert told me that they had got out of a worse position on the twenty-second of August than the one I left him in. If he returns I must be where he can find me, so I must put the thought of a catastrophe out of my mind." It was all very well to say "must" but I couldn't do it. I had to have the truth, and instead of taking my bicycle straight to the shop, I took the long *détour* across the Meuse to the railway station and asked to speak to the military commandant. He thought I was coming to secure my own and my mother's retreat by rail and said at once that we would have to go to Dijon.

I told my tale and he understood that I wanted the facts and not consolation: the whole truth as he knew it with no dressing of fancy or wish.

"Perhaps I ought to say that I *know* the train got through. I have told two women so this morning. I *believe* it did, but have no direct information, because they don't send us news of safe arrivals. This is exactly what I think and this is all I know! Telegraphic orders came through from Chalons instructing me to send on the midnight train. That can only mean that the track was still clear then and that consequently your children had passed safely, otherwise orders would have come to hold up all trains or send them via Dijon, which I am going to do from now on. . . ."

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I kept to myself what the woman had said and only told my mother what I really believed when my head was cool: "The station officials are confident that the train got through all right."

Then we set about preparations for departure ourselves. This was fixed for September 1 at six A.M. and should have allowed us to reach Paris the same evening before dark.

I left the house in charge of a woman who did general chores for us and who was glad to have such comfortable beds for herself and her son, a boy of sixteen. She was authorized to use the provisions that were in the house and asked to give the wine in the cellars to what French soldiers might still come through.

Love of a place, like that for a person, is not a matter of time. It may be born in a moment, die in a second, or linger throughout eternity. I deeply loved the home we had made for ourselves at St. Mihiel, where among other things I first tasted the satisfactions of a work I felt I could do well, and dwelt in the midst of material treasures among which those which had the least real value were often the most precious. It took a stern act of will to command myself not to think of this when I went upstairs for the last time to get my small hand-bag in which I had put what seemed most essential to keep us going for the next few days; beyond that no one could see. I knew that there were about four chances out of six of joining Nan in Paris. If we fell in with the German troops it would have to be she who would do the worrying about our respective children—what to do and where to go. Duty was so clear that any sentiment that hindered me from accomplishing the essential thing which was mine to do must be thrust aside. I had vowed to myself the evening before to leave everything since I could not take all. But suddenly it came over me that perhaps I might have to endure long months, possibly years, alone, and that I must have something to live on which money could not buy. So I turned back. There was room in my bag for two small parcels. I took the package of Aldebert's Sahara letters, which I kept in a small leather case, and the two conversation books written by Giovanni Florio

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which I had purchased in London. The dictionaries and essays were too large to think of; besides I knew that, if needed, they could be found in the libraries of Paris or Bordeaux.

I broke away and joined my mother who was waiting downstairs.

## CHAPTER XXII

### MARNE. THE ROAD TO PARIS

MANY times we blessed the opportunity given by the convoy officer, affording us the possibility of returning to Paris by road instead of by rail. It was infinitely preferable to being packed into a baggage car and sent like sardines to Dijon and it enabled us also to take not only the inevitable Philips, without whom we could never have gotten through the lines, but a more cheerful four-legged member of the family, whose kind were strictly barred from trains in wartime.

Two difficulties had to be faced. Our machine had no exchange tires, those it carried were already very much worn, and no others were obtainable. We must trust to luck and go slowly. The graver difficulty was the chauffeur, whom Philips had at last discovered in the military hospital, a poor fellow who had just been evacuated with orders to join his dépôt, then at Fontainebleau. His peace-time profession was that of a "mécanicien" and he assured Philips that he could become acquainted rapidly with the working of this special car. What seemed more doubtful was the possibility of getting our extemporized driver as far as Paris alive. Indeed, with his suffering eyes, clammy forehead and five days' growth of beard, his long blue infantry coat which hung in disconsolate folds over his too cheerful scarlet trousers, he was a pitiful figure, and might have symbolized, in his own person, our mental attitude. Those red trousers and our small bulldog were the only cheerful things in our wretched party, as the top-heavy landaulet, overcharged with the necessary provision of gas for the long trip to Paris, threaded the narrow streets of St. Mihiel in the early morning.

The dog was enchanted by the rare prospect of travelling by automobile, and made a delighted inspection of the long Lebel gun which leaned in the corner of our carriage. Like all his tribe he felt entirely responsible for our safe conduct. Duty

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obliged him to be constantly on the alert, and his alertness consisted in rapidly scaling precarious heights, and maintaining a doubtful balance on heaped-up baggage, or petrol cans, and in inconvenient pawings of the air. He felt it incumbent upon him to adopt an attitude of menace towards the constant challenge of the sentries. The stops thus occasioned, took up much time. With our overloaded car and doubtful tires, it was necessary to proceed at a very moderate pace and it soon became apparent that we could not expect to reach Paris until long after nightfall. Travelling after dark—at least so it was said—had already resulted in fatalities. There was no use risking being shot for failing to stop at a given though unseen signal. There being then no reason for undue haste we decided to have lunch at Vitry-le-François, but an hour before arriving our poor chauffeur, who was doubled up over his steering-wheel with pain, turned upon us a haggard eye of appeal, saying he feared he must lie down a moment by the roadside.

No one else in the party knew how to drive, and our prospects looked rather black. We anxiously looked over our supplies contained in a small basket of emergency rations, but alas! we all agreed that there was nothing which would not be rank poison in the present case. We knew that our poor infantry man was suffering from an acute form of liver trouble, and who would dare to offer any of our supplies? We had lived long enough in this age of enlightened hygienic principles and diet régimes to be fully aware that it is extremely wicked to offer a hard-boiled egg even to a healthy person; strong coffee is an unpardonable error unless all traces of caffeine are removed, and as for our other provisions which consisted of fresh bread, chocolate, and brandy, all were anathema maranatha, and yet it seemed most important to do something for the poor fellow, who was looking eagerly to us for help or comfort of some sort. So, with uneasy conscience but grim determination, we administered a large glass of strong coffee followed by a hard-boiled egg, then bread and chocolate were added and the repast topped off with a stiff drink of brandy! We awaited the result, trembling. Then and there, according to every rule, he should have died in great agony. Instead,



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within ten minutes he became a new man. He insisted thereafter upon regarding us as his preservers, all medical aid having hitherto failed. He thanked my mother profusely, and stated his intention of informing his wife that he had been saved from perishing by the enlightened care of "une dame d'outre mer."

I trust that this anecdote may not be considered an affront to modern science. I view it myself as a valuable contribution to the many lessons taught by wartime.

Arrived at Vitry-le-François, we received the first of a series of shocks. The French general staff had gone at an early hour that morning, and several inhabitants inquired whether they would do well to leave at once, as the enemy was reported in the immediate vicinity. We could tell them nothing except that we had seen no signs within the last thirty kilometers. At the first inn where we tried to get some food, the proprietor shook his head. They were not taking in any guests; but, he added, as an afterthought, we might still find something to eat where the staff had been lodging, and, thanks to his advice, we had an excellent luncheon which had been prepared for Joffre. Without wasting much time at the board, we proceeded on our way.

The news became more and more alarming, and we found it best to abandon the shorter route through Chalons and Meaux and to cross over to the southern, or left, bank of the Marne, following the line Esternay-Sézanne.

It was well that we did so. The trip passed without special incident up to the time of receiving our second shock. This took place near the entrance to a little village called La Ferté Gaucher. Although it was not quite dark we decided to spend the night there, as we were not sure of reaching a better place before sundown. As we turned into the principal street, we saw two soldiers in a uniform which was unknown to us.

The lieutenant addressed us: "Those must be Belgian soldiers, what *can* they be doing here? It is my duty to inquire, in case they should be deserters."

He returned with a very peculiar expression on his face, and said: "No, it is quite regular as far as they are concerned.

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Their officers are here, too, in fact a whole regiment—or what is left of one—they are the garrison of Namur.”

At the small Hôtel du Sauvage, a large crowd gathered, and while the lieutenant entered, to wrangle with the landlord, endeavoring by persuasion, bribery, or requisition, to obtain lodging for the night, we sat in the car and waited.

Our poor “memento mori” of a chauffeur descended from his place and entered into conversation. He looked eager and anxious. We could not help wondering what communication he was about to make. He addressed us with the old-fashioned courtesy of the third person plural.

“Will these ladies think it impertinent in me to make an inquiry?” This puzzled us more than ever but we assured him of our unalterable feeling of benevolence toward him. He lowered his voice to a confidential whisper.

“I should like to have these ladies’ frank opinion of those Belgian soldiers.” We still remained innocent of his meaning.

It burst upon us suddenly and overwhelmingly during the next sentence; for the only time in many days we felt tempted to laugh aloud, and were correspondingly grateful.

“I have been told by many that these Belgian uniforms are more ‘chic’ than our infantry *tenue*. I should like the impression of these ladies?”

We hastened to reassure him. “Neither men nor uniform,” we said, “might compare to the best type of French fantassin.” This statement did him quite as much good as the hard-boiled egg. Even our preoccupied lieutenant was amused at this unexpected trait of vanity in our poor scarecrow, but the anecdote explained his sudden disappearance. “For,” said the officer, “he has asked half an hour’s leave to get shaved, and I wondered why, at this crisis, he thought shaving particularly urgent, but it was evidently his laudable desire to ‘épater les Belges.’”

The chauffeur returned with newly cut hair, and clean-shaven chin. He had even added a handsome celluloid collar to his bedraggled equipment, so I trust that the poor Belgians were duly impressed.

Dinner was served in every available spot, from kitchen and

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pantry to the pavement outdoors. Not only the Belgian officers dined with us, but refugees from Montmirail and adjacent villages came pouring in demanding food, and the talk we heard was more like nightmare conversation than reality. An officer with iron-gray mustache, who had participated in the fearful scenes in the north, was talking with one of the refugees. "I left my wife and children hidden in a cellar with a week's rations. I do not expect to find them alive."

The man he addressed answered very simply: "My mother and father were in Bergeville—so I *know* that I shall never see them again. . . ."

An early start was ordered for next morning; so we made ourselves as comfortable as the exigencies of a small camp-bed permitted, and were both so tired that we slept soundly until a clatter of boots on the stair and a thundering summons to horse called the neighboring Belgians from their slumbers and started our bulldog barking. An hour later, after drinking some hot coffee, we also took the road.

Once again, as on August 30, we had to face the heart-rending spectacle of a fleeing population. Except for this blot on the peaceful landscape, nothing more lovely could be imagined than the valley of Coulommiers wrapped in the fairy veils of a dewy September dawn. War seemed the most incongruous unreality—the fantastic spinning of some mischievous Queen Mab, and yet here in the Marne valley we found Tommy Atkins in every farm, indulging in collective ablutions for which the stable buckets were requisitioned. Meanwhile, a stream of motor trucks and thousands of Paris taxicabs poured an army out of the capital and returned thither to fetch reserves!

What we saw, however, was not a trick of heated imagination or worn-out nerves. It was, on the contrary, the most sober and practical of realizations: the application of modern methods to the most ancient of all arts—WAR.

But who shall say that no magic lurked in the valley that morning? In spite of the dumb despair graven on the faces of the fleeing caravans, the smiling landscape unrolled before us with no menace of defeat. Instead, the shining, soapy counte-

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nance of the British private, the way-worn but determined face of the French infantryman (the little "pebble-pusher") told the same story of a turning tide. These villages, whose names a week hence would be one with victory, well known as a trumpet-call, were writing their heroic destiny. We read on the faces of the soldiers how the invincible Teuton would be hurled back over this very road which we had taken: La Ferté—Sézanne—Esternay—Vitry-le-François, and across the Marne, northward, for eighty kilometers.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### ANTI-CLIMAX

PARIS was in a state which even now I hate to look back upon. Some comfort was to be found, however, in the attitude immediately assumed and maintained by Ambassador and Mrs. Herrick, who, though they made themselves unpopular among other neutrals of the diplomatic corps by asserting that if the Germans "got in," Paris was the very place where fellow ambassadors and ministers should remain, finally gained the esteem of the whole world for their fine American attitude, in refusing to quit their post for Bordeaux.

We did our small best, during the four days we remained, to persuade the ambassador that things were not so desperate as his visit to the German outposts had led him to believe. It is hard to make other people share the intuition which we call "a feeling in the bones" and which tells those who possess it what *is* and what *isn't* going to happen. Only the birds of the air believed me, but they carried the message so effectively that, before the conclusion of the battle of the Marne, those prudent wings which had deserted the city returned in great number as the big guns sounded farther and farther off.

I longed to remain in Paris where, to a certain extent, we might keep in touch with my husband's regiment, but the financial situation rendered this dream impractical. American banks distributed money in homeopathic doses, and the sums which I had in hand, owing to the generous initiative of the military paymaster at St. Mihiel, who, as I said before, advanced me what the Army Remount Service owed my husband on his purchase of "Galathée," would not have permitted our large caravan to remain long at a hotel.

My sister had her return tickets for the latter days of September; our first act was to confirm these holdings at the French Line office. Transportation at that time was given

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gratis on the French railroads; Beaufossé was well on the way to Havre, from which port boats still sailed, so there was nothing for it but to conform to the arrangements which my husband had made and transport ourselves into Normandy, where his aunt, Madame de Corcelle, was expecting my mother and sister, three American and two French children with the German-American nurse (who was not much of a comfort), my ever-helpful Josephine, and myself.

The day set for our departure, I was buying tobacco in the famous shop which faces the leafy square of the Palais Royal, when I noticed that the garden was all a-twitter with the chirping of sparrows. They felt that Paris was not going to be taken as they had feared some days back.

Another omen appeared when a military cyclist covered with dust dashed into the "Civette," tossed down a hundred-franc bill, stuffed the packages of *caporal* into a large sack, threw it over his shoulder and was off again without a word—but his face was shining with something which was not perspiration.

Another came, and another. . . .

There was something terrible in falling into the green wells of Normandy stillness where only now and then, when a strong north wind blew, could the faint sound of cannon be heard from the direction of Amiens. Not an able-bodied man remained on the premises, and the last horse had been long ago requisitioned, together with the means to make the family limousine—of a type too antiquated to serve any warlike purpose—leave the garage.

One liveryman in the cathedral town of Sées possessed a team and omnibus so moth-eaten that he was allowed to keep them in his stable, so, after a night spent on the station platform, this slow equipage conveyed us, at last, to Beaufossé which my children and I had known so well in happier hours.

Cut off from everything, how I regretted my St. Mihiel bicycle! Our immediate active endeavor was to procure another; in vain, all the wheels of the neighborhood had been bought or requisitioned two months before. But at last some one suggested that perhaps the dealer at Alençon might have a ladies'

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bicycle. Alençon was sixteen miles away, too far to walk on the slim chance of riding back after nightfall. Finally, however, I succeeded in making a mutual advantage trade with the village schoolmarm, whose wheel was sadly in need of professional repair. If I would take the risk of riding it to the distant town, I might leave it there to be mended, and purchase another for the return journey; she promised to pray meanwhile that the damaged state of her bike might permit me to arrive, and, in spite of much creaking and groaning, the "noble beast" did bear me well within sight of the lovely cathedral spires of Alençon and came in hand to the shop where there was a good machine for sale, on which I returned in triumph with the promise that the other one, after mending, would eventually be conveyed back to its owner.

Thus, at least partial contact was established with the outside world and with the military authority of the district, which issued safe-conduct papers, permitting my sister and her family to reach the boat and sail from Havre before the month was over. But meanwhile what a terrible period of waiting, far from that "stern joy which warriors feel" and that even a non-combatant learns to know near the front, where the curious exhilaration which so many poets have expressed is stronger than suffering or hardship.

We had a practical illustration that fear is only active when there is a possibility of flight. Just before our arrival, the inmates of Beaufossé began hearing the cannon so distinctly that they almost decided to go south and take refuge at Marvejols. At the same time our relations at Carrière reasoned that they would perhaps be safer in Normandy. Our coming stabilized things on both sides, and gave me much food for thought: there is no use running if there is no place to go which is in perfect security. Flight, which is the reflex of fear, is at the same time the cause of fear. When the war began, the same number of people left St. Mihiel for Sedan as left Sedan for St. Mihiel, where the risks were equal—but the mere fact of running made them feel safer. When a town is bombarded, householders rush to the cellar, in night clothes, and, as often as not, die of bronchitis. But if there is no cellar handy, the same in-

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dividuals will remain quietly above ground and gradually cease to be frightened, for war, with its terrors, is the mother of philosophy, and the greatest educator of mankind. Death cannot be avoided, so if there be not a deal of satisfaction in the fact of dying well—which means bravely—all the poets and philosophers of the world have written and striven in vain.

I never longed to run away from any place so much as from placid Beaufossé back to the 40th Regiment, for the less there is to do, the more anxiety exercises its force upon the mind and it was a full month before we had fresh news of the situation of our lines, which I had left in a seemingly desperate position at Mort-Homme.

Even when it did come, it was according to official formula. Supervision being too strict to allow the wires between front and rear to be used for anything but military purposes, dispatches could only be sent from one rear point to another. So when, by good luck, an officer came to Paris from a fighting section, part of his duty while there was to reassure the family of a brother officer by proving that, at a given date, the person mentioned was at least alive. In this case, my message, signed "Captain Sauret" on September 9, read: "Left commandant not far from where you saw him," and this told the whole story of the regiment's rôle in the Battle of the Marne.

Instead of retreating, they had held their ground, and became the pivot on which the French advance turned like a hinge in the drive which forced the enemy back over a front 200 kilometers long.

The great battle once over, my husband scribbled a line himself on a postal card dated September 11. It read: "Tout va bien" (all goes well), and consequently was not held up by the censor much longer than Sauret's telegram. A letter addressed to Aunt Jeanne at Beaufossé where he trusted that we then were or at least that she would know where to find us, gave fuller account of the situation and summarized the part played by his regiment and division since the commencement of hostilities until the time he wrote, when St. Mihiel, still hard pressed, had not yet been taken. Though the German outposts



held the woods near our house, they dared not effectively occupy the town until the forts were destroyed.

"From the 29th of July until August 19th we remained as a covering corps drawn up on the frontier, with no other combats than small advance-guard engagements. On the twentieth we were thrown northward to protect the extreme right of the French forces. One Division (mine) bivouacked near Thionville, attacked the Germans toward Longuyon. On the 22nd we found ourselves suddenly opposed to three German army corps and though the battle was terrible the retreat was sufficiently orderly to retard the enemy advance on the Meuse and protect the passages of the river to the north of Verdun until we could take up a position between Meuse and Argonne.

"There three or four pitched battles were fought, the final one terminating in the complete rout of the Crown Prince's army, which retreated towards Varenne and the north. At this point, our fourth and sixth corps, though both pretty well shot up, made a turning movement and traversed Verdun to cut off the enemy retreat, only to find themselves held up by solidly fortified positions established between Romagne and Etain. Replaced by reserve divisions and learning that the Second German Corps was in the act of debouching from Thiaucourt toward St. Mihiel, we were sent forward to meet them. Since a week we have been giving battle daily, aided by an army coming from Toul upon the adversary's left flank. At this moment the enemy has been checked on the outskirts of St. Mike, small elements only having crossed the Meuse. Our projectiles are falling within half a mile of our house, on the Ste. Marie slope, and as I watch the Prussian shells falling on the Camp des Romains and Fort Paroches, I am glad enough to think that the family are with you at Beaufossé. Just think, I who started as the youngest major in the regiment am now the oldest. . . ."

The days wore on slowly until the time arrived to separate from my sister and her children. My mother, too, was supposed to return with them, but she could not make up her mind to leave me, feeling, as I did myself, that the war would be

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harder to bear if she put the ocean between us and knowing that it was utterly useless to try to persuade me to cross with her.

My sister wrenched herself away as best she could, and in saying good-bye to my nephew the realization was brought home to me of what natural philosophy circumstances can develop in the smallest mite when it is required.

"I wish that you were coming, too, Aunt Kig," said this one, "because now I suppose that *we* will get out of France without being killed."

"Why, my darling Landon, you didn't think all this time that you were going to be killed any minute? or that those who stay are in real danger?"

"Why, of course, Aunt Kig, I always understood that in a war *everybody* got killed or at least wounded."

Which proves that though it often seems that children are told too much, we never really tell them half enough.

When these particular children and their mother were safely off by the line which still left from Havre but which soon began sailing from Bordeaux instead, the weight of our uncertainty became harder to bear, and my mother and I both felt that we must return to a place where it was possible to keep in closer touch with what was happening. Letters from America never seemed to get through any more, and we became so nerve-racked that I took up a wicked pen and wrote to an old Washington comrade who had been at the embassy, and whom I knew to be directing the postal censorship of foreign letters at Bordeaux, that, although we had no objection to his reading the news which came from home, I did beseech him to pass it on when he had finished.

At the same time I informed him of my intention to return with my mother and children to Paris. His answer was proof, had it been needed, that the farther people stay from the front, the more scared they are. Paris was, according to Bordeaux, still scheduled for destruction; it was my absolute duty to keep my son alive by remaining out of the turmoil in Normandy or by joining the government in Bordeaux. That way his generation could revenge us later.

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In spite of wise counsel of this sort which was not lacking, we returned to Paris in November and, the hotels where we expected to go being closed, took up quarters at the "Lutetia," and entered into a new phase of that world-without-end time, almost the worst of the entire war, during which there were so many weeks, each in turn declared the worst!

I had cause to congratulate myself on the comfort which I had begun to take in writing, for from this time on it formed the only possible link with my husband and kept me in touch with friends as well, since, during the entire period of the war, letters which contained any news which the censor might label "défaitiste" (and how much of it necessarily was not and could not be cheerful) were stopped or delayed out of all measure, but military authority had no objection to gossip about Shakespeare or essays in fiction and the whole officers' mess was transformed into an eager set of critics—constant literary discussion was the rule and the letters went through without the slightest delay, as did the proofs for articles which were sent and corrected in no time. Two of my short stories were suggested by events which happened in the Argonne and as they were printed in a French magazine, the soldiers of the regiment who found portraits of themselves therein were highly pleased.

I myself, suffering as I was at that time from sleepless horrors to such an extent that I could not concentrate on reading, succeeded through the effort required for composition in losing my worries in writing, which I generally did all night long, until with the gray dawn came the relaxation of utter weariness and two or three hours' sleep.

Meantime our 40th Regiment covered itself with glory and during one short moment it seemed as though there was a prospect that the enemy might not consolidate his grip on St. Mihiel. Aldebert had been able to train his guns so as to sweep the whole region and considerably damage several of the enemy batteries, but, unfortunately for our bright prospects, it was just at this time that the famous "Russian Steam Roll-

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er," from which so much was hoped, did not crush the foe as the papers continued to predict it would.

A curious incident here formed a diversion from military worries, and kept us, for a long time, guessing how such a thing could have occurred. The press throughout the entire world published a letter written, as was declared, by Captain de Chambrun to his wife in *Cincinnati*, describing with gusto how he had been firing on his own "Château," and exulting in the fact that each brick which fell meant one more German down. Nothing could less resemble my husband's epistolary style than this document, and yet it was generally judged as authentic and produced the divers reactions which might be expected. Certain persons declared that it was worthy a paladin of old to sacrifice his "ancestral towers" to the necessities of military tactics. A less disinterested and more sarcastic property-owner in St. Mihiel wrote to my husband: "While firing on your Château, kindly spare my small house, which, as you may remember, is situated nearby."

The news first came to me from Beaufossé, where "Aunt Jane" with her usual critical good sense wrote that she could not believe that Aldebert would speak of the "Family Château," and that to call him by his American rank of "captain" seemed peculiar, as did also the mention of myself as resident in *Cincinnati*.

No correspondence addressed to any of the family ever left our hands—when it reached them!—and we were reticent about those we received. Was it conceivable that some correspondence from the 40th had been pounced upon during the constant attacks and counter-attacks then in progress, and served as a basis for a German fabrication?

It was not until some months later that I learned from my brother Nick, who was then up for election, that the spurious document had been published in a pamphlet, sent to all his German constituents, with the query: "Will any good son of the Fatherland vote for a man whose brother-in-law writes such words as these?"

I thought that I had learned something while in Washing-

## SHADOWS LIKE MYSELF

ton about propaganda methods. Perhaps at the present writing I know more than the mass of my compatriots, but I confess that its full scope lies beyond the powers of my imagination.

It was comforting to receive the following letter from ex-President Taft, the only one of the war period which now remains in my possession. The others, which came to St. Mihiel, stayed there with all my own and my husband's papers, and I may say "left there" when the Germans in 1915 removed the contents of the house.

WILLIAM. H. TAFT  
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

My dear Clara,

December 27, 1914.

. . . In these holidays our thoughts go out to you and Bertie, because it cannot be a Merry Christmas with you and you cannot look forward to a happy New Year. Still you have been lifted up by a great spirit, and you know you are fighting the cause of civilization and that the sacrifices you make are in behalf of the world. The spirit that actuated the German Emperor and the military party in Germany was not revealed fully until this war had come on. The brutal subordination to their main purpose of forcing their views of life and exercising their power independent of all moral and humane considerations, is the main fact which has impressed itself on all the world, and it will take years to wipe out that stain. . . .

I have but little doubt of the result. It seemed to me that the hope of Germany was in her marvelous preparation and in her striking a successful blow quickly as she did in the Franco-Prussian war, but now that France and England on one side and Russia on the other are dealing with Germany and Austria on equal terms and with equal spirit of determination, it seems to me that the argument of arithmetic, of numbers and resources, with the opportunity for completer preparation that time gives, are bound to bring out the result we hope for. . . .

I observe that St. Mihiel is in the possession of the Germans

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and that they have been able to hold it notwithstanding the great efforts on the part of the French to drive them out. I have watched it with much interest, and with the hope that in some way the French might close up the neck of the salient . . . and isolate St. Mihiel from the rest of the German line. . . .

I presume that Bertie has been stationed in the neighborhood of St. Mihiel, and that his service has been most active. I don't know how frequent communication you can have with him, but I am hopeful that your periods of strain and anxiety are relieved from time to time by getting a glimpse of his cheery face and taking courage in the expression of his soldierly spirit of confidence and his loving heart, and in the delicious charm of his kindly humor. Among all Frenchmen that I know, he stands out for me as an ideal and a type of everything we admire in the spirit of that nation. It must be a satisfaction to you to know how profoundly the attitude of the French has moved the world. The absence of that almost frivolous spirit of confidence that characterized the military party under the third Napoleon and the quiet determination this time to have no such *débâcle*, even the Germans comment on. . . .

I do not know whether in the crisis you are meeting you can spend much thought or time on what is happening here. The eyes of the whole country are strained with searching for a basis of hope in the dispatches for a favorable and proper end of the struggle. There is no doubt about the anti-German sympathies of the American people, except among those who are Germans or of German descent, or have association of such a character as to give them a natural inclination the other way and a motive for apology and defence of the declared policy of the Germans. . . . Woodrow's assertion of self-perfection and his assumption that government by legislation and taxes can do everything, his continuous asseveration that his "New Freedom" has clarified the way of the people to happiness, and his smug assumption that he and his followers have the only proper methods, are calculated to make Theodore feel that Woodrow is doing the same thing to him that he did to Bryan.

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But in the meantime as they are quarrelling over things, and Theodore is writing some strong articles against Wilson's failures of which the number is growing, the people have taken the matter into their own hands and are saying "a curse upon both your houses." Because the times are hard, the nostrums of initiative, referendum, and recall and of the "New Freedom" are all made garish and disappointing in the difficulty of living and meeting the continued high cost of it. . . .

I am glad to see that Nick has returned to Congress and that his career, which had been so well begun, has been interrupted only by one term. . . .

I am going to Cincinnati in February, when I hope to see your mother and Nannie and to talk over with them what they have heard from you. . . .

Mabel Boardman is greatly occupied in the Red Cross work contributions which have now reached much more than a million. The generosity of our people and the intense interest they have taken in trying to help the suffering of their human-kind in Europe is certainly most inspiring. . . .

I occasionally drop in at Washington for one thing or another, but find in the situation a marked change.

Myron Herrick is pushed forward as a presidential candidate and really will get some very formidable support from the financial interests, especially Stillman and the Standard Oil people. He will also have support from the old friends of McKinley, but his boom is premature, and I am inclined to think that he would be vulnerable as a candidate. I think Myron would make a sound, and probably a successful President. He made a good Governor and I would much prefer him to anybody else that is named, except Hughes. Myron had an opportunity in Paris and he improved it. It was a situation which he was admirably adapted to meet.

I shall write you when I get your book and read it. I thank you sincerely for your kindness in dedicating it to me. I am sure you feel how much I value your loyalty and that of Nannie and your mother to me in the trying times of 1912, and I am sure you know that I am sincere in expressing Nellie's love and mine for you and Bertie and our deepest sympa-

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thy with you both in this awful crisis in the world's history and in your own lives.

Affectionately yours,

WM. H. TAFT.

Until Verdun set a new standard for suffering and endurance, the worst part of the war for the 40th Regiment and those at the rear also, was that first winter in the Argonne. Letters from the front did not tell about it, because the military censor would not have let them pass, but occasionally an officer would be designated to seek supplies in Paris, in which case he seldom failed to report to us unofficially at the Lutetia on prevailing conditions, and take back such comforting articles as we and our friends had assembled: mittens, mufflers, socks, chocolates, and cigarettes.

There was a certain Alsatian captain who possessed the practical German mentality to such a degree that he went in the regiment by the affectionate nickname of "our Boche," and was esteemed a most valuable officer largely on this account, for he knew by sympathetic intuition when bombardments would begin because he reasoned in the same way as the real Boches, and when he couldn't explain something, set it down to "spy work." He gave an alarming account of the situation in Gruerie Wood, whose name alone suggested all that was gruesome. It lay about thirty kilometers from Ste.-Ménéhould, and my husband was quartered at a farm called "La Renarde," which, through some mysterious influence, although within easy reach of the enemy lines, had never been bombarded. This, according to "our Boche," was simply because the owner of the farm, who had remained as nurse in the hospital at Ste.-Ménéhould, had warned those she served not to destroy her property.

The anxiety that we felt about the situation in Argonne so wrought us up that we decided that by hook or by crook we must go there ourselves, and cast about for a means to accomplish this. A possibility appeared in two large boxes of woollen stuffs, and money to buy tobacco, sent from Cincinnati friends through my sister Nan.



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It was said, at that time, that packages did not get through to the front unless carried personally, so we made this a pretext for asking a safe-conduct from the American embassy, together with a personal letter from Mr. Herrick, requesting that Mrs. Longworth and her daughter should be allowed to visit the hospital at Ste.-Ménéhould.

On February 23, my mother and I, with two capacious hampers, set forth to the Gare de l'Est, and although there was much pow-wow before we were allowed to board the train to Chalons, the sight of the American eagle on my mother's passport, combined with an exhibition of Mr. Herrick's personal note of introduction, sufficed to get us past the station authorities, and worked like a charm until our noon arrival at Chalons-sur-Marne, where we found ourselves in for a three hours' wait.

We thought a little walk in town would be agreeable but learned that no travellers were permitted to leave the station as there had been heavy fighting in the northern district and passengers were held up so that the news might be kept secret. Three weary hours finally ran out and we were preparing to board the east-bound troop-train when a man in uniform accosted us and asked again to see the frequently flourished eagle, which was quite without its previous effect now.

"The best thing you ladies can do will be to take the three-twenty train back to Paris," he said grimly. "We can't let you go farther."

I stated my mother's rights in the matter, and he answered reasonably that he could not refuse the ambassador's request to permit Mrs. Longworth to pass, but that orders were strict concerning French civilians and that for me no exception could be made. I answered, with some heat, that by preventing me from accompanying my mother he was effectively stopping her too; that she was over seventy and could not go alone.

Placing himself in such a manner that in order to face him our backs were turned to the track, he asked me to tell him all about it, and the first thing we knew, without the smallest sign or signal, the train we had hoped to take glided out. The trick was neatly played. Evidently the officer knew how idle it is to



ONE DAY WHEN I WAS FEELING PARTICULARLY BLUE  
I RECEIVED THIS ENCOURAGING PHOTOGRAPH



GENERAL PÉTAIN INVITED ME TO BAR-LE-DUC  
WHEN THE 40TH DIVISION WAS CITED IN  
ARMY DISPATCHES

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argue with wilful women, and had manœuvred us into talking ourselves to defeat!

It would have been funny at another time, we had been so completely taken in, but it was no laughing matter then, keyed up and anxious as we were. There seemed nothing to do but make an inglorious retreat, or sit down on the station bench and howl dismally.

Those who win such a victory can afford to be generous. . . . Military authority suddenly unbent and became more human. In fact he addressed me by name, remarking that he had been "on to me" from the first, and though he knew that I could do no harm in Ste.-Ménéhould, orders were explicit: *No wives at the front* on any pretext whatever. I stated my willingness not even to ask to see the Major, if my mother might be allowed to talk to him for ten minutes, and suddenly, just as I had given up all hopes of gaining my point, it was the officer in command at the station who relented. He promised to transmit my mother's request by telephone to the Divisional Headquarters and added that if we cared to remain where we were until midnight on the faint chance of being authorized to proceed, we might sit there until a message from high authority should decree whether our path lay east or west. Ten hours on that bench! and what hours!

We saw for ourselves that there had been hard fighting in Argonne, and the station was a fearsome sight. For the first time I came in contact with Moroccan troops and witnessed the peculiar gun-madness which seizes them before and after what they call "Baroud" or hand-to-hand combat. Two sections were being withdrawn for rest at the rear and most of the men were so exhausted that each in turn dropped down at our feet and was instantaneously lost in a heavy slumber, indifferent to the outside world.

Midnight at last and the officer, with repentant civility, helped us climb onto the train, which was black as ink, not even a match might be struck—fortunately we were not smokers. Though exhausted we dared not sleep, lest we might be carried beyond Ste.-Ménéhould to Révigny, then the farthest point eastward reached by train. At each station that we

## SHADOWS LIKE MYSELF

crawled through, we asked whether the next would be the place to get off. At 3 A.M. a voice from the shadows answered our question: we were indeed at Ste.-Ménéhould and we descended, wondering how we could find our way to the inn, where I had said I would meet my husband.

A sergeant at the station informed us that no one could move until daybreak, and once more we took our places among a score or two of soldiers distributed indiscriminately on the floor and benches of the first-, second-, and third-class waiting-rooms.

It was terribly cold. Dawn comes late in February, but when the sun was up we were unpenned and dragged ourselves wearily to the inn where I had expected to meet my husband.

To say that our arrival caused astonishment would have been to put it mildly. My question as to whether anything had been seen of the acting colonel of the 40th, sounded particularly foolish to the innkeeper. The battle had been in progress for forty-eight hours—what would any officer who belonged to the front be doing at the rear? Ste.-Ménéhould was made for the staff. If I wished to see any of them, headquarters were situated at the end of the street.

We had not eaten since the morning before, and were glad to drink a cup of black coffee before undertaking the visit to the staff. Our hampers had been left at the station to await orders, and it was no use starting forth until nine.

It was hard walking through the frozen mud. Suddenly in a horseman coming toward us I recognized Vinchon, my husband's devoted orderly. His broad ruddy face was one immense smile and he leapt off his horse. "The Commandant is just behind," he said, with one of the warmest greetings I have ever received. This was fortunate, for my husband's welcome left much to be desired. On receiving the announcement, made ten days before, that we would be there on the evening of February 23 unless he positively forbade our coming, he had at once despatched this laconic reply, but it only arrived two weeks later:

Schmitt has just telephoned that you are thinking of a visit—first, it is not permitted; second, it is materially impossible; third, the place where

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I am is inaccessible; fourth, the effect would be disastrous, any officer who connives at such a thing is subject to arrest and imprisonment; fifth, here it is just like hell!

It took some time to explain that, when at midnight the trench telephone resounded with the news that two crazy females had worked their way through and were asking for him, he could not refuse the summons but ordered us home. Our packages were sternly placed in the hands of the Supply Service, while we crept in a roundabout way back to Paris.

It was the first time, as Mamma said, that Aldebert ever treated her like a mother-in-law. But a few days later we learned that another wife who had the mania of disguising herself and getting to the front no matter how, succeeded in driving her husband to desperation—the sergeant in question drew out a pistol and shot her!

When we read of this in the papers, my mother wrote thanking her son-in-law for having left us both alive. "I thought that you were pretty nasty at the time, considering what we had been through to see you, darling Bertie, but now I understand that we were lucky criminals and you were very magnanimous to receive us so nicely, for, by the rules of war we ought to have been shot."

I did not go to the front any more after that except when personally invited.

Twice, however, the occasion offered: General Pétain asked me to come to Bar-le-Duc when the whole 40th Division was cited in the army despatches and General Le Comte, who commanded it, decorated my husband before the troops and lectured me on Shakespeare; again, when the American forces were in the field, General Pershing bade me come to St. Mihiel after his troops had entered the town, and once more, to dine at Chaumont when headquarters were established there.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### WORLD-WITHOUT-END HOURS

**D**URING the months which followed, hopes were held out that permissions would be established, so that, in rotation, each officer might spend a week at the rear with his family, but from month to month this moment was delayed, and during our long sojourn at the Lutetia we never saw my husband. Meanwhile life gradually stabilized, through the occupations formed almost in self-defense. My mother took up some work at the American Hospital, and among the refugees we kept in touch with such individual cases from the Meuse or the regiment as came into our province, but, owing to the special inhibition which from childhood has caused me to faint at the sight of blood, I avoided hospitals and clinics of every sort, and concentrated on my family. This was not easy to do and aroused criticism among both French and American friends. The standard of the times almost required every woman, especially a soldier's wife, to abandon all for hospitals or canteens, and the question currently asked was: "What sort of work are you engaged in?"

There were plenty of women who had no children in their immediate care, to do this without help (or hindrance) from me, and in spite of loss to my reputation as a patriot, I continued to attend to my children's education while pursuing my own; had I not envisaged those world-without-end hours that way, I could never have kept my courage up until the end, and it is hard to estimate how much the front is dependent on the morale at the rear. My "war-work" consisted in doing what I could to encourage those about me, giving all the material help in my power to Meuse refugees, and war-widows from the regiment, and maintaining my own hopes high.

The time came at last when my mother was obliged to give in to the solicitations from home, and consented to return there. She delayed long enough to be with us while her son-in-law

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took the short week's permission to which he was entitled, and fixed her going after that event, leaving for Bordeaux one year, almost to the day, after the parting without farewells of July 30, when we had all dined together, ignorant of what was to come.

After departure, war-time endurance passed into a new stage. As all hope of getting back to normal went glimmering, we decided to abandon hotel life and take a small apartment where, with our restricted requirements, my maid, Josephine, became *bonne à tout faire* and remained so until her marriage to a French soldier, who when he escaped from prison in Germany, joined our peaceful and domestic forces. The apartment we selected was at 3 Rue Constant Coquelin, in the Invalides district, and not so very far from the little house where the children were born. I selected it largely on account of nearness to the Collège Stanislas where, during the rest of the war, my boy went daily to school, while my daughter and I did what we could to educate each other. It has always been one of my pet theories that parents should learn about as much from their children as the other way round. In our case, it was certainly true, for she opened hitherto unsuspected vistas in the comprehension of art and French letters, and her taste and enthusiasm, her instinct for all that was beautiful, were surer and sounder than long experience or instruction can give.

I myself settled down for the first time to real work of a scholastic order, and made enough money with two articles to purchase a bicycle for my boy. The idea which had irritated me so much when "put over" by the New York publishers that, in order to talk about Shakespeare, a person must be a professor, began to trot in my head as a practical necessity and made me look about for ways and means to accomplish this ambition. It was not easy. The first indispensable step is the diploma of the Baccalaureate, or Bachelor of Arts Examination, equivalent, in France, to a university degree. This, I knew, was out of my range, for it covers a program which is too mathematical and requires more knowledge of Latin than I possess. However, my book on the Sonnets was passed upon by the Faculty of Letters as showing sufficient accrued knowledge to



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award me "a Certificate of Aptitude," that is to say, "the equal of the Baccalaureate degree," so, at forty, I put myself to school with the hope of eventually making good and earning a higher one.

Before a doctor's degree can be obtained the student must have an M.A. or its equivalent. This is "no joke," either, for the subjects treated in the examination are varied and require long preparation. In order to confront them I inscribed myself on the list at the Sorbonne for Emile Legouis courses, and, at the Collège de France, attended M. Abel Lefranc's lectures on Rabelais and Montaigne.

A curious classroom it was, for others had reached the same solution that I had, for their wartime worries, and had found in study an opiate for constant anxiety. Some came because they had a son at the front, or a prisoner in Germany; others because they no longer had either hopes or fears, but had to occupy the time; and some old men, I believe, sat in the class just to keep warmer than any of us could at home, for that winter was bitterly cold and fuel scarce, like bread and sugar for which we had to stand in line and for which tickets could only be obtained by endless patience. While our pathetic groups waited for the professor to come, how many were the hard-luck stories of rebellion or of resignation to a fate which seemed at times utterly unbearable.

We were all underfed in those days, which made things look more gloomy, and many times, rather than sit shivering at home, we would go to bed at eight and try not to think how much colder it must be in the trenches.

Soon the long nights were diversified by numerous air raids; the lugubrious sirens placed in the different quarters would begin to wail and shriek, warning those who were still in the darkened streets to take shelter in doorways, cellars or metro-stations, until the signal that danger was over, pealed out.

Many hated these alarms, and an exodus of all who could get away started from Paris. We missed only one of any importance, on account of going down to pass Easter week with the Bonands at Biarritz. When we came back, the Good Friday bombs which had fallen on St. Gervais had taken the

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pretty little red-headed girl of fifteen who lived on the floor below. It gave us a queer, unreasonable sensation that we ought not to have gone away and abandoned our post for even so short a time.

So the war lengthened out through the Somme and Champagne campaigns, until at last on April 5, 1917, the official news came announcing that America was joining her forces to those of the Allies. What happened after that is a matter of such recent history that it is not for me to describe. Besides, the entire American effort from the beginning to the end of the war has been written by my husband and Commandant de Marenches and may be referred to for any definite or technical information. The spotlight of impression makes three incidents stand out with extraordinary relief on my own mind tablets: the appearance of General Pershing on the balcony of the Hotel Crillon, the arrival of the First Division, and their salute to Lafayette at Picpus Cemetery.

A change came in our personal situation with the arrival of these troops, for soon the necessity for technical advice became more urgent in the artillery than elsewhere and, among the officers detailed as advisers at American Headquarters, my husband was detached from the 40th Division and sent to Chaumont.

Thus when the period of my examination came, I was freed from the constant feeling of mortal danger lying in wait all the time and could breathe more easily.

Finally, one evening when I was crossing the Place de la Concorde on foot, my eye was caught by a small group of men carrying a ladder. Excitement reigned among them and though generally I try to let well enough alone and not inquire into what a curbstome meeting may mean, something in the air obliged me to watch these happenings.

The great statue representing the city of Strasbourg, on the northeast corner of the great Place, has stood since 1870 draped in mourning, with a few damaged funeral wreaths which were renewed from year to year. Up went the ladder, boys and men climbed on the lofty pedestal and in a twinkling the mourning

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veils were torn away and the wreaths fell to the pavement. That is how I learned that our American troops had entered the capital of Alsace.

After two winters in the classroom, a certificate of matriculation permitted my inclusion among those who might present themselves at the examination for "superior studies," equivalent to the "aggregation" degree, which itself corresponds to the M.A. in British and American universities. I will not afflict the reader with the obstacles large and small which strewn my path. It was almost as hard to learn these simple facts and arrange to fall in with the rules which govern them as to acquire the amount of extra book-learning necessary for an appearance in the Amphitheatre Descartes before three impressive professors.

The first examination was a fearsome thing. Not only does the principal subject require a long and extremely erudite treatment, which is not in my line, and with a great deal of philology thrown in, but, in order that the student should not remain in a field of knowledge which is too narrow, other contingent subjects must be treated orally. My main theme being a treatise on "The Influence of Rabelais and Montaigne on Shakespeare's Work and Language," I had to select another English poet of his day for an oral dissertation, and a prose writer belonging to modern times (of course, I might have reversed, chosen a modern poet and a Renaissance prose writer. As it was, I selected Marlowe and Meredith). Such a grilling as I went through! It seemed as though neither hide nor hair would be left upon me by the three judges, who sat up at a high desk and put two unfortunate students, myself and a young French woman, alternately through our paces.

I realized what an advantage it is to have a certain number of years and a large dose of philosophy to meet an occasion of this sort, for my companion in misery lifted up her voice and wept aloud during the first ten minutes, while I maintained throughout a demeanor which was not only calm but, I fear, a trifle sarcastic. I began with a grave error in judgment, which was to take the examination too lightly, but it was only, in real-

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ity, because I was so scared. The reading, translation at sight and philological commentary which I was supposed to make on Marlowe and Meredith were, of course, extempore, and any pages might be selected by the jury from any of the two authors' works. As we two companions in crime were set down on the front bench, facing our judges, the chief justice, whom I regarded as foreman of the jury, handed me out two marked volumes.

"We shall ask you to translate the passage from 'Hero and Leander,' first sestiad, from line 130 to the passage ending: '*Such force and virtue hath an amorous look,*' in succinct French prose, as literally as possible, furnish the grammatical analysis and comment philologically on all the words which have become archaic. You may then take up the 23rd chapter of *Richard Feverel*, "Crisis in the Apple Disease," and proceed for two pages in the same way. You have our permission to retire with the books to the back of the hall and prepare this work during the fifteen minutes in which we shall interrogate Mlle. Barbier on 'The British Nationalistic Spirit in Tennyson.'" A cold chill struck me. If I retired to the back of the hall, instead of being helped by this permission I would only work myself up into a worse stage-fright, and the spur of immediate necessity that is felt when doing a hard task extempore, was my best hope, so I said:

"With your permission I will listen to Mlle. Barbier, and take up my own task when the time comes."

It seems that this decision on my part was completely out of order and contrary to all precedent. The judges interpreted my decision as a sign of cock-sureness, and vowed accordingly that they would spare me nothing when they had me on the rack. I was glad, however, to study their methods of torture as applied to my young companion, who, as I said, was rapidly reduced, first to silence and then to tears. It was so funny that, when my turn came, I was no longer frightened, and only made one serious slip.

For the life of me I could not remember that the technical term for "standard rose" in French is "rose tige"; so, instead of giving the proper word, I had to go through a long circum-

locutory about "the garden plant, grafted on a high wild rose stem, so as to form a ball at the top" and met with the sarcastic comment: "Would it not be simpler to say 'rose-tige'? You do not seem to know the meaning of 'standard rose' in English."

A titter was heard at this from the back of the small amphitheatre. The tone was familiar. Worse than all judges, my husband, on a brief errand from American headquarters, had stopped at the house, and heard from the children that I was "on the grill" at the Sorbonne! It was a terrible moment, and almost cost me my hard-earned laurels. When the ordeal was over, the two victims were again told that they might "go and play" in the back of the hall, and return in fifteen minutes to hear the results of the learned deliberations. Slowly the jury filed back.

Their manner had completely changed. With solemn expressions of a sympathy which was almost fraternal, the foreman made a little speech,—I had really taught them something about Marlowe. They were delighted to award me the coveted diploma, with the mention "well done" (*Bien*); if only I had known what a "standard rose" was they would have made it "*très bien*."

BOOK FOUR

UNDER THE CRESCENT





## CHAPTER XXV

### “PIPING TIMES OF PEACE”

WE noticed, while hostilities were in progress, how the soldier longed for his week's leave to come round and how eagerly the family waited to greet him. But many of us discovered, before the first days of vacation were over, that a spirit of restlessness possessed the man from the fighting line and spurred him with the desire to get back to his comrades. During the last part of the week, the officer on leave was impatient for his holiday to be over. It did not seem quite respectable to be so long away from the dangers shared in common. Curiously enough the only time I have seen this state of mind referred to in a book was in Edith Wharton's sympathetic novel, *A Son at the Front*, where she is singularly successful in putting herself in her hero's place.

When hostilities finally ceased, we looked forward to the homecoming with the same enthusiasm as to the week's war-time leave, but met with the same slight chill when it happened. The war had lasted so long, such different habits of masculine comradeship had been formed, that the officer who found himself definitely set back into family life was often homesick for the trenches or, at best, found it difficult to adapt himself to piping times of peace.

A play called *Le Retour* was given in Paris at this period. It was by Francis de Croisset and my old friend Robert de Flers; an excellent picture it was of the restless state of mind so general with those who came back. Among other axiomatic phrases in which the brilliant dialogue abounds there was one which was sufficient to make the play unpopular in France: "As all values have gone down fifty per cent, it is natural that the importance of woman in a man's life should have decreased in proportion." Whether my husband, to a certain extent, shared this state of mind, is irrelevant. Certainly the idea of



beginning life over again in a peace-time garrison appealed to neither of us, so he listened to the persuasions of his American comrades, and consented to go back to Washington for the following winter to deliver a course of lectures at the War College, but that did not solve the problem of taking up military life, on a lower scale, when he returned again, so—with a natural desire to do something more interesting, and which at the same time had a constructive rather than destructive effect—he was attracted towards the great work undertaken in Africa by General Lyautey, created Marshal of France during the following year. We were probably foredoomed to take our place in Morocco, which played so large a part in the schemes that had interested Brazza and Lamy.

In any case, when my husband was asked by Lyautey to take command of his artillery at Rabat in the autumn of 1920, we decided to accept the summons, and I started to apply myself to learning something about the history and traditions of the Barbary States, which for centuries were known among the warring civilizations of Europe as *THE FORTUNATE EMPIRE*, and included under that name what are now Algeria and the French protectorates of Tunisia and Morocco.

The Biblical saying “there is nothing new under the sun” was never more aptly illustrated than by the intrigues which, for many centuries, utilized Morocco as a threat, a tool, or a weapon in world politics. Troubadours and kings made North Africa known to song and history from the day when Joffre Rudel praised the Princess of Tripoli, and crusading St. Louis met his death at Carthage.

Commerce stepped in after Romance. Throughout mediæval times French, English, Dutch, Flemish, and Venetian merchants struggled there for trade supremacy. In the sixteenth century many a master move which was to win the game of international rivalries, was initiated on the Barbary chess-board, and, strangely enough, the first official manifestations of joy over the destruction of the Invincible Armada, took place at Marrakesh, where the Sultan’s bodyguard marched shoulder to shoulder with the Dutch and English merchants

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who burned the Pope and King Philip in effigy under the windows of the Spanish envoy.

In vain Queen Elizabeth with pious dissimulation denied her treaty of offensive and defensive alliance with an infidel. For the treaty lies today among England's state papers. And the arrival of the Sultan's special envoy under the safe conduct of the Barbary Company, of which the favorite Leicester was president, perhaps gave William Shakespeare, always on the lookout for a new and dramatic topic, his first vision of Othello.

It is amusing to read the wrathful fulminations of Spain against "a nation which while declaring itself Christian is so eager in its greed of gain for hundred per cent profits as to systematically furnish, against all laws human and divine, offensive weapons to infidel Saracens.

"If your subjects dare allege that you are not engaged in the arms traffic," continued the incensed ambassador, "I can furnish proof that a vessel freighted with oars and weapons recently arrived at Larache and (what is worse) six great chests filled with Hebrew books and testaments. Dare you assert that in such times as these, when Christian nations are in arms like brother against brother, or husband against wife, when atheism and unfaith flourish, it is expedient to spread such insidious literature among the heathen?"

Elizabeth vigorously denied Spain's charges declaring, "If our English vessels visit Barbary coast stocked with arms it is not for purposes of sale, but for defence against aggression and, as to the Hebrew books which are complained of, her Majesty is astonished to learn that they can be supplied by her country in such large numbers, she herself has found them rare and difficult to procure in England."

Thus with astute policy the Queen evaded the real question and exhibited the learning in Greek and Hebrew on which she loved to plume herself. But it is curious to think that the above correspondence took place 400 years before the days of Abd el Krim, Sidi Raho, and the Negus.

The first ambassador sent by the Queen to Sultan el Mansour fell at once into the trap which Islam still sets for the unwary agent whose vanity is in excess of personal discretion.

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His report of the mission, whose object was to obtain a cargo of saltpeter, is funny in the extreme, showing as it does that like more modern agents Hogan mistook Islamic courtesy for true political conviction and finding the wise men of the Sultan's court acquainted with Biblical stories of the patriarchs—for the Moors consider that they descend directly from Hagar's son Ishmael—the ambassador concluded that the Sultan's court interpreted the scripture like English Protestants.

"I found the sovereign well read in scripture, a good Protestant of sound doctrine and morals, expressing contempt for a nation like Spain content to be governed by the Pope and the Inquisition."

The commerce of the Barbary Company was rated at upwards of three thousand cases of dark cloth against three thousand cases of sugar from Marrakesh where the cane plantations worked by Christian slaves were exploited under contract from the Sultan by a syndicate of Jewish engineers who had developed a summary way of crushing and refining the juice, and furnished eighteen thousand pounds of sugar yearly to the English royal household. Besides these chief exports, linen, bullets, zinc, and wood were regularly traded against olives, leather, spice, saltpeter, and the famous gold dust called "Tibar," of which Timbuctoo alone paid a tribute of sixty quintals yearly.

But whether the player for this great stake was Queen Elizabeth or Kaiser Wilhelm, one essential condition remained unchanged through successive dynasties: anarchy ran riot in the country at large. No sultan, however many epithets of conquest might be attached to his name, from El Mansour—he who comes with victory—to Abd el Assiz—a servant of the strong—could maintain order throughout his realm.

Free pasturage is the only policy of the Berber mountaineer; force and necessity his simple law. Tribal relations have always been characterized by rapine and brigandage; war is a pastime and a pleasure. The strongest Caid has always exacted tribute from his weaker brother and refused it himself to the Sultan. Many a time the sovereign has sent out punitive expeditions which might spread terror into the Riff, take hostages

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and levy taxes on the rural population; but never until France established a protectorate over Morocco had anything like unity, peace, or prosperity been seen in Barbary. The texts which recount the troubled history of the various dynasties that have ruled there, are difficult of access, and only a qualified student of Arabic can hope to obtain light on the incidents of war and policy since the first Phœnician and Roman incursions: but there is a simpler way of realizing the past, which is accessible to any traveller who journeys from Tlemcen on the Algerian border to Marrakesh or from Tangiers to Fez, for each town is the living record and expression of the country's past history. Caracalla's triumphal arch, the Roman consul's house at Volubalis, are as significant of an epoch as the mosque of Moulay Idriss or the Medersa Bou Anan, which still testify to the intellectual supremacy of Fez through the Middle Ages. The symbolic sun of the Saadian dynasty, sculptured on the marble tomb of the great El Mansour, contemporary of English Elizabeth, Spanish Philip and Henri of Navarre, still enlightens us on the glory of Marrakesh during the Renaissance.

The monumental gate and arched stables, whose majestic dimensions recall the architecture of the Colosseum, proclaim the century-long triumph of Meknez and show the aged Sultan Mulai Ismael's effort to rival the palace and gardens of Versailles. A portion of the building which remains intact serves to house the cadets of noble Islamic families who volunteer in French service and obtain the military instruction which allows them to become officers. Casablanca, with its thriving port, busy mart, and large phosphate output, is the result of modern progress combined with business daring.

When the trend of commerce shifted and trade with Barbary was supplanted by that of north and west, the Virginia and East India companies replaced Lord Leicester's merchant adventurers. Russia could then supply leather and saltpeter more cheaply than Morocco. Wars in the south destroyed the cane plantations and wrecked the famous "Ingenwes," and when Charles II or King Louis of France sent ambassadors to Meknez thereafter it was to negotiate the purchase or exchange of prisoners made by the "Sally" pirates.

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For the Sultan's court was no longer held either at Marrakesh nor yet at Fez. The Saadian dynasty, which had so beautified the capital under the snow-capped Atlas, had fallen under the conquering spear of Moulay Ismael. Fez, the ancient stronghold of the Merinides, awed the new sovereign; he felt that under the low gray terraces of the downtrodden poor, in the intricate soukhs of the overtaxed merchants and under the ambitious emerald roofs of mosques and palaces, plots and trouble were constantly brewing. For the inhabitant of Fez was, and still is, talkative, witty, critical, and turbulent.

Meknez, on the contrary, with its thirteen towers gleaming in the unchanging glory of the sunset, looked open and smiling. What a site too for a great builder like Ismael, who cared more for architecture than anything except power and who regarded gigantic construction as an emblem of his own force! After Ismael's death trade with Europe languished, and it was not until the conquest of Algiers and the suppression of piracy that it began to thrive. It was consolidated by the establishment of the French protectorate in Tunisia (1880); and, later, after the Fez massacres had alarmed the civilized world in 1912, the protectorate over Morocco was conceded, under a formula which varied somewhat from that already established in Tunisia.

When the treaty of Boudjeloud was signed, together with the Sultan Moulay Hadfid's abdication, the wise men from the college of Moulay Idriss at Fez gathered to designate from among the descendants of the prophet one who should be chosen as sultan; the selection fell upon Moulay Youssef, a quiet and religious man who had kept his shop in the *Kesseria*. The question at once came up: where should his palace be established? The massacres had given a bad name to the holy city; small trade rivalries among less successful merchants made it seem wiser to seek another palace than Dar-el-Marzen at the great gate of Bab Sultan. Casablanca and Marrakesh were too far from the center, and it was eventually decided that the seats of French and Moslem authority should be set side by side at Rabat.

And there it was that our new duties called us after I had

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regretfully left our son to the tender mercies of boarding-school life at the Collège Stanislas, which he had been attending as a day student during all the period of the war and where he possessed a certain number of friends among masters and fellow students, though this was rather cold comfort to such believers in family life as my husband and myself.

Rabat is a dream of beauty, from the flamboyant ruins of Lalla Chellah to the fortress-crowned sea-verge, where the roaring surf frosts the tawny tower of Hassan with a glistening veil of salt, and where the mosque-loving pilgrim storks circle and hover endlessly.

The rock dips abruptly to the river Bou Regreg, which forms a tidal estuary between the two white towns: Rabat the victorious with its orange battlements culminating eastward in the salmon and apricot mass of Hassan's Tower—twin sister to Spanish Giralda; Salé the holy, with her silver minarets and pearly, melon-shaped marabouts, like a pale reflection of the prouder town. Between flows the emerald river on which great black barges ply, still manned with twenty oars like those which of yore carried two famous victims of the *Sally* pirates, Alexander Selkirk and Cervantes, into captivity. And still, just as in the days of long ago, the tossing line of breakers which defend the turbulent bar take regular toll of human life. During our sojourn, a boat full of schoolboys, with their teachers, was caught by the current without any possibility of help from shore.

When my husband became a collaborator in Lyautey's constructive Moroccan policy, he was prepared by two years' experience under the Crescent to deal with the folk there, and I, through acquaintance with Colonel de Castries' writings on Islam, was also predisposed to take an attitude of respectful sympathy and interest towards the country and its customs. That sort of approach being made, the bromidic remarks so often heard are found to be baseless.

"Never speak to a Mussulman about his religion," says commonplace. Perhaps it is well to observe this maxim if the interlocutor starts by proclaiming the superiority of his own, but

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if, on the contrary, you take it for granted at the start that the philosophy of Mohammed is well adapted to those who live by the word of the Prophet, I think any traveller will find, as I did, that he will make himself appreciated by showing interest in the religion and customs which are certainly more scrupulously and consistently practised by high and low than what we view as a higher ethical form, but which most of us follow in so low a manner. While we remained under the Crescent, and enjoyed a popularity among all classes which I am told was exceptional, I feel convinced that our success was largely due to the respectful attitude adopted not only towards the learning of the wise, but the feelings of the simple. One of my amusing experiences in Fez was when, after a reception given to the Sacred College, their spokesman solemnly assured me that each and all would henceforth look upon me as his mother. As the ages of the wise men mounted from sixty to ninety, I trust that my expression on hearing this especial form of compliment was as pleasant, and at the same time as serious, as the solemnity of the occasion required.

We were fortunate in beginning our African career at Rabat, and working up progressively through Meknez to the crescendo of Fez, where one is in the very heart and brain of Islam, and where at times it is hard to believe that the age is our twentieth century, so vivid is one's sense of the Renaissance and Mediæval periods. Elsewhere I have done what I could to capture some of the deep impressions of beauty, love, and horror which this town inspires, and would be glad if some day the many stories of Barbary which have not seen the light, like Sidi Larbi's tale in *His Wife's Romance*, might be printed in English. At present I have promised to confine myself to fact, not fiction, and certainly no mingled political and social experience could have been more interesting than our first contact at Rabat with the Moroccan Protectorate as conceived and carried out by Marshal Lyautey, whose constructive genius had so wide a scope outside his military calling that it animated the entire region and created new beauty while preserving the intrinsic character of Moorish civilization.

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I shall never forget the first time that we had occasion to see the Moroccan soukhs, those fascinating booths which line the streets, bright with slippers, cushions, embroideries, harness, saddles, painted earthenware, and carved lanterns, where the merchant squats among his treasures with a handle like a bell-pull attached to the roof to aid him to rise when his feet go to sleep (which I suppose must happen now and then even to those who live cross-legged). We found later that the soukhs of Rabat were inferior to those of Meknez or Fez, but that did not matter—they were enough to keep us fascinated during our entire stay, and in spite of constantly renewed vows that we would only look and not buy, I am afraid the oath was broken every time we went “soukhifying.”

Rabat had been growing like a mushroom; there was not a house or an apartment to let in the new quarter or the Arab town. We started out at the Hotel de la Tour Hassan, but, as we had brought our servants with us, it seemed absurd to linger unduly, though the only solution to the problem of housing was to buy a small piece of land with a tiny construction on it and rapidly add two rooms and a balcony. It was situated in the open fields, almost under the shadow of the Tour Hassan, and was christened “Dar el Matsou”—the House of Matsou (my little girl’s Japanese dog, whom she viewed as the most picturesque and perhaps important member of the family). Every one told us that we ran no risk in buying land, because values were sure to rise, and the arrangement in the long run would be an economy. This information, as usual, proved wrong, but the difficulty was turned eventually by the sale of cinema rights for one of my books, which paid for the extravagance of “Dar el Matsou.” Our doggie was a constant source of amusement and curiosity to the Arabs. They had never seen one of the kind, and offers to buy Matsou were frequent. We answered that he was worth a million francs, hoping that it might end there, but though the would-be purchaser began bargaining after his own habit, Matsou was never sold! On several occasions they inquired whether the animal was a dog or a cat, and when I replied, “Can’t you



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see that it is a cat?" they would say, "Yes, I thought so, but such a tail is rare in a cat!" which was true, for Matsou's nodding plume is not seen even on the best Persian feline.

Life at Rabat was animated. The marshal was fond of surrounding the residence with young people, and entertained largely. Some of the officers on his staff became real friends, and the dinners and balls were always enlivened by the scarlet coats of those who belonged to the Spahi regiments, which gave a touch of Yule-tide revelry and "merrie England" to the most solemn occasion. In those days the magnificent residential palace, which now crowns the apex of the hill on which the town is built, had not been constructed and the marshal's dwelling was a large wooden two-storied structure of the portable species, but his artistic touch, together with his personal prestige and his wife's dignified presence, made all comers feel that the shanty *was* a palace. Gorgeously embroidered saddles and elaborate Moroccan rugs and hangings ornamented the vestibule, salon, and banquet hall, and outside, the wonderful climbing geraniums, datura plants, pomegranates and giant blue morning-glories made up for the wooden floors inside. It was the custom during the day, even for civilians, to go to their work in boots and breeches, ready at a moment's notice to leap on horseback. This, I believe, was one of the methods which Lyautey adopted to emphasize the idea of activity in every municipal service, and it never failed to strike both tourist and Arab. It was hard to converse with the great chief, for, although his visionary eyes seemed to see everything, he heard extremely little, but made an adroit use of deafness by failing to register anything which he did not wish to hear—a useful thing for a government head. Nevertheless, he adored conversation and managed to grasp what was interesting therein; I sometimes thought that he was not really deaf at all. His culture was wide, his reading immense, and he was not averse to "showing off" by meeting any specialist on his own ground. He liked to surround himself with men who were prominent in divers branches outside their functions in his cabinet, and dearly loved historic names or those which were celebrated in literature. A Vogüe and a Funck-

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Brentano stood for the Academy and historical research, while Colonel Henri de Castries represented the cult of Moroccan archives, out of which he was then constructing his sixteen-volume work, thereby bringing his chief much credit among native Islamic scholars. Doctor Jacques Liouville, who had been with Charcot on his voyage to the South Pole, represented science at the Institut Chérifien, and his beautiful English wife, who bore the appropriate name of Rosamond, was the greatest ornament at all social occasions. There were many mundane doings at Rabat, picnics and horseback excursions, tennis and informal dances, much after the manner of American country life, and when the weather warmed in March, the beach of Salé was bright with tents and parasols like a small Narragansett Pier in the old days, and the best swimmers had their innings of admiration.

In the spring of 1921, my sojourn at Rabat was cut into by a summons from the Sorbonne to appear and defend my thesis. It had been accepted in principle, and the volume had gone to press before I left Paris. Permission to print is given by the Faculty of Letters on the manuscript handed in; this is examined by the number of professors deemed necessary; chiefly, by the one who has been superintending the candidate's studies and has acted as a sort of father-confessor. In my case, this was Emile Legouis.

The volume, once in print, must be sent to the seventy or so universities which come under the supervision of the Academy of Paris, one month at least before the oral defense is undertaken, so that, if any man "sees just cause" why a degree should not be bestowed, he may hasten to the Sorbonne and protest while the culprit is defending his thesis. As a matter of fact, I doubt whether the doctor's degree has ever been refused, once permission to print has been given, but it remains for the jury to decide whether in conferring it the mention "honorable," "bien," or "très bien" be added.

When I arrived in Paris I went at once to Professor Legouis and inquired what my duties were on this great occasion. It seemed that the first step was, as always, the payment of exam-

ination fees; they are small but nothing can go forward until you have the receipt in hand. Also, if you wish to be treated with consideration by the jury, calls must be made on the examiners. This rather embarrassed me, especially when one of them opened the door himself in pyjamas, so that the ceremony of the occasion was spoiled. Such formalities over, I made the final call on the dean of the Faculty of Letters, to receive instructions. They were unexpected. "I have nothing at all to tell you," he remarked. "Usually I inform male students as to what costume they should wear, but in the case of a lady, I would not dare to prescribe a *tenue*, and can only say that the examination will be at 9 A.M. so that evening dress will certainly not be required." As to the question: Hat or no hat? he pronounced himself incompetent. I should have preferred to come without one, for, alas! spectacles do not mix well with brims, but he seemed to think this imprudent, so I went in a hat and took it off. But meanwhile there were terrible moments to go through, for I learned to my horror, that it was not, as I supposed, a series of interrogations which form the "*soutenance de thèse*," but that the candidate is supposed to begin with a speech lasting three-quarters of an hour in order to present general and particular views of the subject in hand. The worst of it is that the examiners begin first, so that it is impossible to know beforehand exactly how the speech you have prepared will tag onto the preliminary remarks of the jury. I was so afraid of making a bad mistake in French that I wrote out what I thought would fit the occasion and learned it by heart. With this as a basis, I had something to fall back upon in case the extemporary speech lagged.

The ordeal itself is impressive and has real dignity. This is given not only by the robes of the professors, but by the hall where it takes place. The Salle Louis Liart was erected for this purpose: carved oaken woodwork on the lines of a handsome courtroom is enhanced by portraits of Richelieu, Bossuet, Racine, Molière, and Corneille. I could not help feeling that they were eyeing me with an expression of cold surprise. All my friends in Morocco had told me to beware of one of my examiners, who had the reputation of extreme fe-

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rocity. "He will leave neither hide nor hair upon you," said they, and I trembled accordingly. More especially as he was the very one whom I had found in pyjamas! On the other hand, the director of public instruction at Rabat had recommended me most particularly to the examiner on French Renaissance letters and assured me that he would treat me with extreme consideration.

An examination of this sort is always public; the doors at the end of the hall stand open, and when the defense of a thesis is announced on a large placard in the vestibule, the students going to and from class are apt to drop in, which is rather disturbing. A certain number of professors also look in occasionally or take a seat behind the regular jury. A small permanent audience of friends who knew about the occasion, and a desultory reporter or two, composed the first rows. I myself was seated at a large table decorated with a ream of foolscap paper, pen, ink, and three beautiful pencils, which I longed to take away with me, but which must be left, for they form a part of the examination expenses and are a perquisite of the doorman.

Nobody is more majestic than Emile Legouis; he might have stepped out from any of Shakespeare's plays where a noble man of middle age represents the gentleman and scholar: Don Leonato in "Much Ado About Nothing" or the banished duke in "As You Like It." His piercing blue eyes seem to sound the depth of a student's ignorance but the charm and suavity of his manners prevent any show of contempt, rather a pitying regret. I fear that he will be the last of his type, for neither the universities of France or elsewhere are turning out any more like him. I curled up as he made a short address on the presentation of my thesis and invited me to remain seated or, if I preferred, to rise and explain why I had chosen that particular subject; on what points I could declare myself satisfied that my claims had been definitely established; in what I considered that more might be left to say; and especially for what reason, while trying to establish the proof that Shakespeare and Florio were acquainted, I had not shown them as friends rather than as foes, for this, according to the jury, would have more effectively explained the poet's frequent borrowings from the pedant?

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I suppose I must be naturally aggressive — perhaps, after all, it is my most distinctively American trait — certainly the note of criticism in this comment effectively sent my timidity scampering and effaced the last traces of self-consciousness. I forgot all that I had prepared to say and spoke out “loud and clear” on a natural impulse which impressed the jury by its sincerity at least.

I told how Shakespeare had been the idol of my youth and my constant companion during forty years; how during this time I had never thought of treating him as a subject reserved particularly for the erudite but that in reading learned comment I had always been struck by the bad faith of each protagonist of a theory; all seemed to be striving to prove that the poet agreed with *their* particular views; and, instead of trying to adapt opinions to known facts, their efforts tended to twist facts to suit their opinions; if I, personally, could claim any merit for my present findings, it was because I had sworn, before taking up a pen to write on Shakespeare, that I would never suppress or distort any evidence I was dealing with. When facts or conclusions went against my preconceived ideas, I promised myself to change these ideas instead of tampering with the facts. Thus I started out with the intention of establishing both Shakespeare and Florio at Holborn House with the third Earl of Southampton—who was the pupil of one and the patron of the other during the years between 1591 and 1599—as friends. I realized that this would make my case stronger and it was from this point of view that I studied all the existing evidence that I could cull from Shakespeare’s treatment of the Italian pedant Holofernes—which name is practically an anagram for John Florio—and from the many prefaces and epistles to the reader, written in Florio’s divers volumes, where he constantly harks back to a jealous spite against a certain playwright—an impertinent Aristophanes who, together with his comedians, would make game of Socrates himself. This allusion, and others, to the crow who steals from Florio’s harvest of proverbs, convinced me that his sentiments toward the poet who quoted the golden sayings more than thirty separate times and once in their original Italian,

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"Venetia qui non ti vede non te pretia,"<sup>1</sup> were anything but friendly and therefore, at the risk of weakening my own argument, I was obliged to maintain that it was with hatred and spite on Florio's side and a tolerant spirit of mockery on the other, that Southampton's two protégés had regarded each other. Once started, it was easy enough to continue through the forty-five minutes which are traditionally consecrated to the first part of the defense of the thesis proper and calmly await attacks from the two professors, specialized on the other subjects annexed to my principal one, but necessarily having some connection with it. In my case, I had prepared for the specialist on French Renaissance letters (to whom, as I mentioned, the Director of Public Instruction in Morocco had recommended me) a fifty-page monograph on the traces of the literary influence of Rabelais and Montaigne which exist in Shakespeare's plays. For the historian Louis Seignobos, I had written a like pamphlet treating of the political and diplomatic relations between Queen Elizabeth's government and the Court of Henri IV. For this I had had the good fortune to find some original manuscript documents hitherto unknown — letters and memoirs addressed to their sovereign by M. de Rohan and M. de Thuméry, French ambassador in London, concerning the conspiracy in which Shakespeare's patron was engaged, including a long account of the trial at Westminster Hall and the condemnation and execution of the Earl of Essex. Professor Seignobos had the reputation of being the inveterate enemy of any person under examination, and was feared accordingly. It was he who was scheduled to leave me neither fur nor feathers after his interrogation was finished. So I awaited with confidence the questions of the first examiner and decided not to worry about the other until the time came.

One of the amusing things under the Tricolour or Crescent is that things seldom turn out exactly as foreseen. In this case, instead of treating me with the kind consideration which I had been led to expect from him, the professor of Renaissance letters began on a tone of sublime scorn. How could any one who had read Montaigne suggest anything so utterly foolish as that

<sup>1</sup> This proverb is contained in Florio's *First Fruits*, 1579, and in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

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Shakespeare shared some of Montaigne's best and most elevated intellectual qualities? What did I mean by this assertion? Montaigne was well known for his sceptical cynicism; Shakespeare was a credulous and sentimental author; what were the high moral qualities that I attributed to both? He would like to know them. Not only was the question itself aggressive, but the tone in which it was asked was one of ironical contempt. Once more, I was thankful for my forty years. A younger student would either have been frightened out of her wits or made so angry that she might have been reduced to silence or led into impertinence. I was neither. For upon what I had written I possessed very solid convictions and knew the subject pretty well. So I answered that the appreciation of an author like Montaigne was always more or less a matter of personal taste and bias, but that whether or not readers regarded Montaigne as a sceptical unbeliever there were three qualities which I thought none who had read his essays could possibly deny him: the love of justice and of moderation, the hatred of the sectarian spirit of tyranny, and the firm belief in the beauty of friendship. It was easy enough to quote examples, and I suppose that, carried beyond the fear of making grammatical mistakes in French, I must have expressed myself rather well; for the terrible Seignobos, shaken out of his cold professorial attitude, suddenly said in a loud voice: "Très bien, ça c'est très bien!" and underlined appreciation by clapping his hands. Thus my cause was won; professorial rivalry turned out to my advantage, and when the time came for the professor in Renaissance history to begin questioning me, instead of striking terror after his usual method, he treated me as a distinguished brother whose advice he would like to ask concerning some questions which had always troubled him, in the Elizabethan annals. By this time, half-past twelve had struck. M. Legouis, as president of the jury, once more rose and announced that the court would adjourn for deliberation and that I might either remain where I was or "go play" for fifteen minutes. I remained in the hall until they all solemnly filed back and took their places. It was an impressive moment,

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full of surprises, for M. Legouis said more nice things about my work than his previous attitude would have led me to suspect that he could ever voice and, after explaining that the two other examiners fully concurred in his opinion, he wound up with the consecrated phrase: "We have the honor and pleasure of conferring upon you the degree of Doctor of the University of Paris with the mention 'Bien.'"

Having treated the subject lightly, perhaps almost flip-pantly, it is time that I should pay a sincere tribute to the Sorbonne training. Without it, I could never have done anything but sloppy work. I was essentially one-sided and led, by the passion with which I approached a favorite subject, to deal with it exclusively. The training I had had under M. Legouis did not, perhaps, cure my worst fault of jumping too hastily at a conclusion, but it did mitigate this tendency to a considerable degree. He also taught me never to separate my subject from its background and to write according to logical sequence. It is not admissible to flit about, as American students so often do, from one subject to another; each paragraph must grow out of the one before until, step by step, the evidence concerning the topic in hand is laid before the reader. Any mention of a book, person, or quotation must be accompanied in a thesis by an explanatory footnote; nothing can be lightly passed over in such a way as to leave the professor in doubt as to the writer's complete command of his subject. The sometimes aggressive form of the oral examination has its reason: to discover whether the person examined knows more than what has been printed, or whether his work shows the limits of his learning on certain points. The question concerning Montaigne was evidently asked to determine whether I had mastered just enough of the philosopher of Bordeaux to skim over the subject or whether I had actually studied Montaigne and meditated on the Essays. An examination in France is at all times as much a test of character as of learning, a necessary part of the preparation for any career. It is not the amount of concrete knowledge poured into a childish or adult



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brain which is useful; French training tends rather to prepare the student to give out in later life at the proper moment, what he has received. It does not ask the scholar to show how much he knows but tries to give him the self-control necessary to produce the knowledge when wanted.

Nothing succeeds like success, according to the proverb, and it was amusing to observe how the same people who had treated my opinions with contempt suddenly became respectful about them after the Sorbonne had testified, by conferring their degree, that I knew my job. For a period of several years I had been in correspondence with Sir Sidney Lee, then known as the supreme authority on Shakespeare, just as Sir E. K. Chambers is today. In the course of our correspondence, I had no reason to suppose that Sir Sidney agreed with me about Florio's influence on Shakespeare's work. Only a passing reference to the Italian pedant appears in his *Life of Shakespeare*, and his book on the Renaissance in England leaves his name out completely. However, when he heard that I was about to sustain my thesis on Florio, as an apostle of the Renaissance in England, I received a letter from him on the 12th of June, 1921, which concluded thus:

"I delight in your development of points already familiar to me in outline, depending for their adequate estimation on the thought, method, and erudition which you apply. You have admirably filled a gap in our literary history and I presume that I may offer my congratulations on your arrival at the dignity of Docteur de l'Université de Paris."

On the 19th he again wrote, authorizing M. Payot, who had published the thesis in question, to utilize his statement in whatever way he might wish. And thus my desire which had germinated ten years before, to be counted among those who have a right to print their opinions about Shakespeare, was finally realized and I returned with Marshal Lyautey's congratulations to my more regular job as wife to one of his military collaborators. A letter he sent me at this time is interesting for other things than a satisfaction to feminine vanity, for between the lines it is easy to read how anxiety about the

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future of his beloved Morocco already threw its shadow on his mind, when he wrote on July 18, 1921:

Madame,

"How I am touched at receiving your *John Florio*, and how admirable it is to see with what charm and ease you use our language which has become so completely yours. But I hardly think any Frenchwoman would have been able to write a book containing such solid erudition. It is indeed extraordinary! The dedication in which you speak of yourself as 'Moroccan at heart' touches me extremely, but, alas! our poor Morocco is so menaced that I can hardly see myself remaining here to preside in person over the ruin which is being effected with so much imprudence. . . ."<sup>2</sup>

The marshal's allusion to the work of undermining which was being effected at this time by the policies of the French Chamber, refers to their refusal to send an adequate number of troops to assure his own demands, essential as they were to the safety and prestige of the government in the Moroccan protectorate.

\* \* \*

<sup>2</sup> Le Maréchal Lyautey  
*Résident Général au Maroc.*

18. 7. 21.

Madame,

Comme je suis touché de l'envoi de "*Giovanni Florio*." Quelle chose admirable de vous voir manier notre langue, devenue la vôtre, avec cette élégance et ce charme. Mais je ne sais pas si une Française eut été capable de faire un tel livre de si solide érudition. C'est vraiment admirable!

Votre dédicace de "*Marocaine de cœur*" me touche profondément—Hélas, ce pauvre Maroc est si menacé que je ne me vois pas y restant pour présider moi-même à la ruine qu'on aura voulue avec tant d'imprudence.

Lyautey.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### ‘THE FORTUNATE EMPIRE’

IT was like stepping from Washington to Gettysburg when in 1922 we again took up life in Morocco.

At Meknez we were in an atmosphere of active campaign, for Marshal Lyautey had consented to our departure from Rabat in order that my husband might participate in the military activities which were yearly undertaken to consolidate the French position. The method of gradual penetration into regions which still remained dissident, and unready to accept the Sultan's rule—a method inaugurated under Lyautey's régime—deserves to be better known. It was carried out in masterly manner by his remarkable auxiliary, Général Poémireau, with whom Colonel de Chambrun was henceforth associated in command of the forces in the field. Poémireau resembled Henry IV in more ways than one, and like that sentimental and warlike sovereign, first saw the light at Pau, and possessed all the qualities of a true Béarnais. Without him it is doubtful whether Marshal Lyautey's plan for the submission of the dissident regions, especially those which were contiguous to the high Atlas, could ever have been accomplished. The sort of material sent out by the War Ministry for such a task is not apt to succeed in it.

Many of those who, criticizing Marshal Lyautey, assert that he was “no soldier,” and had “seldom or never been in sound of a cannon,” may be correct in that. But the marshal's genius lay in recognizing a soldier when he saw one, which cannot always be said of the regular bureaucratic services in France or elsewhere. He also understood the reports which came from the field, and possessed a wonderful breadth of view in combining strategy with politics.

The task which lay before the general that year was herculean in extent and demanded the cleverness of a Ulysses. The middle Atlas ridge must be crossed by the marching column,

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and posts established at the foot of the high Atlas range. To my husband the two campaigns undertaken with his new chief were like a post-graduate course in the art of war, and we realized before very long, when Fez was in peril, how essential was this experience.

As a chief "Le Poé," as he was affectionately called, combined the daring of a Cortes with the popularity of Henry IV. In Meknez he was the life of the place, adored by old and young. He loved music and dancing, gay suppers and bright talk, but the brilliancy of his nature never interfered with the serious quality of his soldiership. It made him, however, so much beloved that to be selected out of the garrison to march with the column in campaign, was the greatest honor which could befall trooper, sergeant, or officer. He knew equally well how to order an attack, participate in it, and discuss terms with the natives when the fight was over. There was never a better example of a military leader combined with a pacificator.

The method adopted during each campaign was similar. No advance was made until the confidence of the tribes which were to come under French protection had been won. No raids were ventured on. Individual prowess was sternly discouraged, but, each year, at the propitious season, carefully selected troops were organized to establish the outpost lines a little farther, roads were built, and posts constructed. Progress, however, was not pushed forward until the native tribes which lay behind each new position could be counted on for loyal support. In return for this, the natives knew that they themselves might rely on the troop to prevent their harvests from being harried by dissident brothers from the mountain. What the native wants, after all, is the assurance that he and his will some day reap the harvest he has sown, a thing of which he is never certain if soldiers are not there to protect him, and the distribution of grain which accompanies the marching column, and the free medical attendance of the doctor who remains in each new post that is established, are things which the tribesman and his women most appreciate.

After the conclusion of two particularly successful cam-

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paigns of this sort, which brought the submission of many thousands and carried France's outposts to un hoped-for frontiers, General Poémireau was appointed to the regional Command at Fez, in the hope that he would have the same triumph in this district, still more difficult than that of Meknez. He again insisted that Colonel de Chambrun should remain at his right hand.

We were still hesitating what to do, for my husband had been appointed to London as military attaché, but had about decided to continue in Morocco, when fate compelled us to do so, though in another capacity from that which we had expected. The wounds which Poémireau had received at Verdun, at the head of the Moroccan brigade he led there, never ceased from giving him serious trouble, and finally caused an infection from which he died in Paris at the Val-de-Grâce in the flower of his age and at the height of his military and civic successes. Thus it was that in December, 1922, Marshal Lyautey insisted that my husband alone was capable of carrying out his chief's work, according to the marshal's formula, and so it was that he came to Fez as General Poémireau's successor in the command of that region, although the titular chief, for whom this new command had been created, had never, in fact, exercised these functions.

There being no traditions to follow, the general's position had to be built up from the beginning, and contact made with the outskirts of the newly created region.

This district comprised a vast area peopled by many tribes which had just made their submission to the Sultan's rule. But on the southern confines the so-called black spot of Taza still remained rebellious to all authority, and on the northern border, from the Atlantic coast to the Algerian boundary, extended the mountainous tract of the Riff, a constant menace to the Spanish and French zones of influence. Many of the posts we visited lay outside the territory considered "safe," so that the work which came into my province was often difficult; but it was always worth doing, which carries a fascination of its own.

We arrived at a time when colonization had received an

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immense impetus. The war once over, many disbanded soldiers, their occupation gone, were attracted to an enterprise which had more zest than office work, and many would-be farmers and drovers arrived upon the scene to claim a lot in the distribution of the waste-lands. Encouragement of agricultural enterprise, road-building, tree-planting, designing of parks and public buildings, the founding and maintaining of schools, formed just as essential a portion of the general's activities in the newly created region, as military affairs proper.

And as for "my job," the various philanthropic works founded by Madame Lyautey came in for a major share of time and attention. The *Goutte de Lait* distributed milk prepared by Franciscan Sisters to native babies, and a committee headed by the doctor's wife had charge of weighing the small pensioners at the dispensary twice a week, and advising their mothers how to care for them. Nothing was a more curious spectacle than this Monday and Thursday visit, and it was interesting to see how quickly the shyest and most suspicious of the women gave us their confidence. What frightened them most was the scales. They could not, at first, believe that something terrible in the way of torture was not being inflicted, but, once reassured, they took an interest which was almost intelligent in the process and noted gains in weight in order to declare them proudly at home.

We did what we could to make garments for the three native hospitals and also for the children belonging to the various "goums," that is, the voluntary cavalry squads who enlist with their horse and harness and to whom the government pays a monthly salary. This mounted police is one of the best inventions of the Protectorate, for it brings out the chief qualities of the natives, who love nothing so much as a gun and a horse and, if left alone, as before the French Protectorate, would band together in predatory groups instead of enlisting, under a French officer, to put down brigandage. In Mexico Porfirio Diaz had much the same idea when he organized his brigands into *rurales* or mounted police.

There was a curious contrast in keeping up the old traditions of the Holy City, in conforming as much as possible with

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Islamic ways, making friends with the high dignitaries, particularly that very remarkable personage Omar El Bagdadhi, the Pasha of the town and its chief magistrate, while at the same time stimulating urbanism of the most modern sort in the new city across the valley. For one of the wisest things in Marshal Lyautey's plans for the Protectorate was to utilize all that is best in Islamic art and preserve its constructions as a whole, only touching the old buildings when they are literally in ruins. Hence the astonishing growth of the modern parts of Rabat, Meknez, Fez and Taza, circumscribed to a definite portion of the region outside the walls or limits of the Arab settlement.

The traveller who approaches Fez from the north, as we did, and winds down the zigzags of the great gray Mount Zalar, ridged and wrinkled like a venerable elephant, perhaps receives a more striking impression than the one who comes by the Meknez road through the plain fertilized by the loops of the Oued-Fez, which flows from the deep lake fed by subterranean springs filtered from the distant mountains that lie to the west.

From the peak of the Zalar it seems that the town, which lies below, like a great snake that has been crushed, might be reached almost at a bound. But the impression is false; a long hour remains before the Holy City can actually be reached by the meandering path. Fez seems to have flowed down, like a stream of lava, from the wrinkled crest which has the form of a breaking wave and becomes solidified between the crenelated walls into blocks of grayish green, for, unlike Rabat and Meknez, it is not a white town, but has been mossed over by the damp of a thousand fountains and discolored by the dust raised by countless hoofs and wheels almost to the unctuous tint and texture of a woodland snail-shell. From beneath the walls of the last tier of buildings the river emerges, looped in silver arabesques on the plain beyond as far as the eye can see.

The slender towers of Kerouine and Moulay Idriss lift their burnished globes skyward; the roofs of mosque and minaret are tinted like jade or malachite except where the lustrous glaze



OMAR-EL-BAGHDADI, PASHA OF FEZ, WAS INDEED A  
MAN UPON WHOM FRANCE COULD DEPEND





THE GOUTTE DE LAIT



THE SHYEST AND MOST SUSPICIOUS OF THE NATIVE  
MOTHERS BECAME CONFIDENT AND BROUGHT  
SMALL PENSIONERS TO THE FRANCISCAN SISTERS

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of modern tiling, fresh from the potter's kiln, flashes a ray of brighter emerald.

The approach is made through silvery olive groves, and ravines whose crumbling aqueducts and unexpected waterfalls recall bits of the Roman campagna as sketched by Hubert Robert or Claude Lorrain. The wayfarers who pass seem to have stepped out from a Rembrandt etching of prophet or martyr, from Ezekiel to Saint Jerome.

Straggling camels browse in the dust, though no green blade is visible; lean, patient cattle plod along toward the hill tracks in the hope, daily renewed and daily deferred, of better pasturage farther on. At Bab Ftouh — portal of victory — where, only a score of years ago, the heads of the Sultan's enemies — pickled in brine by the Jews of the Mellah quarter, as an effective means of making authority tolerate their presence near the holy city — blackened in the sun — I had my first glimpse of a man of commanding aspect, clad in spotless white raiment, astride an iron-gray mule with scarlet trappings. Four black runners in short, striped tunics of black and white, with iron-shod staves, kept order in front and behind. Instead of the usual headgear they wore pointed liberty caps made of red felt and garnished with black silk tassels. We had learned in Rabat that these caps are the badge of officialdom common alike to the Sultan's personal household and his judicial representatives.

There was something Olympian in the majesty of Si Omar el Bagdadhi, Pasha of Fez, to whom the French government wisely left the entire control of the native part of Fez, for he was one of the most interesting figures of modern Islamic civilization.

A great soldier before becoming a great magistrate, he alone among the former Sultan's officers had succeeded in keeping order in the turbulent Riff, and regularly brought in taxes without the accusation of undue pressure or cruelty, and the wisdom and equity of his judgments, which were delivered orally in all civil and criminal suits, had placed about his fine head the invisible halo of modern sainthood.

Many a time thereafter I attended his court, where I loved

to take American visitors learned in the law and show them how justice could be done instantaneously without the delays for which it is notorious. A French interpreter is always present at the Pasha's court but he takes no share in the proceedings. The Pasha is empowered to judge according to Koranic law and his own judicial erudition. It is for him to say whether an accused man has lied, cheated, or stolen, or whether a public agitator has incited his fellows to bloodshed. France only intervenes to mitigate the punishment, which must be that imposed by her own laws. The thief no longer can lose his hand, nor the perjurer have his tongue slit, nor can the perturber of the Sultan's peace be fed to the animals in the royal menagerie, as was done in the case of a pretender to the throne in 1903 before the establishment of the Protectorate of France in the "Fortunate Empire."

On this special morning, the Pasha had ridden forth with Arab courtesy to salute the new military authority of the region, a few miles from Bab Guissa, where we were joined by the French authorities and solemnly conducted to the palace of the divisional command. Dar Tazi is a fine example of the Arab combination of city and country house, surrounded by a high-walled garden containing one large pavilion for parlor, boudoir, and bedrooms, another for dining-hall and kitchen, two houses for guests, and, across the garden, the offices of the military command.

The two main buildings were connected by a gaily painted pergola of lattice work, and a series of "riads" or small sunken gardens, designed after the Arab manner, were dotted with lemon, orange, pomegranate, and apricot trees, watered by the open conduits which can be turned at will into one section or another. A large mulberry and a quartet of fig-trees dropped their purple fruit on the transversal walks of green tiling or colored mosaic, and everywhere, in the summer season, which begins early, roses and climbing geraniums struggle for supremacy.

Later on in our military career my husband occupied the Hussein palace in Tunis with a small country house at Carthage thrown in, where fine sea-bathing made life more support-

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able in the summer; but I never saw a strictly Arab dwelling which had the charm and poetry of Dar Tazi in Fez.

Inside, the floor was composed of polished black marble slabs, separated by a design worked in blue and white tiles; the lace-like stucco work of the wide frieze joined the beautifully executed mosaic walls for which the Fez *mallems* or craftsmen are famous throughout the world. The gilded plinth and fretted rafters of the elaborately painted ceiling give the same æsthetic satisfaction to the native, who spends so much of his time on a divan gazing upward, as an American patron of art may find in a beautiful picture on his wall.

Although, as I said before, the Fez standards of plumbing may not be such as to satisfy Mr. Babbitt, the moorish hammam is easily transformed into a sufficiently commodious bathroom. In this place, where thirty years ago all the ferocity of the Middle Ages was currently practised, it seemed extraordinary enough that we could be made as comfortable as we were at Dar Tazi.

The most characteristic things in Fez, of which the oldest resident never tires, are the soukhs or mixed markets, the picturesque intricacies of which are such that after five years, during which I explored their mysteries almost daily, I was never perfectly sure of finding my way, so labyrinthine are the narrow passages, so misleading certain dark corners which look alike. The steep incline on which they are constructed makes it possible eventually to get out when one is lost, either by climbing long enough to reach the summit, or by descending to the point where the town ends at Bab Guissa, but I defy any one, not born in Fez, to find his way from the center of the soukhs to Bab Ftouh without a guide!

It is hard for an American waster to comprehend the fierce longings which are here expressed: the cadaverous eagerness of the Jewish trader, the sly suspicion of the Arab fearful of being frustrated of his bargain, and the indignant scorn of the mountain berber, to whom both seem almost equally despicable. To us, the objects which they long for are only good for the dust-heap; how can we realize that in this poverty-stricken

land where one man's trash is another man's treasure nothing that is material is too poor to serve! We must pause indeed before our minds can penetrate even a little into the obscure soul of the "Fortunate Empire" with its paradoxical blending of misery and grandeur, feverish activity, heart-breaking labor, and sluggish indolence.

But if the reader will go down with me once more into the precipitous soukhs of Fez, jostled by the hurrying throng which presses eagerly about fountain and bake-oven, he will have his reward. We must elbow our way amid somber streets and intricate alleys which burrow darkly under the houses—a terrifying thing to strangers, and where a sudden ray of sunshine, filtering through the vault above, instead of lighting the damp and gruesome tunnel, serves only to "make darkness visible."

Let us pause before the olive-press with its weary white blindfolded horse turning, turning on his treadmill, penetrate under the cobwebby rafters of fondouks filled with grain or charcoal, beside which the tattered burnous of a lean donkey-boy or the dripping goat-skin of the half-naked water-carrier stands out against a background of sacks and saddles. Behold where the blind comes leading the blind, in search of some pious "Zaouia" or Moslem brotherhood consecrated to his care, or the limp and halt eager for admission into one of the charitable French hospitals, Cocard or Murat, which will tend hurts gratis though the victim understands not why, and which will even vaccinate his children and deliver his wife if so be he can be persuaded to confide his female chattel to Roumi care!

Often you will be driven to the wall by loaded mule or camel and induced to stop your Western nose against the small shops which border the way, with ill-smelling merchandise, rancid butter, black olives, dried fish, crude oils, and masses of a strange sort of brown soap made from the elder roots and other native shrubs, which, if established reputation may be believed, is sovereign for washing carpets and women's hair.

Often the downward path narrows in order to duck under the houses whose second stories, supported by great black beams, meet over the traveller's head with alternate gleams

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and glooms—turnings so sharp that the wayfarer is deceived into thinking that he has reached a final obstruction, and suddenly gets frightened at the mysterious squatting figures, clad in every variety of nondescript rag, which in nasal accents intone a verse from the Koran as an appeal to charity. The children rarely play and seldom smile, but they do stare curiously and spit contemptuously to show their feelings when a "Roumi" passes. The closely muffled figures of the women, swathed as in a winding sheet, look unamiable. Though her ugly black veil is too tightly drawn over a Fez woman's mouth to allow her to express anti-foreign sentiment as the boy does, the malevolence of her black eyes is accentuated by the perpetual frown which a bluish tattoo-mark fixes between the brows. But before there is time to worry at the realization of things as they are, we emerge into one of the beautiful open spaces to which all roads converge: the green stillness of the henna market, where every sort of grain is sold, the triangular area which encloses the fountain Nedjarine, which again opens into a square where the principal burgesses of Fez give their official receptions to permanent authority or to passing notables. Sidi-el-Ali is decorated like a Florentine street on fête days, with banners, embroideries, and richly colored rugs. Constant temptation to curiosity is offered by glimpses into the mosques where squatting figures tell their beads, but a warning voice, or a detaining hand, prevents overclose inspection, for no profane foot may enter these precincts, and it is prudent not even to eye the interior. Morocco is different from Algiers in this, for the French protectors came there as invited guests and are bound by promise, as well as by courtesy, to respect the religious sentiments of the population they govern; whereas, in Algiers, a conqueror's right allows their entry into the sacred places, a right which, however, is seldom abused.

The slipper and saddle markets, the gay calicoes, and the frequent auctions, which enliven the central portion called the *Kasseria*, are sure to tempt you, but one of the most curious sights is the great space and numerous outlying alleys which are reserved for the dyeing industry; half-naked artisans jump

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in and out of the huge vats, twisting great hanks of raw silk or yarn, squeezing out dripping hides; men and boys are colored saffron, orange, crimson, or violet as the case may be, according to the tint of their merchandise. "Subdued to what they work in, like a dyer's hand," as Shakespeare said, by which we know how much these processes of labor must resemble those of London town under Good Queen Bess.

Next the dyers reigns the pandemonium of the brass market: lathes squeak, bellows blow, scores of hammers tap on their tiny anvils; files, incessant and nerve-racking, ply their infuriating task. Giant hammers, too, ponderous as clenched fists, are wielded in turn by brown Vulcans, girded with sack-ing, and fall clanging on copper cauldrons, deep enough to boil a wizard in oil, after the old fashion, but at present serving only to shiver the ear-drums of unwary bystanders. It is amusing to watch the tailor in his high booth, with silk firmly held on his great toe, braiding busily, while outside and below his alcove, two small boys each with a hank of silk, plait the separate strands with incredible celerity up to the digital meeting-point. Thence the braid, which is essential as ornament for every burnous, is rolled out gradually.

It is lunchtime now; processions of small boys bear bright-colored glasses of mint tea, bowls of the pungent soup called Harira, or covered dishes of Tadjin and Kous-Kous, to the hungry workers, who never stop or go out for meals. The bakers are busy handing out stacks of flat, round loaves to little trousered girls with turned-back striped aprons, who carry them on planks skilfully balanced on their heads from oven to house, and from house to oven, for the women of Fez knead their bread at home and send it out for the baking. Hampers of lemons, limes, oranges, and freshly cut mint mingle their perfume with the pungent odors of ginger, cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg, not to speak of other spices unknown to our Western Hemisphere, but which form a chief ingredient of Moroccan dishes. I was surprised to see sweet potatoes and green corn roasting over pans of charcoal; small sausages also are cooked there on a spit, and sticky transparent fritters looped like pretzels or doughnuts tempt the hungry boys to spend their last cent on

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them. Platters of nougat and marshmallow appealed to me more, and the almond paste shaped like crescents, rolled in sugar, and sold under the name of "Gazelle horns." Cream taffy, suspended from a bamboo rod, is dangled before groups of longing children, and recalls the far-off Hallowe'en parties and candy-pulling of Western childhood.

One of the strangest and most curious views of the soukhs is from the Andalusian bridge near the celebrated mosque built by the refugees from Granada in the twelfth century. The mosque itself is a harmonious mass of carven cedar, black with age; antique tiles, colored like turquoise, jade, and ivory with the mosses which invade every crevice and cranny, blend their rich and intricate mosaic. The narrow arch of the bridge, mounting in a high peak, spans a torrent which comes rushing in rapids and falls through the precipitate ravine that cuts the lower part of the town in two parts; the water seems to come from every direction at once. It gushes under the mass of houses from numberless arches, bubbles through sluices, flows sullenly along intricate viaducts, canalizing the water at unexpected altitudes, only to let it drop suddenly amid the rhythmic tune of a score of mills. The sighing of these wooden mill-wheels is one of the most weird and characteristic sounds, heard everywhere throughout the Fez region.

Sordid dwellings crowd down to the water's edge on the one side, and retreat, tier above tier, on the other. A mass of flat roofs, melon-shaped domes, crenelated towers, golden balls, green cones, an indescribable jumble of form and color, converge at a point where, tall and lonely, a royal palm stands gigantic.

A more lugubrious section is that which surrounds Bab-Ftouh, where the gentle slope is thickly dotted with tombs. It seems as though the dead who people the immense cemetery which lies outside the walls, and crowd their headstones against the city ramparts, had burrowed down and invaded the town itself. You can scarcely pass through the quarter without hearing that peculiar chanting which resembles the Hebrew wailing of a penitential psalm, or some high-church ritual, or without



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meeting the stretcher on which lies a mass of white, that quivers at each stumble of the bearers, for so quickly do they inter their dead in Islam that the corpses have not time to stiffen. The land near this inner cemetery lies almost waste; stacks of dried palmetto yellow under the sun; a few bamboo huts are set among crumbling walls and cactus hedges. These alternate with square, gray pools, whose clayey margins mark this as the potters' district. An acrid smoke constantly rises from behind the hovels. Troops of donkeys, loaded to twice their height and breadth with "doum," the chief combustible, which furnishes fuel for the baker's oven, the bather's hammam, and the potter's kiln, advance like a miniature Birnam wood, on its way to Dunsinane, almost hidden beneath their green burden of palmfronds, their poor little flanks, crimson with the goad which keeps them trotting at full speed, or as fast as their half-naked brown torturer can keep up with them. Other donkeys, laden with wicker cylinders of charcoal, sacks of stone, bags of sand, baskets of plaster, heaps of mattresses and rolls of rugs, plod along here more sedately, but camels are no longer seen on this side of town where the ways are too narrow, or the arches too low, for them to pass. They must enter Fez by Bab Guissa, and ascend to the great Fondouk, reserved for them in the Tallah section.

And here, by the way, you will be glad to learn that certain benevolent fellow countrymen of ours have established a Fondouk for sick and wounded animals where a French veterinary gives his services gratis and the native gradually learns that it is to his own interest to keep his animal in good condition, that, moreover, the municipal authority is now empowered to seize the tortured beasts of an over-cruel master.

But here I must leave you to see Fez for yourself with a native guide, for if I should take you on with me to the hospitals which it is my duty to visit, and the clinics and schools of the Mellah, and show you what France is doing here, nine out of ten of my fellow countrymen would say: "*That* is just French propaganda and we refuse to be taken in!"

One of the country maxims which I have adopted is: *Bien*

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*faire et laisser dire*, which might be roughly translated: *Those who do well need not mind criticism.*

The general who commands the region is always given an impressive reception in the court of the Mejeles (native municipal services), which is hung with embroideries and furnished with gorgeous gilded thrones for the occasion. Poor female folk may only look on behind the lattice-work of a carved balcony, where a glass of clandestine tea and a "gazelle horn" are brought up by one of the Pasha's servants, while speeches are being made below. The streets leading down from the entrance at the Bou Jeloud gate to that of the great Mosque of Moulay Idriss are decorated with flags, silks, and embroideries, every merchant making it his pride to bring out his choicest wares on an occasion of this sort. When the ceremony is over it is customary to make a tour of the soukhs, and for this part of the rejoicings I was allowed to come in.

We paused before the great bronze doors where offerings are made at the shrine of the local saint, who founded the town and gave his name to the principal mosque.

This Islamic Lourdes at all times presents a curious spectacle. Along the wall female forms are huddled, most of them with babies at breast or strapped on backs. Each mother presses close to the tabernacle in quest of the mystic *baraka* or blessing, which brings greater fortune to the rich, more power to the mighty, cure to the sick, means of living to the poor, and comfort to the sorrowful. Above the squatting figures one woman rose and pressed her lips to the brass mouthpiece, worn and polished by centuries of pleading, which invites the faithful to whisper the hidden desires of the heart. The screen of wrought-iron tracery near by was almost covered with votive offerings, bits of silk, strands of hair, or strings of beads.

We had been told by the head of the information service, with the mixture of sarcasm and semi-credulity which becomes like a second nature to those who dwell long in Islam or who study the mysterious force which we call "luck," that no one can prosper in Fez without the *baraka* of the *genius loci*. The

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general decided that if it would not be viewed as disrespectful, from a Roumi, he would begin the exercise of his functions with an offering at Moulay Idriss. The officer gave his assurance that such a gesture would be certain to predispose the citizens in our favor. A certain proportion of the offerings go to the descendants of the prophet or "cherifs"—the rest as alms among the poor.

The French pride themselves upon the excellent work of the Information Service in Fez, but it is far from having the scope of that which the natives possess concerning their new masters, foreign consuls, and any visitors of note. Every move made is noted and gossiped about; if you give a piece of candy to a child, you reap a large reward of popularity among mothers even though their children have had none, and alms given to one beggar please all the rest. This propitiation of Moulay Idriss, done as a matter of sentiment, turned out to have been a very politic act in dealing with a difficult population, and in this land where every fact is multiplied a hundredfold, the handful of gold pieces dropped into the mouth of the shrine soon became a fortune in popular report and our prestige augmented accordingly.

Many people inquired how foreigners could feel safe, even under the French protectorate. If there were massacres in Fez such a short time ago, why should they not start again at any time of public discontent? This might be answered by one of their own proverbial sayings: "Yesterday was yesterday; today is today." Certainly the reign of Moulay Youseff, who had been installed as Sultan almost eighteen years when we arrived, was very different from the bloody tyranny of Moulay Hafid, although the two were brothers. We may remember that in 1903 a pretender to the throne, who had been stirring up trouble among the mountain tribes near Taza, and preaching "Holy War," was defeated, transported to Fez, placed in an iron cage, paraded through the streets, and thrown to the beasts of the Sultan's menagerie, to which good old Queen Victoria had supplied tigers and an elephant. In those days Moulay Hafid was courted with gifts and flattery by the plenipotentiaries of all the rival nations, each of whom, in a

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different manner, sought to obtain preponderance and extend his country's sphere of influence in Morocco, and often these endeavors to obtain favor were comical in the extreme. The English agent, after obtaining immense credit with his elephant, presented six bicycles to the favorites of the Sultan's harem. Of course the poor things were not allowed to ride out of doors, but they got more fun out of speeding through the arcades of tessellated mosaic, which surround the great inner court, than they had ever known before. The Italian engineer officer, Campini, whose son was still consul when we arrived, told us of his Majesty's delight, when his father imported a whole suit of Milanese armor to add to a cherished collection of pistols and guns. Major Campini also equipped the palace with electricity, and constructed the Rogui's cage. Spain worked through a clever dentist who made false teeth for the Sultana! France dealt in sugar and humanitarian ideas, while Emperor William, as usual, threatened to wield the war-lord's big stick. Each diplomatist was pitted man to man against all his rivals, and personality counted full weight. It seems curious to realize that, among the divers claims for preponderant influence, it was eventually the little Spanish doctor with his "golden crowns" and the French general with his transcendental ideas that came out on top, besting elephant, bicycles, arms, and war-lord; and certainly, now that a régime of humanity has been established, the natives do not look back with any regret to the old days of Moulay Hafid, but flock to the services which are held yearly at the tomb of the French officers Chardonnet and Lesperada, who were the first victims of the atrocious massacres which made all the plenipotentiaries so sick that they were glad to consent to a French protectorate over Morocco.

During the prosperous days between 1924 and 1926 we made many interesting acquaintances from many lands, for the distinguished strangers who passed through Fez were sure to turn up sooner or later at Dar Tazi, if only for an authorization to visit some official building, the Pasha's court or some spot where it was usual to be escorted by an officer of the information service. In these times of prosperity we constantly had

impromptu guests to the number of a score or two dozen, which, being the limit of our table, was also that of hospitality at meals.

It was no joke to keep house in Fez, but if the quality of the viands was not always on a par with that of New York, Washington, or Paris, the picturesqueness of the surroundings compensated for many lacks of a material kind. Guests were always amused at the out-of-door promenade from parlor to dining-hall and even more so at the army of lanterns which accompanied us through the labyrinthine streets when, as often happened, we took a party out to dine Mohammedan fashion with some of the notables among our native friends who, with untiring hospitality, invited us to come, "with as many as possible," to a "Diffa." The true mark of courtesy on the part of a host on such occasions is never to sit down among his guests, but remain standing to supervise the service and afterwards himself to prepare tea, which follows every banquet. One of our personal humiliations occurred through neglecting to follow this Arab custom, believing that orders which had been given would necessarily be carried out.

Mistakes often happen between native servingmen, whose dialects are never quite alike. Thus, a luncheon consisting of roast pork and prunes was served to ex-Queen Amélie of Portugal and her sister the Duchess de Guise, who aspires to sit one day on the throne of France. When I tried to point out to the chef that prunes were not a dainty dish to set before two queens—even if the royalty of one was in the past and the other in a quite hypothetical future—he replied calmly that their majesties had evidently enjoyed the prunes, to which, he was informed, they had been helped twice. As to the pork—since the Mohammedans in the kitchen refused to touch it, it had to be served on the master's table!

One of the most interesting expeditions we made, in April 1925, was into the unknown regions of the Ouergha, where the population, which hitherto had not accepted the Sultan's rule, had decided to place themselves under French protection, owing to the constantly increasing pressure from the predatory bands of Abd el Krim, an independent warrior whose territories lay

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in the Spanish zone of influence, and who, utilizing the ever-popular slogan "Holy War," had levied a troop of Riffans which soon became an army. The mountain-shepherd in Morocco is a born soldier who can march all day long with no commissary department to follow, but just a bag of cartridges and another of compressed figs or dates. His eyes are penetrating as a field-glass, he can bring down an airplane with a rifle ball by aiming directly at the pilot. Not an agreeable enemy to fight but one with whom France would shortly have to reckon, for this guerilla warfare undertaken in the Spanish zone was certain to spread, the more so as Abd el Krim's soldiers, well officered and trained by deserters from the French Legion, and certain others who had come directly from Europe, instead of being limited to what ammunition they and their supporters could buy, soon came into possession not only of all the supplies contained in the Spanish outposts which they conquered but even fell heir to several cannon. The brigand chief, who had grown very confident, began sending his emissaries into the French zone, demanding tribute-money from the inhabitants, with the threat that if they did not pay he would harry their lands with fire and sword. The threat had its effect. In order not to pay, these wild tribes sent their emissaries to Fez asking for protection of the legitimate Sultan and his ally, France.

The first contact was made on the expedition I have mentioned, when my husband and I accompanied by five or six officers, the chief of the Information Service, Captain Chastenet, acting as interpreter, penetrated where no road was but where we managed to improvise a track to a point some hundred miles from Fez. There, around the tomb of some Marabout or local saint—always the rallying point for the nomadic markets—we fell in with a vast crowd of natives assembled for a three-days' camp-meeting and general pow-wow among their chieftains. The spectacle, which was curious enough to us, was even more so to them. Nothing was more amusing than to see the effect produced upon these people by the sight of ourselves and the vehicles in which we had come, drawn without horses, and puffing out strange and smelly vapor. Surely we must

be dealers in black magic and therefore were to be respected! It was impossible, however, for the women to respect my clothes or even view me as a fellow-woman. What, they asked, was this thing, dressed like nothing at all, and wearing a dish upon its head, instead of a shawl or cloak, such as alone should be used by the female species? And I may say here that we waste much sympathy upon the woman of Islam; she is perfectly satisfied with her lot and looks with contempt upon the idea of change. It is she who is the guardian of tradition; it is she who, in her own way, rules the roost. As the proverb says: In Marakesh the Caid's master is his mother, in Fez it is his wife. And I have no reason to doubt that the statement is generally true.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### A SOLDIER OF THE LEGION

WHEN the aggression from the Riff forced the whole Spanish line into a general retreat and left 300 kilometers of our mountain posts uncovered, the military hospitals at Fez suddenly were filled to an alarming extent; surgical bandages and supplies ran out and there was an urgent call for help which, owing to generous support from America, I was able to meet in an unhoped-for way.

It is never too late to mend, and by this time I had felt obliged to reform myself and to apply a discipline which was by no means easy and of which I would have been incapable some years earlier. As president of the Moroccan Chapter of the S. B. M. (*Secours aux Blessés Militaires*), the first and principal branch of the Red Cross Society of France, I had to abandon the self-indulgent habit of keeping collective suffering at a distance, for it was obvious that I could not continue my job as wife of the general commanding the region and shirk what is considered as one of its principal obligations. Breaking myself into these new duties was indeed a hard task. I could always get along with soldiers at work, and in good health, and even make myself popular among them; but, to approach those who were wounded, ill, or dying, with stilted words of comfort and the traditional package of tobacco or cigarettes was something which I was literally ashamed to do. When I tried to put myself in their place, and imagine how I should feel, after hardships undergone and sufferings in the present, at the sight of a benevolent lady bearing "rich gifts" which are so poor, it seemed to me that my first gesture would be to hurl the package in her face, and in response to her words of cheer, shout: "For God's sake, shut up!"

I soon found, however, that it does not do to judge other people by oneself, at least when they are soldiers or native



Moroccans and Senegalese. The idea that any one is taking the trouble of paying them the smallest attention or of coming to see them even with no gift at all, touches each individual and the collectivity to an extraordinary extent, so much so that, once convinced that the smallest present produced an enormous moral effect on the troops at large, I pocketed my horror of hospitals and my innate distaste for playing the official rôle of "Lady Bountiful" with one small pin to give, and organized regular visits to Auvert, Cocard, and Dar Mahrès to make distributions to the native and Metropolitan forces, as those that come from France are called.

Besides this, each time a regiment came back from the fighting line, or a post was relieved and the garrison, who had been hard hit, returned to barracks at Fez, I collected eight or ten officers' wives, procured large baskets and made a regular distribution according to the needs as stated by the officer in command. When the unit in question was Moroccan or Algerian nothing pleased them so much as several pounds of tea and baskets of mint, for many native Moslems still think it is as wicked to smoke as to drink, so that the quantity of cigarettes in this case was limited. The more liberal-minded salve their conscience by saying "the Prophet could not have ordered the Faithful not to smoke because there wasn't any tobacco in his day!" By the same reasoning, many allow themselves to be photographed but not drawn, adding that as the sun does the work, and Mohammed never saw a kodak, that too is legitimate. But, to come back to our distributions, I did all I could to favor the Foreign Legion, and our dealings with them always proved most interesting.

And here, as a matter of justice, I should like to say a few words concerning my brother légionnaires about whom, during nine years' residence more or less in their midst, I really learned a good deal. For some reason they are generally viewed in America as a band of desperadoes or else as martyrs. They are neither. The proportion of criminality in the Legion is not particularly high. Some of the officers who know them best and have listened individually to their stories say

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that the largest number of enlistments comes from trouble at home in their families, trouble with women, and the desire to escape from the consequences of some very minor offence which the law would not even punish. More often still it is the instinctive craving for a discipline, strong enough to keep them out of trouble, which has made thousands of men who might, had they stayed in home surroundings, amid petty hates, vengeance, and tyrannies, have been driven to murder, answer to the warning voice against enlistment, in the words of Tennyson's sailor boy:

. . . death is sure  
To those that stay and those that roam,  
But I will nevermore endure  
To sit with empty hands at home.

God help me! save I take my part  
Of danger [whatsoever it be],  
A devil rises in my heart,  
Far worse than any death to me.

Nothing is more peculiar than the exactness with which these men without a country, but all from divers roots, develop into the same plant. The *légionnaire* becomes a type apart, and however strange it be, no one who has seen much of him will deny this. In old days, the greater proportion was made up of Germans—today that proportion has changed and almost sixty per cent are Russian, the German enrolment having dropped to approximately twenty per cent. The rest are divided among Danes, Swedes, a sprinkling of English, some few Americans, and quite a large Italian contingent, and yet the spirit of the whole has never changed and never will change, no matter what different elements you may put in it. They are always fond of music and always have the best band. They always get up theatrical shows and do them well. They always fight well, march badly and are superior builders. Their ration, unlike that of all other troops of the French army, includes a certain quantity of red wine a day, no matter how difficult it is to provide the wine—and it is easy to believe that the transport of a huge barrel to a post

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of légionnaires removed by three days' march on a trackless mountain where donkeys and billy-goats alone find footing is no joke. If they shouldn't have their wine you would have a mutiny, so get there it must and does! But, by a spirit of contradiction, as their wine is red, they want it white, and if you wish to make yourself popular, you send them a barrel of white wine. My gift to those sojourning in Fez was the necessary amount of sauterne, so that each soldier could have his quarter-pint at midday and sundown. If, added to this, we passed round two bushel-baskets of pink, green, or mauve cakes of highly-scented soap, their joy was complete. Can any one explain why? In dealing with soldiers there is no "why," one can only observe, and fall in with the facts.

I made the discovery that the small proportion of men who did not smoke or who were not allowed by the doctors to use our cigarettes, felt left out in the cold when the tobacco brigade passed, so we arranged to have huge cans of barley-sugar candy sent wholesale from Paris and this proved so successful that often a soldier would call me back and ask if he might exchange his package of tobacco for a stick of candy, not feeling that he would lose by the transaction.

I know that a few scoffers thought it was the very height of female sentimentality to give candy to légionnaires, but no one who has seen a few thousand légionnaires eating candy and clamoring for candy could continue in this opinion.

The farther from home a soldier is, the more is he inclined to be a baby and to enjoy being treated like one, especially by an old lady in whom imagination always makes him see the portrait of his mother. They're tremendously sentimental, too, and have an innate love for ceremony. The number of times small delegations were sent out from the units we had visited, with flags, trumpets, and a large bouquet, and some one to read a speech of thanks with due emphasis, would be hard to count. Soldiers are far more sentimental than civilians (or they would not be soldiers), and if the instinct that drives a man to escape from himself and the consequences of his acts by leaving the past behind him were not a very frequent emotion of the human heart there would be no Foreign Le-

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gion. It exists as the response to a human need, and fills it well. It cannot be judged by the few isolated cases of criminality among légionnaires. Still less should it be judged by the calumnies and absurdities spread throughout the press with a view to attacking France, by describing heart-rending "escapes" from the Legion.

The term itself is proof of the spirit behind such articles. The man who deserts the post which he has voluntarily accepted and for which he receives pay and perquisites which are considerably higher than those of men who enlist in other military units, does not "escape" when he breaks faith with himself and his regiment, he "deserts," and—Gertrude Stein to the contrary—it is well to give words their real value. The soldier who "escapes" from the Legion is not an interesting victim but a perjurer, a spy, or both! Behind him there is generally an organized effort to secure his uniform, to buy his gun and ammunition—which he never leaves behind—and provide him with civilian clothes in exchange. Any one who will take the trouble to read the testimony produced at the Hague Tribunal in 1913 in the case of the German warship which stood off Casablanca waiting to pick up a large contingent of "escaped" légionnaires must admit that the methodical organization of desertion "en bloc" from the contingent in Morocco almost produced the "casus belli" of which the Imperial government was in search.

Perhaps one of the causes of those "légionnaire" stories, when they are told in good faith, is a rather natural confusion in the public mind between the Foreign Legion and another military unit which is called "Le Bataillon Disciplinaire d'Afrique." This contingent is really made up of men who have been convicted of something serious enough to receive a sentence of six months or more in jail. When this sentence is running, or has been pronounced at a time when the subject becomes liable to military conscription—that is to say, when he is twenty-one years old—instead of serving in a regiment at home, where his example might not be very profitable to his young comrades, this youthful jailbird is sent to the Bataillon in Africa, which is composed of birds of the same

feather, officered accordingly by picked men selected not only for the physical courage necessary when commanding a band of roughs, but also with enough moral leadership to allow them to discharge these fellows, when liberated from their mixed penal and military service, with some hope of their becoming better citizens. Often it happens that these boys acquire a taste for military life and re-engage instead of returning to a civil strife which is harder than soldiering in peace time.

One thing is noteworthy: that the Legion and the "Bat. d'Aff.," as it is called, are hereditary enemies, and the military authority is careful never to put them in neighboring cantonments.

There were two picturesque figures among the officers of the Foreign Legion during the time of our sojourn, Captain Agee and Captain Pechkoff. The latter was the adopted son of Maxim Gorki and had lost an arm in the service. Prince Agee, nephew to the king of Denmark, was of a very different type; with his guitar and darky songs he was the life of the column when the summer campaigns into the mountains began, and at Dar Tazi, where he always had a room, he kept the atmosphere gay and animated. Marshal Lyautey always took Agee very seriously and invariably gave him the first seat at table when he came to Rabat. We found it more convenient to treat him according to his rank of captain in the Legion, throwing in an occasional "Monseigneur" to show that we had not entirely forgotten his antecedents. He also went by the sobriquet of "our jolly Hamlet," which he justified in many ways. For instance, he insisted on going last, instead of first, to table, which gave him the advantage of lingering a moment behind the procession and slyly drinking the cocktails that were left. He was universally popular on campaign and equally so at the Maroc Hôtel, the gayest dance-hall of Fez, and the only place of public entertainment to which I, even as a légionnaire, was not allowed to go. For I may say here that towards the end of our sojourn, the colonel, with some picked officers, a small delegation of soldiers, and the trumpeter of the Troisième Régiment Etranger, appeared in the courtyard

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of Bou d'Jeloud, residence of the marshal when he came to Fez, and where Croix Rouge reunions were held, and with the inevitable speech, solemnly incorporated me as "Honorary soldier of the First Class." In recognition of this I was invested with the trench cap and scarlet shoulder-cord-and-tassels called "fourragère," which latter belongs to that unit and is carried on its banner as the mark of highest bravery in action.

I would like to declare that the honor done me was unique, for if one wishes to strike popular imagination it has become almost necessary to be "the only one who has it." Truth, however, compels me to confess that during the last hundred years, since the date when the Foreign Legion was first created, there have been seventeen other honorary soldiers enrolled under the banner, and I remain content to be one of the number!

In the spring of 1925 the storm that had been brewing over the Riff broke with full force against the French outposts. An onslaught of more than 50,000 warriors of the fiercest description almost overwhelmed the tiny French garrisons which never exceeded 50 men. It was an agonizing moment. What could be done to stem the tide? The effectives which governmental parsimony—so bitterly complained of by the marshal—put at my husband's disposition amounted to some 12 battalions scattered over the whole region from Taza to the Atlantic coast and from the Riff to the Sahara. It was true that 4 more battalions, despatched from Algeria, were on the way, but they were halted on the Algerian border, owing to a change of ministry in Paris, and were not yet available. During the day of April 26, the Pasha of Fez sent a letter to my husband, saying that we might count upon him absolutely to maintain order in town, but that for the next few days he would remain invisible. If rumor should circulate that he and the general were putting their heads together over the situation, it would be taken as a sign of weakness, and the first policy in Islam is to keep up a façade of strength. A population like that of Fez, when not held firmly in hand, will always leap to the winning side.

That night, as soon as darkness fell, the general, accom-

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panied by Captain Chastanet, left for Rabat in the fastest car of the region. It was essential to hasten the arrival of the Algerian battalions and utilize them north of Fez; essential also that no one in town should know of the general's departure, as this might have provoked panic. He reached Rabat at midnight, by two A.M. had accomplished his purpose, and was back at Fez just before day broke.

What a day!

News of the worst sort kept pouring in. The foe's tactics seemed to consist in surrounding and isolating each post; then, with the bulk of the warriors, to march on Fez. Our airplanes were sent out to drop blocks of ice into the small forts, where the water supply was reduced to a few gallons, and succeeded in doing so daily. This was sufficient to keep the men going, and the fact that contact with Fez was still maintained kept up their courage.

If "amusing" were a word which could be used under such circumstances, I might say that it was "amusing" to find that the American newspapers, in describing these events, and wishing to pay tribute to the heroic little garrisons that held out, and the one that was massacred to a man, after having blown up their own fortress rather than yield, wrote—that "these men had endured such hardships that for a week there had been no ice for the refrigerators and planes from Fez had been obliged to carry it." At the same time the American Red Cross decided that no hospital supplies could be sent to Morocco unless the same were despatched to Abd el Krim, because, as the reporters had termed his aggression a "war," it was considered that the attitude of the Red Cross service must remain strictly neutral! However, as I had occasion to say much earlier in these memoirs, it is hard to make those at a distance understand a foreign situation which is new to them, the more so as the proportion of truth in such cases is as one against a thousand. On the worst night of all, we received a telephone message from Rabat, that a band of tourists, just arrived, were on their way to Fez. I was asked to entertain them at dinner without divulging the gravity



RABAT-THE-VICTORIOUS, WITH ITS MOSQUE-LOVING PILGRIM STORKS





THE COLUMN WHICH PEACEFULLY PENETRATED  
INTO DISSIDENT TERRITORY



THIS GUERILLA WARFARE, UNDERTAKEN IN THE  
SPANISH ZONE, WAS SURE TO SPREAD

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of the situation, and the general was advised to use his own discretion as to whether they might leave for Oran, next morning, to take the boat. This party consisted of three Americans, Monsieur André Maurois, and Emile Henriot. Rumor was rife that the road between Fez and Taza had been, or at least would be, cut during the night; but if that happened we were just as much in danger at Fez as on the road, so my husband decided to let the cars start as usual with their passengers, which they did at two o'clock in the morning, and continued to do every day thereafter, in spite of rumor. We invited the British consul and his charming wife to dine, and our guests told us afterwards that at no moment had they received the slightest impression of danger or anxiety, which shows that four years of war are good training in self-control, if nothing else. They say that history always repeats itself. At Fez we again went through, though in a minor degree, some of the emotions of the Marne.

And here, parenthetically, I must say a word in recognition of the constant help, sympathy, and understanding of those loyal friends, Colonel Gilbert Mackereth and his wife Muriel, installed at the British consulate, which was situated in those days on the small triangular space outside the gate of Dar Tazi. They had come to Fez shortly before our arrival and opened the beautiful new consulate, over whose construction they had presided, just before we took our leave of Morocco. During that entire period they remained our best and most intimate associates, always going to the extreme bounds of permissible confidence without ever crossing the line, which would have been a breach of national professional secrecy. It would be impossible to say how much we, personally, owed to their unfailing attitude of loyal collaboration, and it goes without saying that what we owed them, France owed them, too, though I am quite aware that the small band of "dissidents," who were never weary of attempting to undermine our credit with the marshal, bracketed together two accusations, "the general has an American wife," and "the general and his wife are much too intimate with the British consul for any good to come of

it." The best answer to this was that things might have been worse indeed, during the Riff troubles, if the Mackereths had been inimical towards us.

During the next days, the advance guard of Abd el Krim's forces came within forty kilometers of Fez, but the battalions from Algiers had then arrived and could be massed for a counter-offensive, and on May 4, shortly after dawn, the general and all the officers left.

Rumor became wilder than ever. I learned, on my visit to the hospital, which lay almost outside our doors, that "every one said" that General de Chambrun had sent his wife back to France by the car which had taken our distinguished dinner-guests to Oran, and that several officers' wives, the judge of the Fez tribunal, as well as the wives of some native notables, had fled, fearing that the massacre of 1912 would soon be repeated. There was obviously one thing to do: but the experience was a strange one. In order to show the population not only that I was still in Fez but that my confidence in the natives was unshaken, I took the basket of barley-sugar sticks which I generally carried on a visit to the soukhs, the candy being destined for the children who usually clamored about me, and descended alone into the heart of the labyrinth, in spite of Lagdar's plea to be allowed to come along as a bodyguard. I have said before, not as a boast, but as a plain fact, that I enjoyed popularity in town, and that my passage through the narrow streets was generally hailed by the "salamaleks" and "barak'al' aufiks" of Islamic cordiality, accompanied by vociferous invitations to come in and look at the shopmen's wares "not to buy, but to give pleasure to the eyes." On this day my only greeting was an embarrassed silence; even the children averted their glances and pretended not to see me. I made the entire circuit through the Kasseria, circled the mosques of Moulai Idriss and Kerouine without a single sign of recognition, but met no hostility either. When I reached the Bank of British East Africa, which marks the farthest point of commercial life downtown, after which business activities taper off into the ill-smelling wares which line the way to Bab Gishah, I became conscious of a flutter among the bystanders,

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and noticed that a score or so of strange-looking men were filing along. They were of a sort that I had never yet seen in Fez, although used to the aspect of the far-away mountaineer who comes to visit the Holy City. Their expression was one of complete astonishment when they set eyes on me. It was the same look I noticed on the expedition we had made some months before into a tribe which had never seen an automobile nor yet a woman in European dress—I understood why my friends of the soukhs no longer dared recognize me. If these men from the Riff, with the slogan "Holy War," were to be masters of tomorrow, it was better not to have any acquaintance with an infidel belonging to the masters of yesterday.

Every day that week I made my pilgrimage through the soukhs, but I never saw the twenty-seven strange men again. Our friend the Pasha looked after that. He was indeed a man upon whom France could depend, and was faithful to his promise given the general: "Don't worry; attend to your military operations, and count on me to watch over things in town."

Meanwhile, at the front, an audacious plan, according to a formula as simple as daring, was carried out. It consisted in bringing the Riffan attack to a halt, in the Ouezzan region, by utilizing all the available troops in the whole sector, thus protecting Rabat and the coast even though such re-inforcement at the main point of attack left a large area, contiguous to Fez, completely uncovered. This space, however, could be filled up progressively by the battalions arriving from the Algerian frontier. As a fact, early in May, these Algerian units were able to take the field, thus stopping up the wide gaps which our offensive manœuvre had left open north of Fez. Though I do not pretend to be a strategist, I had learned, from much reading on Napoleon's campaigns, and from the conversation of those who *do* understand, that this manœuvre was the only possible way of saving a situation which at one time looked desperate, and that a system of homeopathic doses of small contingents spread out over a long line would have proved of no defensive value whatever against a massed attack of the kind launched by Abd el Krim. This experience showed once more that a small number of troops, when manœuvred *en*

*masse*, can hold back five times their number. But he who commands must free himself from the influence of critics at the rear, prone to cry out against the temerity of leaving a large section of the line unguarded.

It is difficult to realize the ferocity of these combats, which took our troops completely by surprise. Who could have imagined that Spain would suddenly retire and relinquish her most advanced positions, giving a free hand to a voracious army, who, after the retreat in the Spanish zone, became possessed of war supplies of every kind: rifles, pistols, ammunition, and even cannon. I have dwelt somewhat on the brilliant (from a military point of view) checking of so formidable an attack because our defense was made without any help other than could be found on African soil. Every one, from Marshal Lyautey to the simplest native soldier, took legitimate pride in this fact, especially as this phase of self-defence was the only one during which the Moroccan protectorate was in any real danger, although the struggle against the forces of Abd el Krim was of long duration. The Riffan chieftain continued to hurl his attacks at different points along the vast line—almost 300 kilometers in length—but the main objective was always Fez, which he had sworn to enter in triumph before the great Mohammedan feast of Aït Kebir. His enterprise was desperate, for, though there were periods of success and reversal, as time went on, the French lines constantly increased in strength from the moment when the government decided to step in heavily and poured in *more* than sufficient re-inforcements, augmented by the presence of another marshal of France. Unfortunately, but also inevitably, these metropolitan soldiers could not come without their chiefs, and, as when too many cooks invade a kitchen the service suffers and command of the situation slips from the housekeeper's hands, so, when over a score of new generals, most of whom were ignorant of Moroccan affairs, settled down on Fez, Marshal Lyautey no longer had much to say.

Our marshal had never ceased crying "Wolf! wolf!" during four years of petty economies imposed by deputies unfriendly to the régime and by newspaper propaganda subsidized

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from without. But when the chief's prophecies came true he was reproached for not having duly informed the government of the "real gravity of the situation" in the Spanish Riff. Had he done so, the final warning would probably have provoked his immediate recall, for justice and gratitude have never accorded with government policies; since the days of Coriolanus.

In any case, when bad came to worse, millions had to be spent where thousands would have sufficed to stem the tide three years earlier.

During all this new military phase, no word of advice was ever asked from Marshal Lyautey or any of his collaborators accustomed to deal with native affairs. It became evident that his situation as resident, bereft of the peril with which he was accustomed to play like a successful juggler, was hereafter likewise bereft of glory, though coveted by many civilian politicians. Summoning his council, he announced his forthcoming departure from Morocco.

The result, politically speaking, of the dramatic, but not unforeseen, events above described, was according to Colonial traditions the world over at all times. The reports of Lord Essex from Ireland, of Clive from India, of Montcalm from Canada, all tell the same story of culpable negligence on the part of central authority towards the voice of warning from the man on the spot.

Before leaving, Marshal Lyautey made a special appeal to certain of his old-time collaborators not to abandon their posts. Thus it was that, as a matter of duty, we continued on for two more years in the Regional Command.

I mentioned without any comment a few pages back that I owed a great deal to certain American friends and to many who, though I did not know them, proved friends indeed, and this seems to be the place to renew my grateful appreciation of what came in such a manner as to appear absolutely providential.

Before the worst times of 1925 I made a hurried trip to Paris, where I spent a few weeks with my boy and ordered some hospital supplies. One day I happened to be asked to a

rather large luncheon at the Countess de Rougemont's, who, an American by birth, had a good many Americans or Franco-Americans at her table.

On this occasion, Mrs. Charles Sherrill and Mrs. Scott were among the ladies present, and began questioning me about the situation in Morocco.

I was, of course, full of the subject and much moved at the sufferings witnessed in the Fez hospitals, so I suppose that I must have described our work and needs with a good deal of warmth.

What was my surprise on returning to the house to find two substantial checks from Mrs. Sherrill and Mrs. Scott, accompanied by the request that I should spend them for the best interests of the wounded.

That was not all. Mrs. Sherrill added that she was about to return to New York and wondered whether I would like to have her undertake to raise funds in America, feeling certain that if General de Chambrun and I would personally see that the funds raised went to the right spot, her appeal would be successful. I answered that although I was disinclined by temperament to *ask* for money, I had never refused it when *offered*; there the subject dropped. After several months, what sums I had received from the Croix Rouge, to which the population of Fez itself generously contributed, had almost melted away. A battalion of the Legion had just come back from the front, pretty well shot up. In order to make our usual distribution to the men in barracks, as well as to those at the hospital, we would have to spend our last cent. At the meeting of our ladies' committee, I explained the situation, and put it to a vote as to whether we should use the sums in hand and depend on luck to get more, or let the battalion lack. We had hardly decided to become spendthrifts when Lagdar broke in on the meeting with the announcement that a messenger from the British Bank of West Africa desired to see me. He brought a 5000-franc order. When I inquired who had sent it, the reply was "The Chase Bank of New York." No name or sign of the original sender was given. Two more equally mysterious donations fell from the sky without my realizing what the expla-

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nation was. Finally, a belated letter from Mrs. Sherrill informed me that it was a committee which she had organized for our relief, that played providence in such a marvellous manner. Not to enter into more detail, I may say here that from that time until the morning when Abd el Krim and his Minister of War took breakfast at our house on their way to prison, and I could telegraph to Mrs. Sherrill that, the immediate reason for charity being at an end, we might hereafter rely on our normal resources, I had been able to spend, through American generosity, 300,000 francs for hospital equipment, general distribution, and in aid of the children and widows of both French and native soldiers.

That is why I should like to renew once more what I tried to express at that time, my heartfelt thanks for all that we owed to this "American Fund for Moroccan Wounded."<sup>1</sup>

When the question came up as to what should be done with the agitator, the French Government acted with a magnanimity which was almost worthy of Lincoln. Abd el Krim with his household and harem was sent to a fine colonial residence in the Réunion Islands and there he is now engaged in the planter's peaceful occupation.

Much was still left to accomplish. It was necessary to pacify the entire region which lay between our outposts and the zone which the Spanish forces gradually succeeded in re-occupying. And this was my husband's final task in Morocco.

Our relations with General San Giurgio were always pleasant

<sup>1</sup> The committee consisted of: Mrs. Robert Bacon, Westbury, N. Y.; Mrs. John B. Trevor, New York City; Mrs. George Woodruff, Joliet, Ill.; Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, New York City; Mrs. Walter Sadd, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Mrs. Charles Anderson, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. William May Garland, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. John Shillito Rogers, Tuxedo, N. Y.; Mrs. Cortland Field Bishop, Lenox, Mass.; Mrs. Joseph R. Ensign, Simsbury, Conn.; Mrs. T. Suffern Tailor, Newport, R. I.; Mrs. Sherrill Smith, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Mrs. Atwood R. Martin, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Paul Morton, New York City; Mrs. Safford A. Crummev, Goshen, N. Y.; Mrs. John A. Logan, Youngstown, Ohio; Miss M. E. Brandegee, Utica, N. Y.; Mrs. Victor Morawetz, New York City; Mrs. Edward Parsons, San Francisco, Cal.; Miss M. E. Gibbs, Lee, Mass.; Mrs. L. B. Hanna, Fargo, No. Dak.; Mrs. J. S. C. Church, Gt. Barrington, Mass.; Mrs. Chas. T. Plunkett, Jr., Adams, Mass.; Miss Leta Clews, Brookville, L. I.; Mrs. Tucker Burr, Readville, Mass.; Mrs. H. K. Appleton, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, Newburgh, N. Y.; Mrs. Gordon K. Bell, Katonah, N. Y.; Mrs. John F. A. Merrill, Portland, Maine; Mrs. Davis C. Anderson, Cincinnati, Ohio; with Mrs. Charles Sherrill as chairman and the vice-president of the Chase National Bank as treasurer.



and it was during one of his visits to Fez, when he was accompanied by the French Ambassador to Madrid, that General de Chambrun held a review in honor of these distinguished guests. This review, which took place on March 19, 1928, was at the same time his farewell to the troops he had commanded for over six years. The French Ambassador, Comte Peretti de la Rocca, had been our comrade in Washington, and, as it is customary for a civilian to be decorated by a civilian, he was appointed by the Ministry of Public Instruction to confer the cross of the Legion of Honor upon me, while my husband gave the accolade to the military candidates drawn up in line.

How I wished that dear old Madame Frédin could have been there! As it was, I had to be content with the satisfaction of our friends in Morocco, not to speak of my own which was all the greater that poor William Shakespeare, who thought so much of honors but did not live long enough to be knighted by King James, had his share therein.

An ode in Arabic, gorgeously illuminated on gazelle-skin, was declaimed by Cherif Sidi Abd-el-Hai-el-Kittani, considered the best poet and historian among the intellectual élite of Fez. The effect of the scholar's declamatory praise was a bit spoiled by his previous inquiry (which he trusted was not indiscreet) as to whether I had been attracted towards my special branch of literary work because I appreciated and admired Shakespeare's poems for their intrinsic value, or because Shakespeare had been a friend of my family; but when you come to think it over, we cannot judge Islamic learning or ignorance by our standards, for, to those who take no account of time, a twelve-month, a century, and a moment, are much the same.

Here is an extract literally translated from the Islamic testimonial:

"Accept, O lady! these flowers of verse which I have gathered from the valleys of my heart!

"The merits of men are measured by the duration of their works. Be proud then, lady, at having acquired, by your will alone, the virtues which characterize men of action. Accept that which France offers, to honour and exalt merit! Step forward on that spotless carpet of glory, placed beneath your feet

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to distinguish you from other women. You have revived truth, the truth on the poet Shakespeare, and are worthy to be believed, as our forefathers believed Adam. As the star of day at even declines toward his beloved horizon, this cross has descended upon you. Be happy, O cross, and rejoice in your lot, like the banner which flutters in the wind from pure joy and happiness! The scintillations of this star represent the fire of your intelligence and the power of your thought. I see the cross like a fair young damsel; clad in sumptuous garments, she has given to her well-beloved the rendez-vous to which even in dreams he has not dared aspire. Honour be to your talent and eminent qualities. Honour also to your illustrious, valorous and venerated spouse, of such illustrious origin. Sentiments so noble make each worthy of the other."

The whirligig of time, even in the course of seven years, brings curiously paradoxical rewards as well as revenges. Who would have thought when Marshal Lyautey left Morocco, and arrived at Marseilles without other honors than the salute of two British warships, that his own government would again have recourse to his constructive genius, and praise him to the skies after the success he made of the Colonial Exposition at Vincennes, or that, when the curtain went down on his brilliant career, a great concourse would accompany the warship that carried his ashes back to the "Fortunate Empire"; for, like Brazza, he sleeps, since October 1935, on African soil.

Our departure from Morocco did not, however, completely terminate our career under the Crescent.

After a brief command exercised by my husband over the 47th Division at Toulouse, he was summoned as Corps Commander of the Tunisian forces, with residence in Tunis and a small summer cottage on the shore, near Carthage.

Life here was very different from that in Morocco, though there was one element of interest which had a constant fascination, for nothing can be more absorbing than digging in a garden when every spadeful of earth is likely to reveal a coin, a piece of carved marble or bit of ancient mosaic, ever-present reminders of the "Grandeur that was Rome."

The court of the Bey was less picturesque than that of the young Sultan whose entrance into Fez, after Moulai Yusef's death, was indeed an impressive pageant. It was with somewhat diminished ardor that I set about installing ourselves, for the tenth time since our marriage, in a new residence, but Dar Hussein, at the entrance of the magnificent Tunisian soukhs, and not far from the famous Palace and Museum of the Bardo, offered much that was interesting during our sojourn, and though the inhabitants in general cannot compare with those of Morocco, we made some good friends among the Islamic notables. These, though less soldierlike, are more refined and certainly better bridge-players than can be found in the region of Fez. Here I added to my gallery of French women's portraits a new type of picture. Yvonne Manceron, wife of the new resident, who had just taken up his functions when we arrived there, was and is a person of immense executive ability and quite extraordinary mental attainments. I do not believe that the most energetic and efficient business woman of America could have surpassed her multitudinous activities. She was "at it" all day long, and her day generally began at 7 A.M. and lasted till midnight at least. Her radiant kindness transformed the charities she organized into something quite different from the stilted officialdom so often seen, and her popularity was all the greater because she knew the country perfectly, having been born and schooled in Tunisia. She was the first woman to obtain a learned degree in Africa, and had been offered a professorship at Radcliffe, when she decided to marry Monsieur Manceron, then just appointed to the Prefecture of Metz. I was much interested to watch the Mancerons' career in Tunis, for, although contrary to established custom, it was entirely according to my personal theories, that complete sympathetic collaboration in a "job" for which two persons are equally fitted can accomplish wonders of which neither would be capable if separate. It was an interesting study of a marriage whose inner happiness spread its beneficent effects over a large area. The ancient tradition of polite tension between civil and military authority, so prevalent throughout the world,

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was entirely broken down as between the general commanding the Tunisian troops and the resident general, who represented France in the realm of His Highness the Bey; and I believe that France's prestige was considerably augmented in these regions by a close collaboration between civil and military administrations, which, when it begins at the top, naturally spreads down through the various services. I take pleasure in recording this, although I have no reason to suppose that the precept will be followed often. It is too little in accord with long-established jealousies and rivalries in the common run of human nature.

One of our very interesting experiences was to accompany the Manceroni on a general tour of Tunisia, from Bizerte to Fort Saint, which lies at the borders of the Sahara Desert, through the oases of the south, the great olive plantations, and even to the Island of Djerba, which, according to tradition, was that of the Lotus-Eaters of Ulysses' time.

It was curious, while making the tour of this strange island, where something which must have resembled the Tyrrhian dye is still used by native artisans, to notice how poetic imagination may divine an atmosphere and create a local color, of which the writer is ignorant. I was much struck to find how Tennyson's epithet of "the hollow Lotus-land" applied to Djerba, for this flat and wind-swept isle is sheltered from the blasts by the curious invention of hollow gardens, dug deep enough for the tree-tops to be level with the ordinary soil and therefore completely protected. I had more trouble in finding a plausible explanation for the origin of the myth of the famous Lotus. Perhaps the problem may be thus solved. It seems that the dates which are and always were abundant in the island, when mixed with palm-tree sap, or the juice of cactus—a highly intoxicating beverage, as Mexican pulque drinkers know—may have constituted the peculiar Lotus-food which bestialized the companions of the astute Ulysses.

Tunis is the center of Franco-Italian diplomatic activity, for the Italian population is almost larger than the French, and a number of fine old peninsular families, established since the

days of Genoa's commercial supremacy or that of Venice, possess ancient dwellings, like that of the Palazzo Raffo, which breathe a charm that is truly Italian.

But, as may be imagined, it is not always easy to reconcile the divergent interests of the French and Italian populations and, more especially, to link the latter amicably with the Arabic elements, who are in so large a majority, and who, after all, are in their own country.

Here, as in Morocco, France exercises only protectoral powers. But this formula of a benevolent protectorate is, to my mind, the best and safest governmental method of dealing with a race which has attained the evolution found in the Arabs of North Africa.

Their traditions and customs, their laws and religion, together with their property, must be respected. The power of absorption of the Arab family, whose ramifications constitute a veritable social center for the mingling of rich and poor, had settled many social problems which collective charity finds hard to deal with. The mosques and the zaouias, or religious fraternities, look after the living and bury their dead; solidarity is also to be found in the trade corporations, and instead of trying to instil her own methods France has had the tact to keep her hands off in cases where intervention would disrupt what is good without being able to establish a system that would be better. But what the Arab is thus far incapable of constructing himself, France has given to her protectorates: railways, water supply, bridges, highroads, and, above all, internal peace and security.

The atmosphere of Tunis has something of the *dolce far niente* of Naples, the air is languid and the level ground, unlike that of Algiers, incites to no effort in going from place to place; even the sea is level, for the sheltered lagoon which forms the port both of vessels and seaplanes is only ruffled by the most violent of tempests. The airport called el Aouina is operated in common by a French and an Italian company. Marseilles via Corsica is reached in seven hours by the one, Rome via Sardinia by the other in even less time. An Italian cycle at the opera winds up the theatrical season.

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From an artistic and archeological point of view the museums of Carthage and Bardo are unique, furnishing, as they do, a complete link between the Punic and Roman civilizations, the early Christian era and the Middle Ages. The African artisan was an even better worker in mosaics than the Italian of the Augustan age, and here the pavements brought to light in the temples and baths of Utica make the colorful past live before us fresh as yesterday. In the vaults of the Christian Basilica of St. Cyprian they have unearthed the tomb of the youthful martyr Perpetua, thrown to the beasts of the Roman arena at Carthage, she whose praise still remains set forth in a sermon of St. Augustine, first Primate of Africa.

A striking example of how the truth of an ancient tradition often asserts itself after doubt and denial may here be mentioned.

St. Augustine's account of the imprisonment and death of the little heroine is simple and moving. Perpetua had converted her young husband to her own faith. This might have passed as youthful folly had not her father-in-law Saturninus also asked for baptism. Since he was an official, authority could not wink at his conversion. Rome decided that a fearful example must be made, to check the spread of Christianity in the region. So Perpetua and the two men were condemned to be thrown to the wild beasts in the newly constructed arena.

Perpetua stood nursing her baby when the signal was given to open the lions' cage, and a spectator mocked her for troubling about the child, saying that when its next nursing time came round the mother would not be there to respond. To this she replied that maternal duty told her to tend the child while it was hers and faith encouraged her to believe that some pitiful soul would be moved to take her place when the time came.

During the sceptical eighties when Germanic erudition "scientifically" demolished so many ecclesiastical legends, it was affirmed that no arena was ever constructed at Carthage; that no wild animals were ever employed in the Roman games on the African continent; and that there was absolutely no trace that any of the martyrs named by the African Primate ever existed. However, when the arena at Carthage was discovered

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and excavated, the beasts' cages and the martyrs' prison were found just as they had been described. Likewise, in the crypt of the Basilica of St. Cyprian a tablet carved by her fellow Christians to Perpetua Filia Pulcherrima was discovered, and may be seen today at the La Vigerie Museum.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### EPILOGUE—THE LAST POST

THE next military post which we occupied after Tunis was that of the 18th Army Corps, whose center is at Bordeaux, and whose territory includes a large area, with La Rochelle, Tarbes, Pau, and Hendaye as the limits of the zone of command. This, in itself, is enough to show that our position was agreeable, for I doubt whether there is any district in the world of the same size which takes in so much that is interesting and beautiful. Bordeaux itself is a real capital, self-contained in the sense that it can live its own life entirely independently of Paris, and this life is a full one. The fact that it is not too big has this advantage, that there is more intermingling between its various activities. The worlds of charity, sport, music, the theatre, art, and society are more closely linked than in the metropolis. Architecturally it is perhaps the most beautiful city in France, having been laid out according to a municipal plan centuries before this idea was utilized elsewhere, and the engineer, Monsieur de Tourny, who designed the magnificent double avenues here called "allées," and linked them with the park system, played into the hand of the local architectural genius, Louis, who, to my mind, was superior to Gabriel and had a touch of originality absent in the great Parisian. There are five or six private dwellings in Bordeaux which surpass anything I know in the way of domestic architecture, and the noble theatre, both inside and out, comes very close to perfection. Fortunately while we were there the artistic direction—it is the same which takes over the Municipal Theatre at Vichy in summer time—was up to the standards of the building itself, so that we seldom failed to occupy the general's box three times a week, during the rotation of opera, drama, and concert programs, all of the best, which Monsieur René Chauvet's intelligent direction provides for the spectator.

It is very curious to see how the long-ago English possession



of this district is still felt in the local customs. Fox-hunting, tennis, hockey, golf, and rackets are a passion, and English is spoken currently. As in the days of Walter Scott, friendly exchange is made between the Bordeaux merchant, who sends his son to England or Scotland to learn the ropes in the house of his business correspondent, and this correspondent, who sends his son to Bordeaux. The University always has a large number of such scholars, with a few Americans sprinkled among them, with the result that the professor or professors in the English department of the Faculty are always among France's best, which no one who has had the advantage of studying with René Galland would dispute.

Society in Bordeaux prides itself on being intellectual. Many, long past their school days, continue to attend the brilliant courses, which are open to the public, and an interesting club has been formed for the exchange of English books, with a monthly lecture given by some one in the Faculty. The first winter that we were there this society was engaged in the study of modern English literature. The second, they took up American authors. When my turn came to hold forth, my subject was "John Galsworthy," and afterwards a retrospective study of the American novel, from *The Power of Sympathy* down to *Heaven's My Destination*. These gatherings, which do not exceed fifty people, are picturesque and amusing — picturesque because they take place in the salons of the Hotel Montré, a hostelry such as will not be found outside of Bordeaux. For three generations the proprietors have been art collectors, and these salons contain pictures, furniture, and tapestries which would not be out of place in the Cluny Museum. There is no dining-room in the hotel, for with such a restaurant as the "Chapon Fin" across the street, Monsieur Montré would hate to think that any of his guests would be so foolish as to dine elsewhere. As to the amusing side of this course of lectures, it is easily comprehensible when I say that the most intellectual people of the town always come at five-thirty. The lecture lasts exactly forty-five minutes and, afterwards, the debate over it continues until dinner-time. Of course, as always happens, the same persons, about five in number, take up the cud-

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gels against the lecturer, and it is almost worse than sustaining a thesis. A super-intelligent abbé, a caustic marine officer, Professors Farmer or Galland of the university, and whichever of the four brilliant Mauriac brothers may be present (novelist, doctor, lawyer, or priest) are the interlocutors and leaders in the debate, which often waxes extremely hot.

Bordeaux is classed among the French cities whose tone is declared eminently aristocratic, but this aristocracy has little, if anything, to do with titles. Out of the many old families, which from time immemorial have been connected with wine-growing or the manufacture of brandy, has been constituted what is called "la noblesse du bouchon," or "nobility of the cork." Sometimes this élite also goes by the cognomen of "les chartrons" on account of the wharves of that name, where the barrels of médoc are embarked for foreign shores. In François Mauriac's witty and caustic novel, *Préséance*, the only one of this sort, by the way, which he has written, the struggle for precedence among these families is most amusingly described, together with their mania for English nicknames. Every one is "Harry," "Johnny," "Jenny," or "Tommy." I confess that when I first read *Préséance* I was so taken by surprise that I pronounced this new "Book of Snobs" greatly exaggerated, but after two years' residence among the "chartrons" I must revise this opinion, for the amiable world of youth and age described by Mauriac is exactly as set down, as much in their gaiety and charm as in their social pretensions.

The amateur circus given yearly much resembled our efforts of the same sort at the Cincinnati riding-club and reveals what I spoke of a moment ago, their intense love and aptitude for physical exercise and sport. The prevalence of first names or nicknames, just as in Cincinnati in the days of my youth, made me feel at home. At the Merignac Golf Club it does not take much imagination to feel that one is back in the Grandin Road Club House, or one might almost be at Latonia when, crossing the road from the links, one enters the sun-bathed Hippodrome. Bordeaux is busy but not feverish, intelligent but not pedantic, sociable but without the herd spirit which makes people think and talk alike. It is also, perhaps, the

only town in France which is almost equally divided between Protestants and Catholics. When the division is uneven either way, this often conduces to hostility, but an equal division leads to tolerance on both sides, and here again I was often reminded of the spirit of my birthplace, for perhaps the most characteristic trait of Cincinnati, made up as it was about equally from Virginia and New England, was the fusion, political and moral, between the Puritanical element and the easy-going element which allowed the theatres and places of amusement to be open on Sunday, after what was called "the Continental habit." I often wondered whether it was the large number of French settlers along the Ohio that inaugurated this practice.

Another thing that keeps the Bordeaux sets together is that they never go far from home for vacation and are not to be found on the Deauville or Riviera coasts or in the Swiss mountains either. It is their privilege to have the Pyrenees close at hand and Biarritz at a distance of less than two hours; Arcachon, where sailing facilities are unequalled, is practically a suburb.

The vineyards and great vintages would require a book to themselves and volumes on the subject are too numerous for me to enter into competition. The most amusing of all (and the collector will be lucky if he finds it) is *Claret and Olives*. It was written by a Scotchman some hundred years ago and is long since out of print, but his theme merits discussion, for he attributes the glory of the Elizabethan age to the fact that all England then could buy Bordeaux claret cheap, and traces the subsequent heaviness of spirit which, according to him, has invaded the islands, to the coming of port and whisky in place of the Gironde nectar.

I should, perhaps, add that all the great vineyards have their historic châteaux, and as there are more than a hundred fine ones, from La Brède, the home of Montesquieu, to that of Michel de Montaigne, this is enough, in itself, to give interest to this privileged region, which unfortunately the world crisis hit particularly hard. Many fortunes when not completely wiped out were reduced to a minimum after 1929, by "la mévente" — sales losses, that is, in wine, oil, and turpentine.

This latter picturesque industry, practised in the heart of the forests that cover an immense area, used to bring in millions, but, alas! most of the pretty cottages dotted gaily through the pine woods are now deserted by the "gemmeurs" or sap-gatherers.

General de Chambrun's active military career came to an end, according to schedule, on July 23, 1933, his sixty-second birthday. He bade farewell to the troops of the 18th Army Corps in a review which took place on July 14 on the principal square of Bordeaux. This, of course, terminated his connection with the army except as a reserve officer. His present occupations are not less absorbing. Neither my husband nor my son can be expected to relinquish the idea which has been a dominant note in both their lives since the beginning, any more than I could be expected to abandon the literary sport of Shakespeare-hunting. On this I need not dwell. My activities in that line will again appear whenever an optimistic publisher can be found to print them. Age cannot wither nor custom stale their interest, and a brand-new discovery will soon link up many loose ends of old tradition, weaving them into a tissue that will show the poet's personality more distinctly than ever before. As a family, we remain associated more closely than ever with Franco-American affairs. Our anchor seems definitely cast in Paris, but, though I doubt whether I shall be called upon to furnish and equip a fourteenth home, after the baker's dozen that have sheltered me since our marriage, thirty-five years ago, the anchor, I trust, will be lifted many times for a western voyage.

Even our house may be connected with America if we stretch some points a bit, for it was on this spot, in a large garden, which stretched from the Rue Cassette on one side to the Rue Férou on the other, that Madame de Lafayette wrote her *Princesse de Clèves*, the first romance to pave the way for the psychological novel, and she, we may remember, was our American Lafayette's old aunt. This house is interesting for other reasons; with the rapid passing of so many historical landmarks, it will soon be rare to encounter a more character-

## SHADOWS LIKE MYSELF

istic model of the Parisian residence of Louis XIII's time. It was marked by a well-known instance of marital devotion, many years back. When General LaVallette was condemned to death for supposed treasonable activities against the government of Louis Philippe, his wife succeeded in entering the prison disguised as a laundress, changed clothes with him, and remained there in his place while he took refuge in the attics above us and passed through the city gates in the carriage of a British officer, a pleasant instance of international collaboration! Other reasons attach us to this home, which became ours in 1916.

Among the pleasant things which have happened recently, I need hardly mention my son's marriage, for that goes without saying and did not pass entirely without notice in the press. The latest event which has caused satisfaction of a sentimental order took place when my sister-in-law and cousin, who generally figures under the name of "Min" in the early portions of this book, was awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honor in recognition of her constant charitable efforts since the war, and especially her foundation of the Preventorium at Antrenas, on the mountain which overlooks Marvélols. This establishment takes care of more than a hundred little boys, victims of the overcrowding of our modern cities. Here, again, in the pure atmosphere under the pine-trees, small French and American boys meet upon the playground. The Chambrun brotherhood remains busy, laboring in the same vocations where I have already shown them, though in a higher grade: Pierre is now in the French Senate instead of the House; Charlie, Ambassador to Italy, instead of studying for his diplomatic examinations where I think I left him twenty chapters back. He is married to one of the most brilliant and distinguished women that France can produce. My sister-in-law, Thérèse de Brazza, with her sons and her daughter Marthe, true to sentiment, lives on African soil and only joins us here occasionally. Thus, on the threshold of 1937, each on his particular post of observation, we await what is to happen next, sharing the hope that whatever the future holds, the countries we love most may meet it united.

*Paris, July 4, 1936.*

